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THE
WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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VOL. X.] WAKE FOREST, N. C., OCTOBER, 1890. [NO. I.

A VINDICATION OF NORTH CAROLINA.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF WAKE
FOREST COLLEGE, BY JUDGE JOS. J. DAVIS, JUNE 10, 1890.

Ladies and Gentlemen—It would have been very gratifying to me if, in return for the honor conferred upon me by the Alumni of this lovely and beautiful young mother of virtue and learning, whose blessed influence is being felt throughout the State, I could have prepared, as it was my purpose to do, some sketches of Wake Forest and some of her Faculty and students who were here when I was a boy—especially was I desirous to pay a tribute to the memory of that learned divine and elegant and accomplished scholar, Dr. William Hooper, who then presided. He was, I think, the finest rhetorician I ever knew. His classic taste, pure diction, and instructive teachings

made it a delight to listen and be taught by him, whether from the sacred desk, the rostrum, or the recitation room. It was truly said of him by Dr. Skinner, one year ago at the Centennial Alumni Banquet of the University of North Carolina, where he graduated just eighty-one years ago: "He was, in scholarship, rare; in reading, full; in knowledge, varied and accurate; in spirit, pure and heavenly-minded—so much so that no one could resist its magnetism, nor forget the aroma of its abiding presence."

Descended from a signer of the National Declaration of Independence, and a step-son of the great Dr. Caldwell, to whom North Carolina owes

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so much, and by whom he was carefully trained and educated, he was, indeed, an ornament to the State.

His incomparable "discourse upon the force of habit," delivered at the University in 1833, a second edition of which was published some twenty years after, ought to be republished again and again, for the edification of students of each succeeding generation, or perhaps better, incorporated as one of the most instructive and entertaining chapters in our textbooks on moral and mental science. This eminent and devoted Christian scholar and teacher died in 1876 at the advanced age of more than fourscore years, leaving the world better for having lived in it, and, to those who knew him, the exalting memories of a pure and lovely Christian character.

But circumstances beyond my control deprive me of the time and opportunity to collect and prepare the material necessary for the address which it was my purpose and desire to deliver, and I must crave your indulgence for the short time which I shall occupy, by directing your attention to less entertaining subjects, though they should be near and dear to the hearts of all North Carolinians, for they shall relate to her and to some of the duties of her educated sons. If I shall be able to utter a single word to inspire my hearers with a warmer devotion and a higher appreciation of this modest and unpretending, but true and faithful old State, I shall feel amply compensated and

realize some relief for my own disappointment, in not being able to present something of more immediate interest to you.

It has been said, "The glory of our ancestors is the light of their posterity," and the worthy descendants of a glorious ancestry should never let that light grow dim.

I think, as has been often said, the greatest defect in the character of North Carolina, as a State, has been her want of self-appreciation and indifference to the memory of the heroic deeds of her own sons.

If the acts and lives of her people, individual and aggregate, were portrayed with historic truth, ennobling and inspiring pictures would be presented of devotion to principle and of love of liberty, of law, and of right, and of sacrifices in their behalf, not excelled, if equaled, by any people on this continent, and it is one of the duties of the educated sons of the State to see to it that, while it has been her high virtue "to *be* rather than to *seem* to be," no wrong or injustice should be done to her memory; but by keeping bright the light of their fathers, they will show themselves worthy descendants of ancestors, who, in every relation, whether in the colonial days, true to the Crown of Great Britain, so long as it protected them in the rights and liberties guaranteed to them by law; or to her sister colonies, when it became their duty to resist usurpation and assert their independence of arbitrary power; or to her sister States in the Union,

bound to each other by the solemn bonds of a written constitution ; or to her Confederate sisters, when a "higher law" proclaimed a conflict with that Constitution as our fathers made it, and a majority of the dominant section of the Union had nullified laws passed in pursuance of its mandates, and the Southern States, sought to maintain it, in a new Confederacy, in its entirety as it came from our fathers ; or whether, after the disastrous war between the States and the "higher law" had prevailed and become, by the award of the great Arbiter of sovereign disputes, incorporated into the Constitution, as a part of the bond of a reconstructed Union, which she accepted in good faith, yielding in like good faith to the arbitrament as the final settlement of the issues submitted thereto—in all relations ; in every relation—she has been true to her plighted faith to others and done all that honor could require of a noble people ; but she never surrendered, and I trust she never will surrender, her birth-right of freedom and independence, or sacrifice her title to the love and affection of true men and noble women.

Nothing has been done by our State under the dominion of her own true sons, of which we should be ashamed, and we should be ashamed only of ourselves if not proud of our State.

It is not my purpose to weary you with even an enumeration of the noble deeds of North Carolina in the

past, but you will pardon me for alluding to a few historical facts—facts established by full and indisputable evidence, though ignored by history. First, as an infant colony, under the varying phases of colonial government, her people always claimed the inherent right of British subjects, to be free, and when the mother country sought to exercise dominion over the colonies, not warranted by law—the law of the land—the common law, developed by successive ages, into the noblest bulwark of personal liberty and security ever created, she was the first to declare for independence and a free government, and her citizens have always been among the firmest, the bravest, the truest, and most conservative friends of civil liberty—of liberty regulated by law—and of the Constitution, as the ideal sovereign created and enthroned by the will of the people, and they have never known any *higher* law than this sovereign thus enthroned and declared supreme by their own free will.

I say that North Carolina was the first to resist and first to defy the encroachments and usurpations of Great Britain. In 1765, long before the famous "tea party" in Indian disguise, gave Boston fame as the centre of opposition to unjust taxation, the citizens of this State, not in disguise to avoid the consequences of their acts, but openly and boldly, with Colonel Ashe at their head, not only compelled the stamp-master at Wilmington to resign his office, but

marched him to the court-house and there, openly, in the presence of well known citizens, made him take an oath that he would never receive any stamped paper or officiate in any manner as stamp-master, either directly or indirectly, within the province of North Carolina, and we have an assurance that the oath was fearfully and faithfully kept, in the solemn asseveration that it was taken and subscribed "of his own free will and accord, without any equivocation or mental reservation whatever."

In August, 1774, when Boston was beleaguered by the British fleet and army, and its trade annihilated, the people of North Carolina were liberal in their subscriptions for relief, and ship-loads of provisions and supplies were sent for that purpose. In one case, these were carried by the owner of a ship freight-free, and a writer of that time says: "What redounds to the honor of the tars, the master and mariners navigated her without receiving one farthing of wages."

North Carolina did not abound in newspapers at that day, and the proceedings of public meetings were not published to the world, as now, and the fact that the genuineness of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence has been so much doubted—doubted, I regret to say, by some people of our own State, who have never investigated the facts—may be easily accounted for. One thing is as certain as any historical fact can be, and that is, that if any reliance can

be placed in official proof, on the 8th day of August, 1775, the royal Governor (Martin) in a verbose and ill-tempered proclamation, dated from "On board his Majesty's Ship, Cruiser, in Cape Fear River," in which he indulges in much scurrilous language in regard to a "certain John Ashe" (Col. Ashe, the bold and fearless patriot), and in many "whereases," enumerating what he is pleased to term "*traitorous and infamous acts*," has this among others: "And whereas, I have also seen a most infamous publication in the *Cape Fear Mercury*, importing to be the resolves of a set of people, styling themselves a Committee of the County of *Mecklenburg*, most traitorously declaring the entire dissolution of the *laws, government and constitution* of this country, and setting up a system of regulations and rules repugnant to the laws and subversive of his Majesty's government," &c.

This proclamation may be found in full, pages 61 to 66 inclusive, 4th Series, Vol. 3, of the "American Archives."

On the 25th day of August following, as will be seen on page 189 of the same volume, the Provisional Congress of North Carolina, sitting at Hillsboro, in a resolution in reference to this proclamation, resolved, among other things, "that said paper be burned by the common hangman."

Three facts are established beyond any reasonable doubt: First, Governor Martin issued his proclamation

from "On board his Majesty's Ship, Cruiser," to which, in the language of the day, "unnecessary fears, the concomitants of guilt, had precipitately driven him for refuge." Second, a meeting in Mecklenburg had declared themselves *free* from the *laws, government* and *Constitution* of his Majesty; and, third, the Provisional Congress of North Carolina ordered the Governor's proclamation to be "burned by the common hangman."

But it is said that Mr. Jefferson never saw the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, and it was not genuine, or he was a plagiarist. This does not follow. No one can estimate too highly the 4th of July Declaration of Independence. As a literary and political production, it is an inimitable compendium of the thoughts and grievances of the times. It is, in fact, the essence, the condensed and distilled spirit of the public utterances of that day, which may be found in the thousands of resolves, speeches, letters and declarations which are recorded in the pages of the many volumes of "The Documentary History of the English Colonies in North America, entitled American Archives," published officially by the authority and direction of Congress; and I think that Mr. Jefferson, pre-eminently great, as he undoubtedly was, manifested unreasonable irritation when the Mecklenburg Declaration was republished, long after the Revolution, by denouncing it as spurious, or as implying the absurd charge of

plagiarism in the National Declaration. As a matter of fact, every idea, every sentiment contained in the immortal and never-to-be-equalled 4th of July Declaration, and much of its identical language, can be found scattered here and there through these records; and so far from being strange, it is only natural that thousands of people, having the same causes of complaint, oppressed by the same grievances, and fired by the same spirit, should give utterance to their feelings in similar—often identical—language.

I was asked once, referring to the memorable pledge to be found in both the Mecklenburg and National Declarations, if I thought it possible that Mr. Jefferson could have plagiarized? To which I unhesitatingly replied, "No," when a friend by my side said he did not know where Mr. Jefferson got the language, but he knew it was not original with the people of Mecklenburg, and he thought he knew where they got it. They were Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, and the language was to be found, almost identical, in some resolves of the Scotch Covenanters, more than twenty years before, and he had no doubt they got it there, and I think it quite probable.

In the resolves of the Colonial Congress of North Carolina, April 17, 1776; of the Virginia Convention, May 15, 1776, and a draft of a declaration of independence in the Pennsylvania Conference on June 26, 1776,

may be found many of the sentiments, and some of the very language, of the National Declaration; but because Mr. Jefferson, expressing the same thoughts, used some of the same language, no just or reasonable man could fairly impute to him a charge of *plagiarism*. By the way, in the declaration of the Pennsylvania Conference referred to, in enumerating grievances, among others, King George is charged "with exciting the savages of this country to carry on a war against us, as also the negroes to *imbrue their hands in the blood of their masters*, in a manner unpractised by civilized nations." Of course I need not say that these are among the grievances enumerated in the National Declaration. And be it said in praise of our colored people, who had imbibed, with their advance in civilization, much of the spirit of obedience to law from kind and humane masters, it is due to them, and not to our "higher-law" white brethren, that John Brown found no followers and no slaves to imbrue their hands in the blood of their masters, when he came south of the Potomac.

But I have not time to pursue this phase of North Carolina history, but will simply add that it is quite natural that strong and kindred feeling and thoughts about the same matters, entertained by kindred people, should find expression in kindred and similar language, and any one who doubts, and wishes to investigate, will find,

I think, ample proof in Vol. 2, 4th Series, pages 855 to 866 inclusive, of the "American Archives," that a number of the people of North Carolina, at Mecklenburg, were the first to declare independence from the Crown of Great Britain.

But this meeting was only one of the many assemblages of the people, held throughout the colonies, clamoring for redress of grievances, and it may be said that it did not, and could not, speak for the colony. This is true; but I assert, and it can be conclusively shown, if not by history, which does not always speak the truth, by the records, which cannot be denied or falsified, that the colony of North Carolina was the first of the thirteen to authorize its delegates in the Colonial Congress to declare for independence.

What does the record, the veritable and conclusive record, say? On page 1318, Vol. 5, 4th Series of the "American Archives," the following will be found: "It was moved that Mr. Harnett, Mr. Allen Jones, Mr. Burke, Mr. Nash, Mr. Kinchen, Mr. Thomas Person and Mr. Thomas Jones be a select committee to take into consideration the usurpations and violence attempted and committed by the King and Parliament of Great Britain against America, and the further measures to be taken for frustrating the same, and for the better defense of this province."

This was in the North Carolina Provisional Congress on Monday the

8th day of April, 1776. This committee, on the 12th day of the same month, made their report, reciting grievances, some of which will be also found in the National Declaration, and among them the declared purpose of "protection to slaves who should imbrue their hands in the blood of their masters." The report concludes with the following: "Resolved, That the delegates for this colony in the Continental Congress be empowered to concur with the delegates of the other colonies in declaring independence and forming foreign alliances, reserving to this colony the sole and exclusive right of forming a constitution and laws for this colony, and of appointing delegates from time to time (under the direction of a general representation thereof) to meet the delegates of the other colonies for such purposes as shall hereafter be pointed out." The report of the committee was unanimously adopted on the 12th day of the same month. (Same volume, page 1322.)

The Virginia resolution, which history, not the *record*, says was the first, was adopted on Wednesday the 15th day of May following, just one month and three days after, as will be found in Vol. 6, 4th Series, page 1523 of the "American Archives." In the same volume, at page 606, will be found a letter from Elbridge Gerry, May 28, 1776, in which, speaking of the Virginia and North Carolina colonies, he says: "Their conventions

have unanimously declared for independency, and have, in this respect, exceeded their sister colonies in the most noble and decisive manner. I hope it will be forthwith communicated to your honorable assembly and hope to see my native colony following this laudable example." The other colonies followed in quick succession: that of Pennsylvania, as we have stated, on the 26th of June, 1776, but the records show, and such is the truth, that North Carolina was the first.

If it be an honor which others can untruthfully claim for their ancestors, certainly we should be ashamed, not of our brave and heroic fathers, but of ourselves, if we do not claim it, as we truthfully can, for them.

In this connection let me say, the British Parliament, in order to distract the councils of the colonies, and to prevent concert of action, authorized the King to send commissioners to the different colonies for the evident purpose of cajoling them and restoring their attachment to the mother country by flattering promises of redress, and to that end such commissioners were to be sent to the separate colonies as, by reason of their commercial or other relations, were supposed to be able to exert the greatest influence in securing that purpose. On the 13th day of April, 1776, the Provisional Congress of North Carolina, scorning royal flattery, and not to be deceived by any such insidious means, passed a resolu-

tion declaring, in substance, that such commissioners, unless authorized to treat with the Continental Congress, should be required to "return immediately on board the vessel on which they arrived," and, in case of refusal, they were to be seized "and immediately sent to the said Congress." It is due to our sister State of South Carolina, to say that her Colonial Assembly, several days before, had passed a similar resolution, in which it declared, among other things, that such commissioners, if landing by water, should not be allowed to remain longer than forty-eight hours, "wind and weather permitting," and if by land, they should be conducted at once to the frontier, and that they should hold intercourse with no one. Doubtless, the Colony of North Carolina might have then made terms with the mother country by abandoning her sister colonies, as, in a later and more memorable time, when the brilliant Edward Stanly, who, unfortunately for him, had been from the State long enough to forget the character of her people, was sent as Military Governor to Newbern, with the vain hope and expectation of alluring the State to return to the Federal Union, she might have made such separate terms as would have secured the value of her slaves and property; but this would have been at the expense of her honor, and, whether as a colony or a State, when honor and duty were placed in one scale, and the security

of property, with dishonor, shame and disgrace in the other, be it proudly said of her, the latter never had the weight of a feather. Embarked in a common cause, whether for weal or for woe, her pledges and her faith were sacredly kept. In no boasting or recriminating spirit, the sons of North Carolina can proudly and truthfully say, that they have always been true to civil liberty as the ideal sovereign goddess of their political worship, and true and faithful to the Constitution and laws as her ministers, and if the Constitution and laws, passed in obedience to its mandates, had not been openly and avowedly nullified by the sectional triumph of the "higher law" over the Constitution, there never would have been any attempt—certainly not by North Carolina—to dissolve the union of the States.

I must not be misunderstood upon this question. The Constitution was the bond of the union between the States, and whether, when that bond was broken by an open, undisguised and proclaimed declaration of parties to it, and laws, passed in pursuance of its commands, had been nullified by the enactments of a large number of States, it continued to be binding on the others, was a problem never presented by North Carolina. She had always observed the Constitution and obeyed all its mandates, and when the solution of this problem was forced upon her, she thought, whether rightfully or wrongfully, I need not

discuss, that when the bond, the Constitution, was broken and openly spurned—not by her, but by her Northern sisters—it was no longer binding upon her. She never owed allegiance of any kind to a sectional portion of the Union, which disavowed the binding force of a part of the Constitution.

Mr. Webster said, as early as 1851 : “Whether the Constitution can be maintained as a part, and not as a whole ; whether those interested in the preservation of one part, finding their interest in that particular abandoned, are not likely enough, according to all experience of human feeling and of human conduct, to discard that portion which was intended not for their benefit. That is the question,” said Mr. Webster, referring to the nullification of what was known as the “Fugitive Slave Law.” And he further said : “For one, I confess I do not see any reasonable prospect of maintaining the Constitution of the United States unless we maintain it as a whole—impartially, honorably, patriotically.”

Without wishing to revive old issues, settled by the logic of the canon and rifle, and incorporated in an amended Constitution, and now as binding upon us, as citizens, as was the old—and to which North Carolina is as true—I wish to say, as I most emphatically do, that there was no *rebellion* or *treason*, on the part of North Carolina or of her sons, in the unhappy war between the States. There was an “*irrepressible conflict*,” as our Northern friends said, not in

the Constitution, but between the *Constitution* and the “*higher law*,” and we stood by the Constitution which our fathers had transmitted to us, and they proclaimed a “*higher law*,” and the issue of this conflict was submitted to the decision of arms, and they prevailed, and the Constitution was amended, and slavery, guaranteed, and admitted to be guaranteed, by the old Constitution, was abolished, and, in this result, the great body of our people freely acquiesced—as freely as any State in this Union of States—and as fully. But those who say that there was *treason* in fighting for rights guaranteed by that old Constitution, speak from ignorance, or minds so beclouded by prejudice as not be to able to judge between truth and falsehood. And the fact that Mr. Davis, the venerated head of the Confederacy, and no more guilty than was every other Confederate, was not prosecuted for treason, cannot be truthfully accounted for upon any theory of clemency towards him, or towards the crime of treason ; but it is a well known fact, that no law could be found to justify the charge, and no Judge would have been willing to take upon himself, before the world, the infamy of judicial murder. Be it said to the praise of the Bench and the Bar of the United States, they presented no Jeffries to transmit to posterity his own infamy, and so foul a stain upon the name of America, and no man who loves this Union, no man who loves our free institutions, no brave and

true men will seek to degrade their fellow-citizens by false and humiliating charges.

Varying the lines of the sweet poet Burns—

“The wretch who would a tyrant own,
Is twin-born brother to the wretch who
would a tyrant be.”

The war ended, and the issues of the conflict settled and peace restored, there can be no ground for quarrel between brave and true men North and brave and true men South, and let the wretches who would *degrade*, and the wretches who would be *degraded*, be alike the scorn of all true men. If any candid man, North or South, wishes to be convinced that if any crime attached to either party in the late war, it was not all with the South, I refer him to two most conclusive speeches of the great expounder of the Constitution, Daniel Webster, one delivered at Buffalo, New York, on the 21st of May, 1851, and the other at Albany on the 28th of the same month (to be found in the 2d volume of his works, pages 529 to 565), in which the “higher law” is characterized not as I will characterize it. I wish that these speeches could be read and pondered by every lover of truth and of the Union and Constitution, both North and South. The South will find in them full and complete vindication against the charge of *treason*, and I trust the North would be inspired with a broader charity for those who respected the Constitution and their

oaths to support it, more than they did the “higher law.”

My friends, it is not my purpose, if I had the time, to venture upon the vexed question of Federal and State allegiance; but whether under the Confederacy of States, as established by our fathers, or the indissoluble Union of States, in the most centralizing sense of the present day, I regard, and we should all regard, the Constitution of the United States, and the laws passed in accordance with it, as supreme; they are the supreme law of the land—the whole land—and the States can pass no law in conflict with them; but the Constitutions of States are alike supreme, within the States, for if properly administered and each faithfully observed, there can be no conflict, irrepressible or otherwise, between them.

“Though divided as the billows,
They are one as the sea.”

By the Constitution of the United States, a government is created with delegated powers, and, within the limits of that Constitution, that government is supreme; the Constitution is the charter of its supremacy, and there can *safely* be no higher law than this Constitution, and so the Constitutions of the States, not inconsistent with it, are alike supreme within their respective sphere, and, except as delegated in the Federal Constitution, there can be no higher law than they. If one man has the right to claim for the guidance of his conscience any other than these, then

every other man has the same right. This cannot be. There cannot be for us, as citizens, any higher law for our guidance than the Constitutions, State and Federal, within their respective spheres.

It is the duty of every citizen, especially of every educated citizen, to take part in administering the government, or in selecting those who shall administer it. Our government is thought to be the best ever devised for securing the rights and the liberties of the people, but whether we shall be prosperous, free and happy depends not so much upon the form as upon the administration of government. In the philosophical line of the poet—

“Whate’er is best administered is best.”

The only sure and safe security for our rights is to be found in obedience to the Constitution and the laws. If these do not, in our judgment, secure the greatest good; if we think them imperfect or vicious, it is not only our right, but our duty, to do what we can under the law, and, in accordance with legally prescribed modes, to amend and correct them; but while they are in force, our conduct must conform to and be governed by them, and, until changed or amended, they must be our sovereign guide, to which our obedience must be due. They are sovereign and claim our allegiance, whether commanded by the solemn sanction of oaths, as required of all who make

or execute them, or “written upon the hearts of men by the finger of God,” as declared by a great legal commentator.

In a free government, there is no master but the law, and this master must be absolute. The law demands the homage and obedience of all good men, of whatever opinion, and if dethroned, the demon, *anarchy*, will reign, until some despot comes to take its place, over people ready to submit to any power that can preserve social order, for society is the natural state of man, in which alone he can live, and there always has been, and there always will be, power sufficiently strong to preserve society, whether it be under the self-imposed restraints of a free Constitution and laws, which can be maintained only by the intelligence and virtue of the people, or the iron rule of some despot. There always has been, and there always will be, a warfare between good and bad, between virtue and vice, and, in a free government, if the good and virtuous shall prevail, they must have the strong and vigilant support of the educated, and now, as in the past, the educated sons of North Carolina owe to the State and to the Union, under the Constitution, their cordial and faithful support; but, politically and civilly, they do not owe, and never owed, any allegiance to a “higher law” than these. You and I inherited no such law from our fathers: it was not of our fathers, but the doctrine was born of hypocrisy

and perjury, and nurtured by bigotry, and cannot find a permanent abiding place in the Union without destroying it; it can only find a lasting place among those with whom hypocrisy is virtue and perjury no crime; with whom "gain is Godliness and Mammon is God." As long as men can be found who are ready

"To compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to,"

and to make gain by "compounding," we shall have to fight hypocrisy in some form, in the State as well as in the Church.

In the past, our State has been true to law and liberty—true to the great fundamental principles of free gov-

ernment, fought for and established by our Anglo-Saxon fathers.

Let her sons continue to be true to these great principles; let no allurements of place and office, no blandishments or intimidations of power, no temptations of wealth, no arts of the demagogue swerve them from their devotion to these principles of their fathers; and, remembering that home, and the love of home, is the true source of the bravest and truest patriotism, let them ever be true to North Carolina, and may honor and independence, with peace, prosperity and happiness, be woven into an unfading crown of beauty to adorn the brow of the dear old State for all time.

SOUTHERN LITERARY PORTRAITS—No. I.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Many of our Southern people have not yet learned rightly to appreciate this, our first and greatest, apostle of literature. His fame has gone forth, and, to many, he has become the chiefest among ten thousand, but to some he is still only the carpenter's son.

He had faults—great faults—great men have great faults—but why repeat them? "Let the dusky, sweet-smelling waves of silence close over them forever." His pathetic life said to the world, "Leave my loneliness un-

broken," but the world croaks the raven's sad refrain, "Nevermore." The world claims her own and talks about him; she always does—she is always gossiping, and she never will quit it. And so at *last* the stone which the builders rejected is becoming the head of the corner. At last! we see him filling his proper niche in the Pantheon.

And now, standing with uncovered head and in silence, I would look upon the ineffable stream of life and upon him who has sounded all of its

depths, whose life has been swift and stormy; whose hopes have been bright and clouded; whose heart has drunk at the spring where my own heart has been thirsty, yet stilled not its thirst; whose soul has touched my own soul in its longings; whose inexpressible self is still inexpressible—ah, this *ineffable* stream, half-concealed beneath the mist that up-rises! Here and there along its banks

"The Naiad-like lilies of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,"

are bathed in its waters; the odors of roses are wafted to the senses, and forever flows on this mystic river through the "enchanted ground," and not a ripple breaks the silence.

"In the depth of the ocean there are billows
That shall never break on the beach;
And we have heard songs in silence
That shall never float into speech;
And we have dreamed dreams in this valley,
Too high for language to reach."

Tennyson, the greatest living poet, full of years and wisdom, gives us his estimate of Poe. We would hang upon his lips, for while his prophetic vision may be somewhat dimmed, yet the backward sight grows brighter, and the judgment calmer as the mists rise from the flood of years and cling round his whitened locks.

Several years ago, in conversation with an American, the poet said: "There is one spot in your country that I would like to visit: a spot

which, as your own poet, Fitz Greene Halleck, finely expressed it, is hal-
lowed ground, a pilgrim shrine, a Mecca of the mind!" "You mean Mt. Vernon?" said the American. "No," said he, "I mean a long-neglected spot in the provincial town of Baltimore, where the greatest American genius lies buried—I mean the grave of Edgar Allan Poe." "I believe you have a great admiration for Poe," said the American. "Indeed I have. In my opinion, your Bryant and Whittier are pigmies compared with him. He is the literary glory of America, and yet his grave was left un-honored for more than twenty-six years. More than thirty-five years have passed since his death, and his fame is constantly increasing. This is the true test of genius. No poet—certainly no modern poet—was so susceptible to the impressions of beauty as Poe. He had all the Greek's appreciation of beauty, and much of their power of expressing it in poetry."

Thus, I have given you briefly Tennyson's estimate of the man whom our literators barely mention, and mentioned but to detract from his genius and his glory. One dismisses him with three lines as an "erratic genius, the author of *The Raven*." Another dismisses him as a drunkard who has prostituted his genius. This shows that we do not yet appreciate him whom Tennyson calls "the literary glory of America," and whom Matthew Arnold and Edmund Gosse united in calling "the *only* real poet that

America has produced." He was born. This is a startling statement. But he was a poet, you know, and "*poets are always born*"—like other folks—"not made." Well, as I was going to say, he was born in Boston, 1809, or, as others say, in Baltimore, 1811. They may both be right, or both be wrong—who cares? His father and mother, who were actors, having died when he was very young, he was adopted and brought up by Mr. Allan, a merchant of Richmond. He attended school at Richmond, and afterwards, Dr. Bransby's school near London in England, the University of Virginia, and a short time at West Point. He had remarkable opportunities. He led his classes in the class-room, and beat them on the play-ground. He was wiry, tough, ambitious, proud, and could out-run, out-jump, and out-swim the best of them. But at school, as everywhere else, nobody knew him. He walked among his fellows a recluse. His class-mates speak of him as very smart, but irregular, and marked by a peculiarly strange sadness and solitariness. He spent many a day tramping alone the Ragged Mountains which surround the University of Virginia, and his reveries in these solitary rambles, perhaps, furnished the material for his ghostlike, mesmeric tale of *Bedloe in the Ragged Mountains*. Under the drooping wings of care, his singularly fine intellect burned. Beneath the strange magic of the fancy that could not be

tamed, the utter lawlessness of his genius, the weird and sombre gloom that settled over his later years, were gathering in his youth.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea,
And never a saint took pity on
His soul in agony."

While still under twenty, he sailed to help the Greeks in their struggle for independence, but whether he ever touched the Grecian shore we do not know. He also once planned to go to the help of the Poles. This shows that he had a heart—denied him by many—which could feel for the fallen, and that his sympathy was as wide as the wide world.

Having now quit his paternal roof forever, he lived two years in Baltimore in extremest poverty—indeed, his whole life was a struggle to keep the gaunt wolf from the door. He was brought to light by competing for a prize offered for the best prose tale. Having won this, he was soon assistant editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, published in Richmond. His genius at once brought him and his paper to the front. Paulding says of him at this time that he is the very best of the young writers, and, perhaps, of the old. Besides publishing his poems and tales in the *Messenger*, he filled its columns with criticisms of literature and literary men that probed to the very heart of the pigmies that had dared to raise their heads

on the American field of letters. To him

"Pigmies were pigmies still, though perched
on Alps,
And pyramids were pyramids in vales."

He was the first to make criticism, bold and aggressive—to raise it above common advertising and indiscriminate praise. His piercing criticism was to literature what that of Daniel, the editor of the *Richmond Examiner*, was to politics during the late war. Fame bore his name far and wide. This goddess, whose sceptre holds sway in every land and every heart, inspired his genius and crushed his pride. She makes man bear the toils of war, the remorse of sorrow, and leaves him blackening in the sun. Under her tortured glance, the tremendous gloom of hell skulks to its covert.

But genius is never contented. Like a caged lion, it is ever restless and bites at the bars.

Poe soon left Richmond for Philadelphia, where he became editor with Graham of *Graham's Magazine*. This paper, with Poe's bold and fearless battle upon poetry and poetasters, grew from a circulation of 8,000 to 40,000 in four months.

Still restless, he soon moved to New York, where he was connected with George P. Morris and N. P. Willis on the *Evening Mirror*, and afterwards was editor of *Broadway Journal*. His criticisms only grew more fearless and fierce as the battle continued, and though just in the

main, causing his paper to be eagerly read by the people, they won for him many enemies, who forgot not to hate him even after he was dead. At one time, this peerless critic, wildest romancer, and most wondrous poet was engaged to write for all the literary magazines of the country. But we cannot dwell upon the commonplace affairs of this remarkable man. His Pegasus was plumed and aloft. His genius defied his environments and almost fiercely said—

"Chain me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns the chain."

Graham, in his memoir of Poe, says: "He was a worshiper of INTELLECT—longing to grasp the power of the mind that moves the stars—to bathe his soul in the dreams of Seraphs. He was himself all ethereal, of a fine essence, that moved in an atmosphere of spirits—of spiritual beauty overflowing and radiant—twin-brother with the angels, feeling their flashing wings upon his heart, and almost clasping them in his embrace. Of them, and as an expectant archangel of that high order of intellect, stepping out of himself, as it were, and interpreting his time, he reveled in delicious luxury in a world beyond, with an audacity which we fear in madmen, but in genius worship as the inspiration of heaven."

What an encomium from the man who toiled by his side! Like Milton, he was as "a lone star that dwelt

apart;" like Byron, the gleaming rays of his lofty genius fell across a broken life; like Shelley, his mind was full of dreams and visions, and poured forth a strange, vague, enchanting poetry; like Coleridge, his genius was plumed for the skies and toyed with the stars as the playthings of children. He seemed to think quite beyond the borderland of language in dim visions of a dread immortality. He clasped at the very essence of spirit and missed it, as when one is on the very verge of remembrance, yet cannot remember.

Like Gray, in his "Elegy"; like Coleridge, in the "Ancient Mariner"; like Bryant, in "Thanatopsis"; like Milton in "Paradise Lost," Poe has embalmed his memory in "*The Raven*," and it will be read and remembered

"Forever and forever."

"As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes."

The inspiration of *The Raven*—the vague, indefinable feeling inspired by its music's mystical flow—is like the strange infatuation that one feels when from mountain top or sea-washed shore, his heart beats with every fluttering leaf, and throbs with every throbbing wave, and he worships alone in silence; or as when one hears the sweet strains of music come pealing over the dimly-lighted plains of even he listens; he knows, he has felt the strange spell before—'tis the song of his heart, but words

could never express it; 'tis the flow of the soul, the invisible, the hidden, the eternal; the song that is silent to mortals, but is heard by the angels in heaven.

One incident in the boyhood of Poe will show how his mind brooded over his thoughts till a strange mystic life flowed through them. When he was but a boy, Mrs. Stannard, on one occasion, received and comforted him with a mother's tender love. For this simple act of kindness, Poe never forgot her. Soon after this, she died, and 'tis said that every night he would go all alone to that lonely church-yard and stand by her grave; and the darker the night and the stormier, the longer he would tarry. He fancied that her soul was lonely and somewhere wandering out in the night, and so he stood there, drenched in the rain oftentimes, brooding over the mystery of the dead. The moaning and sighing of the storm in the darkness wooed him to them, and he heard ten thousand ghosts in the darkness around him, and above him, and beneath him wailing in the hollow wind, while the ghastly flashes of lightning lighted the gravestones where he stood; and the storm in his soul "throbbed and stirred and made moan" to the storm from without.

As Elisha lay on the son of the Shunamite and breathed into his nostrils, put his mouth upon his mouth, his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands, so Poe breathed upon

his myths, imbued them with the warmth of the fire of his genius, and made them live. His "Tales" are the children of an intellect that dwelt along the borderland 'twixt genius and insanity. With a felicity never surpassed, and seldom achieved, he passed from the real to the vaguely suggestive, the indefinite weird images, and vague impossible dirges of gloom and remorse, and we hardly can tell where he passed over from the real and the tangible to the mystic and song-laden habitat of his soul. The "Fall of the House of Usher" gives us a picture of Poe's mind in the castle surrounded by spirit-mist and enchantment, and the two tenants of this castle—Roderic Usher, the monomaniac of fear, and the entombed Madeline, the living corpse. The same picture is extended in Eleanora of the "Valley of the Many Colored Grass;" and in "Ligeia," where a spirit tips the floor, and a shadow "like the shadow of a shade" falls upon the golden carpet; and the fair-haired, blue-eyed Lady Rowena Trevanion of Tremaine, sleeping in death on the ebony bed, is transformed by some magic power of will, that does not utterly die in death, into the living Ligeia of the raven locks, though Ligeia had been in the grave for many a day. You must read it to feel it: In the still, still hour, you seem to sit under the death-pall; the spirit-shadows flit and fall; the medicine is drugged by angel fingers; Lady Rowena dies,

and now a flush of red tints her fair, pale brow; and now she is doubly dead; again her bosom heaves; she rises with a strange wild stare, looks around, grows perceptibly taller, stalks forth shrouded and veiled, and the raven tresses fall over the shoulders—angular now—once full and shapely and dressed with golden hair.

Poe's mind was a "Haunted Palace" from whose dark windows strange ghosts leered and retired. It was a charnel-house wherein were many "Premature Burials" of hope and despair. He lived in the "Valley of Unrest," and his "Tell-Tale Heart" journeyed to the "City of the Sea" that

"Resembles nothing that is ours:
Around by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky,
The melancholy waters lie * * * *;
And open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves."

We see the flowers of his genius bud and bloom, but his fancy is chained to phantoms. Like the will-o'-the-wisp, which trembles above the bog, gleams darkly through the benighted air the memory of this brightest genius that ever flashed athwart the sea of letters. His weird and sombre dreams were lost in shadows, were but the abortions of a giant mind, the foibles of its fancy, the bubbles that floated on the mighty current of a sombre sea.

We see first in his life, the myth-making power of a myth-loving soul,

the sympathetic, tender-hearted boy, the lover of animals, birds, flowers; then we see the keenly critical, analytical spirit—reason enthroned and despotic; and finally his wild metaphysical speculation in "Eureka," the ratiocination of the cosmogony of the universe, from the nearest star to the "nethermost fires."

I might picture him in his home as a husband, fondly—almost insanely—worshiping his child-wife—so frail, so tender, so sweet, so devoted; but 'tis as a poet that we will remember him forever. 'Tis here that his niche in the Pantheon is filled and unveiled. Forty years have passed since the boatman with the silent oar ferried him over to the "Land of the Great Departed," where silence is sweeter than music; where the flowers bloom on and forever, and the dew is the breath of immortals. And now, after these years of silence, by the testimony of the brightest talent of other nations, the first place among American poets is his.

On Poe's last visit to Richmond, as he walked at sunset where he had spent many a happy hour, and while an inexpressible sadness fell across that fine intellectual face, he said,

"I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted."

This shows how

"The days that are first sway the days that are last."

A weary traveller is trudging up

the eastern mountain side. The evening shades fall faster and faster. The sun kisses the mountain tops good-night. He sees a star appear behind these seemingly impassable barriers. On and up he trudges while the shades, growing longer and deeper, darken the valleys, and the star disappears behind a tall cliff, and reappears, till at last the summit! the summit!—and he stands then dimly outlined in the gathering twilight. He looks back at the dark low-grounds; the habitations are invisible save here and there a spectral column of smoke curling upward; but the mountains stand out like the turrets, the spires, the minarets, the corniced mosques of some enchanted city. So Poe toils on amid the gathering gloom and the darkness, emblazoned, at times, by the star of Hope that calls him onward and upward over rugged vale and hill; the gaunt wolf crouches in ambush in the wild mountain pass, and the storm-raging sea of night rolls black, ghastly waves toward the heights; but, at length, he mounts! he mounts!!—he stands there in the gaze of the world in the twilight of his glory. While the commonality of dreamers are darkened, save a flickering upward of their more spiritual visions, the heights which Poe reached and touched with but the hem of his garment, are immortal—stand *luminous* above the low-driven waves of Oblivion.

At the early age of forty he was called by death into the spirit-land,

upon whose borders he had always lived.

"'Twas night in the lonesome October,"
and the storm-driven ship furled its
sails in the harbor forever.

"Ah! broken is the golden bowl, the spirit
flown forever,
From grief and groan to a golden throne,
beyond the Stygian River;"

but the author of "*The Raven*," of
"*Lenore*," and of "*Ulalume*," The
rhyming and the chiming of "*The
Bells*," and the beautiful "*Annabel
Lee*"—the author of those strange,
imaginative "*Tales*,"

"Is freedom's now and fame's,
One of the few immortal names
That was not born to die."

J. L. KESLER.

LEONAINIE.*

Leonainie, angels named her,
And they took the light
Of the laughing stars and framed her
In a smile of white;
And they made her hair of gloomy
Midnight, and her eyes of bloomy
Moonshine, and they brought her to me
In a solemn night.

In a solemn night of summer,
When my heart of gloom
Blossomed up to meet the comer
Like a rose in bloom;
All forebodings that distressed me,
I forgot as joy caressed me,
(Lying joy that caught and pressed me
In the arms of doom!)

Only spake the little lisper
In the angel tongue;
Yet I, listening, heard her whisper,
"Songs are only sung
Here below that they may grieve you—
Tales are told you to deceive you—
So must Leonainie leave you
While her love is young."

Then God smiled and it was morning,
Matchless and supreme;
Heaven's glory seemed adorning
Earth with its esteem;
Every heart but mine seemed gifted
With the voice of prayer, and lifted
Where my Leonainie drifted
From me like a dream.—E. A. Poe.

*This poem has never been included in Poe's works, but the circumstances of composition and internal evidence prove that he is its author.—EDITOR.

VERSICULI.

We roamed amid the daisies fair
 At sunset hour. 'The balmy air
 Made merry with her golden hair—
 A lassie blithe and debonair.
 Nor think it strange, while roaming there,
 (I long had loved this maiden fair)
 That I should then my love declare.
 Methought the angels longed to share
 Our happiness, as we did swear,
 With love so sweet, so pure, so rare,
 To share each other's weight of care,
 And all our mutual burdens bear.
 Though gazing on her form so fair,
 I thought her presence anywhere
 A heaven, and madly deemed that care
 A rapturous bliss, which she should share.

* * * * *

Alone I tread the daisies fair,
 But now the badge of mourning wear.
 My blue-eyed lass, with golden hair,
 Lies sleeping 'neath the flowers there,
 And earth seems cheerless everywhere.
 I sometimes feel I cannot tear
 Myself away, but must repair,
 At sunset hour, as if in prayer,
 To meet her blessed spirit there.

* * * * *

O Father, in my dire despair,
 Help me this heavy care to bear.
 Thou knowest best. We should not dare
 Expect below heaven's joys to share.
 Were earth a heaven, we would not care
 To seek a "better country" there.
 Yet this shall be my latest prayer,
 That angels may my spirit bear
 To Thee, to Her, with Her to share
 The home that knows "no parting there."

EDITORIAL.

SALUTATORY.

With this issue the STUDENT enters upon its tenth volume. To the old reader it will be sufficient to say that we shall endeavor that it shall be conducted as it has been in the past, making, however, such improvements as may suggest themselves to us. We are sure that the new reader will be pleased if we succeed in maintaining the excellence of the STUDENT, so well earned by the efforts of preceding editors.

One of the principal designs in the establishment of this periodical was to promote the cultivation of the literary talent of the students of the institution which it represents. Articles from this source have in the past added much to the excellence of the magazine, but it may be reasonably claimed that the contributions from the students this year will surpass those of any preceding year, both in originality of thought and in beauty of expression. Fellow-students, we rely on you to make this promise good!

While much may be said on political questions, nothing of a partisan nature will appear in the STUDENT while it is under its present management. On our title-page we claim that this is "a literary magazine," and such, in the highest sense of the term, we shall endeavor to make it.

R. L. P.

THE COLLEGE GRADUATE: GIVE HIM A CHANCE.

The college graduate that leaves college expecting to take a high stand among his associates at once will find himself sorely mistaken. It is easier to be a prominent man at college than it is in real life. When a boy enters college he begins at the foot of the mountain, and must climb before he reaches the summit. He may reach the apex of college glory, but this will win him little in real life. The college graduate is not asked how many offices he filled at college, how many years he went to college, but *what he can do*. Then it will be not what one *has* done, but what he *can do now*. Some boys come to college who have taken high stands in preparatory schools but do nothing at college. They live in the past, and delight to tell the wonderful mental feats they used to perform. Some men seem able to reach a certain point, to attain a certain height, and no higher. They stop; stand still, and soon go backward.

College graduates are generally termed dreamy and ideal, theoretical rather than practical. This may be so. Let him alone. Give him a chance to try his ideal scheme. Do not draw him down to life's practical hard crust so soon; he will find that soon enough. The world is bad; if he has an ideal world, let him live in it for awhile. He will

be made better by having had such thoughts. His visionary schemes serve to rouse up the dormant faculties of other men and cause agitation to become rife, and that always results in good.

College graduates are targets at which every man who is not a college man feels in duty bound to shoot. He is expected to know all things, both great and small—and some of them think they do. This is all wrong. He has only been training himself to meet on "life's bloody sands" the gladiators trained as he has been; he has only been swimming in the river's cove preparatory to braving the strong current; trimming his lamp that it may burn longer and brighter.

An industrious boy, when he has graduated, is just entering an Egyptian famine; before him is seven years' famine, and then he may think of his "barns stored with plenty." One of the smartest boys that ever graduated from this college was censured by a sub-alliance for a short article written for a paper. Men take a delight in finding any defect they have.

They are the best men the country has, and ought to be. Nearly every one finally becomes a leader in his community, and has great power in directing public opinion. He is either able to accomplish a great deal of good or harm. His ability is enlarged.

Collegiate education is advancing. Men are becoming dissatisfied with

simply a common-school education. There has been marked improvement in every college in the whole country in the last few years. More students have been matriculated this year than in any previous year. These are good signs. They are omens that portend a brighter future; the way is being blazed for higher mental development and symmetrical manhood.. The scope of collegiate education is being broadened and deepened. More attention is being paid to a practical education. The foundation is being dug deeper that the pile may rise higher. Patience and endurance are necessary elements for the success of a college graduate. Though gloomy may seem the path at the beginning, and gloomy it is, still the "rift in the cloud" will appear, and the rainbow of his future may have its silver lining. E. W. S.

THE FARMERS' MOVEMENT.

The farmers of this country are just coming to a realization of their strength and power, and it is evident to the reader of contemporary journalism that all other classes have likewise become aware of this power and are giving it due, if not always willing, recognition.

For many years the demagogues have been using the great masses of the farmers for the accomplishment of their own ends. At times this has been earnestly protested against, but, never until within the two or three past years, have there been any

determined measures taken against the continuance of this shame. Every one is acquainted with the fact that the great majority of the American people are farmers or farm-workers, and, as is well known, they have held few of the offices of honor and profit within the gift of the people. It is urged as a reason for this that the farmers, as a class, are less intelligent, that they are not so well versed in the science of politics as other classes, and that the true place of their work is, or should be, their farms. But, making all possible allowance for the truth of the poet's line

"That those who think must govern those
who toil—"

it must be acknowledged that the farmer has not received due recognition at the hands of either of the great political parties in the distribution of offices; while, on the other hand, it is urged with much apparent truth that the farmer will compare favorably in point of intelligence with the average American citizen, and that his knowledge of politics and the vital questions of the day is much greater than is generally supposed.

The farmer, whether right or wrong, has arrived at the conviction that his present depressed condition is the result of the almost total lack of representation in the legislative halls, State and National. He believes that the banker, capitalist and manufacturer, have accumulated wealth by being enabled by the government to prosper

by his ruin. Indeed, there is little doubt but that the deplorable condition of the farmer, of which we hear so much, is the result of the antagonism of our laws to his interests; but it is much to be feared that his clamors for reform may result in further class legislation in behalf of the farmer, rather than in the abolition of such laws which militate against him.

It is very plausibly claimed that the reason of the failure of the farmer to secure legislation in his behalf heretofore has been the lack of organization. Now the great farming element of this country has been partially organized into a society known as the Farmers' Alliance. This order has very rapidly overspread the South and West, and already has an immense number of members in the North and East. Every few weeks one reads of the formation of some new State Alliance—now it is that of Illinois; now that of Maryland.

Of the power of this order, our Congressmen who have hitherto been almost independent of the farmer for re-nomination, if not for re-election, have become very disagreeably aware. It sent such popular and distinguished Senators as Ingalls and Vance home to look after their seats, and caused such a great panic in the House that it is said that at times even Speaker Reed could not count a quorum.

But it should never be forgotten that, though there may be some de-

signing men in their ranks, it was not for the sake of obtaining office that the farmers have organized; an exceedingly large majority of those composing the Alliance can never hope to hold any office whatever. What rendered the Alliance possible are the wrongs and injustices to which the farmer is subjected by present laws, and to remedy these evils is the avowed purpose of this organization. Though a great howl may be raised over "The Farmer in Politics," yet it seems but natural that the farmer should be unwilling to trust the empty promises of those who have so often deceived him, and should desire that upon some of his own number should be imposed the trust of securing legislation favorable to his interests.

One thing very remarkable about this hue and cry over "The Farmer in Politics" is, that while the Alliance has incurred the displeasure of one party in the South, it is receiving the curses and the anathemas of the other in the Northwest.

One object of the Alliance is to bury sectionalism and consign those who have attempted, often too successfully, to incite the men of one part of the country against those of the other to the shades of private life. Judging from the large audiences which Northern speakers of the Alliance have in the South, and the immense crowds that gave our own Polk such flattering ovations and respectful hearing in the West and North, it seems that this object has

been, in a great measure, accomplished. The attainment of such an end is certainly much to be desired.

Some men holding offices in this Christian land are not fit to be intrusted with the care of a decent pig. Let us all hope that in this crusade of reform many men whose morals are a disgrace to politics may be retired to private life.

It is said that the possibility of such an order among the farmers shows the drift towards centralization. Perhaps it does. But the most radical legislation demanded by the farmer is only on a par with some which already mar our statute books. If the demand for the passage of the Sub-Treasury Bill has excited much attention and called forth bitter criticism, it is the keenest satire upon the existing Internal Revenue laws and the present National banking system.

It has been prayerfully predicted by ill-wishers that the Alliance would be taken advantage of by bad and designing men for the furtherance of their own selfish interests, and that the farmer, losing faith in its leaders, would no longer give his allegiance to the order. This danger has hitherto been avoided, and present indications would seem to show that in the future little need be feared from this peril to the order.

It is earnestly to be desired that all demands of the farmer smacking of class legislation may be dropped; that he may secure the repeal of all laws antagonistic to his interests, and be

the means of effecting much good for himself and the whole country ; for on the prosperity of the farmer depends the welfare of the country.

R. L. PASCHAL.

POLISH.

That Puritanic element which rails with such vehemence of language and of abuse at novel reading have either never read a novel, or are by nature so warped and prejudiced as to make them incapable of a fair and impartial judgment. While there may be novels that are hurtful and injurious, and we do not deny it, this is no reason why a whole class should be condemned. In arguing, they only take for examples those of the 'Tiger-Tom-the-Texan-Terror' series, or of the 'Thou-Shalt-Not' class. As well might we say that no poetry should be read because Byron wrote *Don Juan* in verse, or no essays since Ingersoll is pleased to abuse those who believe that there is a God and a Hereafter.

There are some who come here having as their highest earthly ambition an hundred on Calculus or Greek. This is a laudable ambition, so far as it does not confine one's mind and time to the application of Taylor's formula, or the mastering of the countless rules of Greek Syntax ; but when, to accomplish this end, one shuts himself up in his room and makes himself oblivious to everything else, it has an injurious effect. How much easier it would be for him to learn a

lesson after having spent an hour laughing at the satires of Dickens on a Quixotic humanity. We know that the sciences and languages give one a depth and breadth of mind which can be obtained in no other way, and yet they leave one thing lacking. They build a grand monument out of the mind, but leave the sides rough, uneven corners here and there, which need the artistic touch of the polisher and not of the architect.

Certainly the ponderous hand of metaphysics cannot accomplish this. Something light is needed ; something, one touch of which leaves no perceptible impress, but which, continued, will finally efface every unevenness, fill every crevice, cement the whole, and leave the statue in all its perfect roundness and beauty. We need light literature, novels, tales, travels, and the like. There are some who, while admitting the benefits derived from novels, would have us countenance only the mock realism of Howell and James. Their novels may be true to Nature and realistic in every sense, but if they are, we think that the query, "Is Life a Failure?" would be unquestionably answered in the affirmative.

We could always imagine one of these shutting himself up in his study with only a geography and dictionary for companions, and there delve deep into his soul. Then out of the product of these researches, he fashions characters which surprise one

more by the dullness and sameness of their make-up than by their fidelity to nature.

The merits of such works may be great, but rarely do we find a person, who is not a Boston crank, that has the perseverance and courage to wade through them. We want something which entertains us; it, at the same time, rubs off the angular corners of the Mathematics and Greek stored up in the brain.

There is a class, interesting in their very unreality, on whose head have been poured the vials of wrath and fiery argument from seventeenth century Puritans. These are the ones which deal in lively action, fascinating plots and interesting conversation. These may be unreal, romantic,—but what do we want with novels? We do not wish exact images of men, nor do we wish to study Psychology and Metaphysics. We want to be beguiled for the time being into the idea that such romantic things may happen, and such noble characters, untrue to nature though they be, may exist.

R. BRUCE WHITE.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

"Behold, the portals open and across the threshold now

There steps a weary one with faint and furrowed brow;

His count of years is full, his allotted task is wrought;

He passes to his rest from the place that needs him not."

The *Biblical Recorder* has this to say. "It seems that there were two

of these brothers—John Henry and Francis William—and they were both educated for the Church of England. One went to Rome and the other to infidelity, which are about the same in this life, and we fear, will be some kin in the life to come." This, to say the least of it, in our opinion, is not a fitting notice of the death of so great a man. This has set our pen a going, not to vindicate his character for that needs no vindication, but because, by holy living, he leaves the world in his debt.

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him that nature might stand up
Before all the world and say—'This was a
man!'"

On August 11, 1890, the "massive gateway" opened to let the aged Cardinal pass, but Hathor, "queen of love," goddess of twilight's holy hour, fills the air with the "scent of the flowers that bloom when the heat of day is o'er." The mystic portal has closed, but the fragrance of a life that was humble, earnest, loving, serving when he might have been served, though, perhaps, mistaken in judgment, is sweetening the life of the world.

Forty-five years ago, the spiritual leader of the Church of England, the moving spirit of the great "Oxford Movement," yet with all his fascinating powers and earnestness of purpose, being unable to turn the conservative elements of the church of his fathers, which the years had built up and cemented together, withdrew from

them in 1843 and joined the Catholics in 1845.

Whatever may be thought of this singular choice no one, we believe, has ever been so base as to doubt his sincerity. He was a great man in more than one respect. Yes, *great*, that expresses it. Douglas Sladen in "*The Independent*" thus describes him: "The ocean and the Rocky Mountains and a dozen years lie between me and Oxford where I first met him. * * * *

A little, old, shrunken man, shrunken in figure as in face, with a feeble gait—this was one impression—the other was a vast intellect, infinite tenderness, keen interest. His voice was soft and low, a winning smile was ever on his lips, and his humility utterly humiliated one." In versatility of genius and breadth and comprehensiveness of intellect, the Romish Church could not produce his equal; yet, I suppose, his intellect was more than equaled by his humility. But it is as a literary man that we wish to notice him here. At a very early age "*Scott's Waverley* and *Guy Mannering*" were his favorites, and he was very much devoted to "*Tholoba*" of Southey. He graduated at Trinity, and to-day he is the only alumnus who is honored with a marble bust, which sits in the great hall of the college. Around him there were gathered such men as Whately, Keeble, Dr. Pusey, Richard Hurrell Froude, Wilberforce, Coleridge, Coppleston, and Davidson, and now they

are gone, and he has followed them whom he had "loved long since, and lost awhile." These were times to move a man to action. Keeble published his "*Christian Year*," and afterwards his great "*Assize Sermon*" on "*National Apostasy*." The English Church had grown corrupt; a spiritual apathy hovered like a pall over it; deep sleep had seized it and held it in sound embrace; its positions had come to be looked upon almost as any other government office without regard to personal fitness, and without earnest effort to elevate humanity. So Newman, Dr. Pusey, Keeble and others began to publish "*The Tracts for the Times*." Of this movement Newman was the alpha and omega. He wrote the first and the ninetieth, and of the ninety he wrote twenty-four. These men did not dream, at first, that they were drifting toward Romanism. But when Newman saw where his logic would lead him he followed the leading of his logic. Ah! that such a magnificent manhood should stoop with humbled mien to the Pope's gathered but waning power. But out of this came one of his best works—his "*Apologia Pro Vita Sua*," the book that is said to have breathed new life into the great novelist, George Eliot.

His bound volumes, besides numerous magazine articles, number thirty-six, among them are "*Aryans of the Fourth Century*," "*Essays, &c.*," "*Poems*," "*Expostulation*," "*Grammar of Assent*"—and never did there

flow from his pen anything but the richest, sweetest, fullest stream of pure "English undefiled." Lest some one may think I am over-estimating his style—for I notice that his books in the library, for the most part, have not so much as been opened—I will quote from John Charles Earle, in "Modern Thought," "He is idealistic like Plato, and methodical like Aristotle; he confutes sophists like Socrates, and pierces the unseen like Dante; he is critical as Scaliger, Stephens, Muretus; emotional as St. Augustine, analytical as Hill, and, in his 'Geron-tius,' visionary as Goethe; he is a mystic, yet a logical mystic; a Bible-Christian, yet a dogmatist; intensely liberal, yet hating liberalism; ambitious, yet modest; gentle, yet capable of a quiet scorn. As a fiction, 'Cal-lista' is a masterpiece; in oratory, nothing can surpass some of the 'Sermons Addressed to Mixed Con-gregations'; the 'Essays on Univer-sity Education' are unique in their breadth and compass; the 'Essay on Development' is as grand a dogmatic treatise as was ever composed; the lectures on 'Justification' are a speci-men of the subtlest dogmatism; the essay on 'Miracles' is exhaustive; the 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk' draws out in a masterly manner the prerogative and supreme authority of conscience; the Latin dissertations prove the writer a consummate scholar, and the 'Historical Sketches,' in three volumes, evince an intimate

acquaintance with the entire course of history, ecclesiastical and secular."

This from the *Critic*: "For subtle logic, fine thinking, delicate play of fancy, and wondrous beauty and grace of style, he is unsurpassed."

When he was on his way back to England, from a visit to Italy, sailing out on the Mediterranean, he composed his world-famous hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," that "ex-presses the dumb feeling of a thousand hearts"—

"Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling
gloom,

Lead Thou me on;

The night is dark and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on.

Keep thou my feet, I do not ask to see

The distant scene; one step's enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

Should'st lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path, but now

Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day, and, spite of
fears,

Pride ruled my will; remember not past
years.

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,
'till

This night is gone.

And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile."

The whole literary world, it seems, agree to call him the finest writer of our day—the master of the finest English style. In the midst of con-summate grace and elegance and dig-nity of expression, there are pleasing touches of fancy, flowing easily and

naturally, and *many* pleasing allusions welling up out of the streams of literature that flash in the sunlight of the centuries.

Let me add, still, this from Edmund Gosse—

“Peace to the virgin heart, the crystal brain !
Peace for one hour through all the camps
of thought !

Our subtlest mind has rent the veil of pain,
Has found the truth he sought.

Who knows what page these new-born eyes
have read ?

If this set creed, or that, or none, be best ?
Let no strife jar above this sacred head ;
Peace for a saint at rest !”

J. L. KESLER.

EXCHANGE BRIEFS.

The Oak Leaf was the first magazine to reach us. It has improved every year since its publication began.

THE Guilford Collegian is one of the neatest monthlies that comes to our table. The reading matter is of a high order. The editorials all bear on college life, which is the function of editorials in a college journal. We notice that the college boasts of six base-ball teams, two of which are among the girls.

THE Kentucky Tablet has improved much in the last year. Some of the articles are especially worthy.

THE Davidson Monthly contains an excellently written article on Jefferson Davis. We are willing to give thanks to any one for speaking of our own heroes. Judging from the first issue, the editors are men of ability. We shall be disappointed if the *Monthly* does not improve under such management. The Y. M. C. A. seems to be booming there, as almost one-fourth of the *Monthly* is filled with Y. M. C. A. matter.

NONE of our exchanges speak of the outlook for athletics. The wave of enthusiasm for college athletics seems to have been lulled to rest. There will be no foot-ball team at Wake Forest this year, but it is hoped that

a La Crosse association may be organized that will enliven things.

THE contract for the new Trinity College at Durham has been let, and bond given for its completion August, '91. We will welcome our sister college to its new home, and hope that a healthy rivalry in athletics may spring up.

DURING the first week of the term, the University of North Carolina matriculated 173, Trinity, 100, and Wake Forest, 184.

AN effort is being made at some of the Northern colleges to shorten their course from four years to three. Prof. Elliot, of Harvard, heartily endorses it. The Faculties are about equally divided on the subject. Among the reasons given for it is, that the requisition for admission has been gradually rising, and that more time should be devoted to special study. Prof. Tausing, who is a warm advocate of the change, says that of the students who enter Harvard, there are two classes: those whose aim is general culture, who wish to have a classical tincture. Three years would be enough for them; they would apply themselves more closely, and the tendency to carelessness and laziness in the fourth year would be avoided. The second class, whose object is to

specialize, properly belong to the graduate schools.

THAT man Bostwick is a large-souled man. His donation four years ago endeared him to the people of North Carolina, and especially to the friends of Wake Forest College. His donations were well used, as is seen by the increased influence of the college for good. Now he comes forward and makes a still more liberal offer. For every two dollars given by the friends of the college he will place the third. Now, if the friends of the college believe it worthy of support, let them show it by liberally contributing to increase the endowment. No such offer was ever before made to a Southern College. The Trustees, in their wisdom, have requested Dr. Taylor to give up his work at the college and devote his time to travelling for the college. This is the time for the Baptists to show their love for their College. Wake Forest is a unique institution in more respects than one. It is yet

young and vigorous—stand still, it must not.

This is the occasion for the Alumni to show what pride they have in their *alma mater*. The possibilities that lie before Wake Forest are immense. Thousands of young men in North Carolina are anxious to enter its walls. There is no reason why this college should not, in a few years, double its number of professors and students. Dr. Taylor reports that the people are liberal; that they are opening their hearts and pocket-books. The time is short in which the work must be done, but if the people of North Carolina will simply respond to Dr. Taylor's call, the endowment fund will be increased many thousand dollars. "God bless that man Bostwick," is the prayer that rises from the heart of every North Carolinian. May his life be long, and his Christian character be indelibly impressed upon the hearts of the young men who receive the benefit of his munificent donation.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

R. L. PASCHAL, EDITOR.

THE Anti-Lottery Bill recently passed by Congress, and approved by the President, is destined to secure an end long desired by all good American citizens—the suppression of lotteries and other things of the same nature. It is a direct thrust at the Louisiana State Lottery, which has been the cause of so much useless expenditure, and done so much to develop and encourage a gambling spirit among nearly all classes. It provides a severe punishment for any one who uses the mail for the transmission of anything pertaining to a lottery. Several editors have already been arrested, and the editions of their papers containing advertisements of the Louisiana Lottery suppressed. It is taking new and unexpected turns, however. All guessing matches given by newspapers, for the purpose of advertising, will have to be discontinued, or the editors will become liable to be prosecuted under the provisions of this law. The Congress of the United States has thus rendered the cause of honesty and virtue an enduring service. It is greatly to be desired by all who are opposed to the swindling and dishonesty of lotteries, by whatever name they may be called, that this law may be executed to the fullest extent. The record of

its passage is one bright page in the history of a Congress that has done so little of which it may be proud.

THE potato crop in some parts of Ireland has been an almost total failure. It was at first feared that a famine would be the result of this, and contributions for the prevention of so dire a calamity were already pouring in, when it was announced that the failure was not so wide-spread as had been supposed, and that the government would be able to supply any of the destitute with food. We are glad that the English Government is at last awaking to a realization of its duty to the Irish peasant.

THE Senate of the United States will have under consideration at the meeting of Congress in short session, December next, the House bill for the relief of the Supreme Court of the United States. This bill is heartily endorsed by prominent members of both of the great political parties. It proposes an appellate system of courts intermediate between the Circuit and the Supreme Courts. The decisions of this intermediate court will be final in a large number of cases that now go up to the Supreme Court.

It seems to us necessary to the

ends of justice that this or some similar change in our judicial system be made. Delay in justice is worse than robbery, and to-day the Supreme Court is three years behind in its work, and the number of cases for its decision is rapidly increasing ; so those who resort to this court for the settlement of a question of right and justice are compelled to wait three years, at least, before they can hope for a decision of their case. This is evidently in direct opposition to the purposes of good government, and to the interests of the governed.

There was a time when the duplex system of the courts was sufficient for the needs of the country, but that was when the boundaries of our country had not crossed the Mississippi. Now, when our population has grown from three to sixty millions, and so much has been added to the work of the Circuit Courts, the system which was sufficient for our fathers is inadequate for the pressing needs of to-day.

THE State Fair is held in Raleigh this week. It promises to be the best Fair ever held in this State. As a

matter of course, this claim is made every year, but, nevertheless, we believe that the exhibition of each year has been some improvement upon preceding ones. A great many amusements will be offered visitors. There is one thing connected with the Fair, however, which, though having for its object a benevolent purpose, ought to receive the severest condemnation. It is proposed to raise money for the relief of poor Confederate soldiers by means of a guessing match. We believe that the wants of our soldiers, who lost health, or were wounded in the war, should be supplied, but are far from believing that this is a desirable or even an honorable means of raising funds for any purpose whatever, however praiseworthy in itself that purpose may be. Guessing matches are simply lotteries, and should be regarded as such. Besides, we do not think that our people would fail to respond to any call in behalf of the Confederate soldiers, without having the hope of receiving a hundred dollars by the gift of ten cents, as an incentive to liberality.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

J. L. KESLER, EDITOR.

This bit of verse, I think, is worth repeating. It is from the latter part of "Vox Populi, non Vox Dei," published sometime ago in *Blackwood's Magazine*:

"Ah! from the hurrying, jostling, noisy world,
With all its clamorous selfishness and strife,
How gladly even the worldiest of the crowd,
At times, would shake the dust from off his feet
And fling himself on Nature's breast to feel
The sweetness of her silent solitude!
There, far from men, forgetful of the world,
In perfect peace, what joy it is to lie
Stretched out beneath some broad and shady tree
And let the spirit wander as it will.
Into the realm of dreams! Now gazing up
To watch the great white continent of clouds
Sail slowly, drifting through the azure gulfs
Of the unfathomed sky; now with shut eyes
Listening to the cock's faint crow from far-off farms;
Or, nearer, the sweet jargonings of birds
In the green branches hid—while fresh and pure
And fragrant with the breath of flowers, the breeze
Comes stealing over the fields to fan the brow,
Or, singing through the trees with whispers soft,
Set all the quivering leaves astir, and not
The leaves alone, but many a memory dim
Of youthful years, and many a tender thought,
And many a gentle dream and vanished voice,

That on the battle of the busy world
No more are heard, and yet are dear and sweet
Beyond all telling to the heart of man."

"The birds are herald of his cause,
And like a never ending rhyme,
The roadside blooms in his applause
Who bides his time."

"The True and the False," is a new book written by Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Baltimore. The first of the book is devoted to subjects to help the honest doubter, the last of it is devoted to the Roman Catholic question. We would like to read the book. (Wharton, Barron & Co., Publishers, Baltimore.)

Justin McCarthy says, "Mr. Howells could not get away from the *ideal* for the life of him. His is 'the light that never was on sea or land, the consecration and the poet's dream.' His idealism quickens his realism and makes it gleam and glance with beauty. His realism strengthens his idealism and gives it form and substance, so that the commonest can see it and recognize it and understand it."

Sir Edwin Arnold, author of "The Light of Asia," has received a bid of \$100,000 for the exclusive copy-right of his new book, "Light of the World," a great epic of Christianity.

Rudyard Kipling, author of "Plain Tales from the Hills," is creating quite a sensation among the book-talkers. His coming work is the "Book of Mother Mathurin."

Robert Louis Stevenson has bought several hundred acres of land in Samoa. He intends to make his home here in the South Pacific, "away from English and American intruders." We hope that his retirement will in no way lessen his literary zeal.

The *Lippincott* for September has a very interesting article on Paul Hamilton Hayne, written by John Eliot Bowen. The memory of the sweet singer of "Copse Hill" ought to be dear to every lover of song—to every admirer of a beautiful, heroic life. Let his own "Lyric of Action" attest his heroism—

" 'Tis the part of the coward to brood
O'er the past that is withered and dead :
What though the heart's roses be ashes and
dust ?
What though the heart's music be fled ?
Still the grand heavens o'erhead,
And the voice of an angel thrills clear on
the soul,
Gird about thee thine armor, press on to the
goal.
* * * * *Too late!* through God's infinite
world
From His throne to life's nethermost fires—
Too late! is a phantom that flies at the dawn
Of the soul that repents and aspires," &c.

George Meredith has just completed his last novel, "The Journalist." We judge from the subject and the writer that its contents will be interesting.

Zorilla, the great Poet Laureate of Spain, is dead. How musical, how poetic even the name ! With what sadness comes the message across the broad Atlantic ! From the time that his struggling genius burst its veil in sobs and tears, as he read his poem over the grave of the lone suicide, until he received, a year ago, the poet's crown at Grenada, and even to the time when the veil of his own life is rent, and he withdraws from this land of the dying to the land of the eternally living, his life has been like the song of a fairy—like a tale that is told.

Tennyson is said to be a very deliberate talker, and is not very fond of company. He has nominated Lord Lytton to succeed him as Poet Laureate; but Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, and Lord Salisbury, each, have a different man. He will be 81 years old the 12th of June next.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says : "It is perfectly easy to be original by violating the laws of decency and the canons of good taste;" and, in speaking of "Madame Bovary," written by M. Flaubert, he says: "That it has a serious lesson there is no doubt, if one will drink down to the dregs of the cup. But the honey of sensuous description is so deeply over the surface of the goblet that a large portion of its readers never think of its holding anything else." I am afraid that this criticism might be made upon many of our recent novels. Truly,

"Of making *many* books there is no end," but making *good* books is a different thing. Carlyle is said to have given as an excuse for reading a common novel, that he wished to induce a perfect vacuity of thought. But the trouble with these things called books that are sold on trains and other places, is that *they*, having induced a "vacuity of thought" in the mind, proceed, while the master is out, to paint the *walls* with foul pictures, and stain the white curtains that fall over the windows, and ever afterwards as the mind looks out it will see the world, but it will see it through stained windows, and it will not be the same old happy, innocent world to *him*.

Whittier, our good old bachelor poet, will be 83 years old in December. His latest poem is "Our Country," beginning—

"Our thought of thee is glad with hope,
Dear country of our love and prayers."

Dr. Holmes is 81. At his home, Beverly Farm, Mass., on August 29, his last birth-day, he received, among the many presents, a silver spoon, the handle of which bears the image of a witch on a broomstick, the word "Salem," and the emblematic witch pins crossed. This from a lady as a memento of his last poem, "The Broomstick Train." Tennyson is a year younger than Holmes.

Count Tolstoi is faring pretty badly at the hands of the critics. His "Anna Karenina," and particularly

"Kreutzer Sonata," which the *Times* calls "this last insanity of Tolstoi," seem to show that he has taken entirely the wrong view of life. He is one genius that is evidently living behind his age; and not, as Longfellow says of geniuses, that they live not only in advance of their *own* age, but of every possible age.

"Essays and Studies," by B. L. Gildersleeve, Ph. D., L.L. D., is a little book which is receiving the very highest praise at the hands of the reviewers. The first edition of 25,000 volumes was exhausted immediately after publication. This is a high compliment to Prof. Gildersleeve, who, by the way, is a Southern man, and not only a matchless scholar, and the highest authority on the technicalities of Latin and Greek, but is the most fascinating of writers.

Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, who lives in Charlotte, N. C., is writing a biography of her husband, General Stonewall Jackson. Such a man deserves to be remembered and honored not only by his own generation but by every future generation. The memory of such lives ennobles manhood. With such a subject, we hope the book may be readable and instructive.

"Looking Further Forward" is a book written by Richard Michaelis, and should be read by all who have read Bellamy's "Looking Backward." So says the *Literary News*.

The characters are Julian West, Professor of History in Shawmut College, Boston, and Forest, a former professor, who does not think the nineteenth century wholly bad, nor the twentieth wholly good. It is meant to be a reply to "Looking Backward."

"Among the Selkirk Glaciers," by W. S. Green, distinguished as a climber among the Alps, is a book "filled with novel scenery, thrilling temperatures, and romantic solitudes of British America." The *Critic* says: "He is not the conventional tourist, travelling for mere curiosity; he goes out armed with scientific introductions and scientific instruments, bidden God speed by scientific societies, and is full of a keen thirst for unconventional knowledge—altitudes, distances, products, flora and fauna, folk-lore and history. The result is a valuable book, full of information, not about meals and manners, but about great mountain chains, mighty frozen rivers of the North, unknown lakes, primeval forests, and the finny and four-footed inhabitants thereof.

He starts from Ottawa, climbs the Rockies, finds his way among the trestle-bridges and snow-sheds of the Selkirks, glimpses the great Illecelewaet glaciers, and in pack-saddle crosses "the glittering snow-fields that surround Mt. Sir Donald." Among the cloistered hills and forests, encountering storms and rivers, he "recrosses the Rockies and emerges on the Columbian prairies, to view with rapture the immeasurable miles of sunflower that pave the prairie-sea with gold." It is said to contain some magnificent pen-pictures. If he is a real scientist, if the description of the book means anything, it must be the book I'm looking for—a book of travels that does not smell of beef-steak and hash, and railroad stations, and a thousand dungeons that have been pressed by a thousand other feet, and brushed by a thousand rusty pens before. Oh! for a breeze fresh from Nature's heart—a new, joyous breath from off the cool, white snow of the glaciers—for a look at the brow that does not ache with pain, nor weep with the sweat of sorrow!

ALUMNI NOTES.

J. L. KESLER, EDITOR.

We have before us a Catalogue of Wake Forest Alumni. As we read the names, many, many of those who bear them are strangers to us. If you should happen to be neglected, be assured that it is not our fault, for if any good news about *any one* of you should come to our ears, we shall gladly "tell it out" through these columns to the many who will be glad to hear of it. We would be glad for each one of you to do something tellable so that we might pass it around; yet we are not so much afraid that you will not *do* something as that we shall not *hear* of it. Will you not write to us, tell us your whereabouts, and how the world is treating you? Most especially, give us your address and *one dollar and a half* for *THE STUDENT*, and we'll be sure to remember you.

'52. Maj. James H. Foote, of Wilkes County, has recently published a book of two hundred pages called "The Methodist Armor Reviewed." Price 50 cents.

'54. Hon. W. T. Faircloth, of Goldsboro, N. C., received, at the hands of the State Republican Convention, the nomination for the position of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court.

'55. Rev. A. J. Emerson, D. D., formerly Professor of English in William Jewell College, Missouri, is now President of Howard Payne College, Brownwood, Texas.

'56. Rev. L. H. Shuck, D. D., of Fayetteville, Mo., observed on July 26th the first anniversary of his settlement there as pastor.

'68. Hundreds of his friends throughout North Carolina rejoiced in the announcement last summer that Prof. F. P. Hobgood, late President of Oxford Female Seminary, had quite recovered his health after some months of serious illness.

'69. The *State Chronicle* has this to say of Mr. W. H. Pace, Esq.: "Mr. Pace seems to strike the right chord every time he strikes. His worth to Raleigh is much greater than Raleigh realizes it to be."

'73. Rev. R. T. Vann, whom many of us learned to love while he was here as our pastor, enjoyed his stay this summer at New Haven, Connecticut, very much, but is at home again doing good service among his own people at Edenton, N. C.

'75. J. V. Phillips, Esq., of whom College tradition still reports that he was one of the finest mathematicians

and clearest debaters who have ever been here, is at present Register of Deeds of Stokes County, residing at Danbury, and has been nominated to succeed himself. He is yet unmarried, but we understand he has hopes.

'75. Mr. John E. Ray, Principal of the State Institution for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind, at Colorado Springs, Col., spent the summer at different points in North Carolina. His family were with him. He attended our Commencement and made an address at the Alumni Banquet on "Our Two Literary Societies." Hardly any other man is so widely known among the Baptists of this State and so warmly loved as John Ray. He reached his home again in September and wrote back, "Our stay in our dear, old native State was peculiarly pleasant. It was a joy to see our old friends again."

'80. Rev. B. H. Phillips, of Whiteville, N. C., has gone to Colorado Springs for his health.

'81. Rev. Ed. M. Poteat, D. D., and wife spent part of their vacation on the Hill visiting Prof. W. L. Poteat. After having heard him preach and felt the magnetism of his character, we are not surprised that he is very much loved by his Church in New Haven, Connecticut. In our opinion he is one of the best preachers we have ever heard.

'81. Rev. M. V. Duffie, of New Brunswick, N. J., lately delivered a

series of lectures on Romanism which, whether the Pope is a man of sin or not, stirred up many sinners who adhere to Romanism. These lectures are now published under the title of "Facts About Romanism: Its Baneful Effects." They make a pamphlet of some eighty pages and are worth reading, though some will call in question his historical accuracy and deem some of his statements exaggerated.—*N. Y. Christian Inquirer.*

'83. Mr. L. L. Jenkins is one of the board of directors and is Cashier of the First National Bank of Gastonia, N. C. •

'83. Mr. Thomas J. Simmons, who has the *soul* as well as the *instinct* of a gentleman, has left his position in the Durham Graded School to go to Athens, Georgia, to take the principalship of the Washington Street School. He is also Associate Superintendent of the city public schools.

'83. Rev. E. S. Alderman, who graduated at Wake Forest in 1883, and was for a time pastor at Chapel Hill, but is now settled near West Lake, Ky., has recently visited his relatives in Wilmington. While here he preached half a dozen times, and to our great gratification showed himself to be a man of unusual grace, ability and power in the pulpit. While we are sorry to lose from the State a young man of so much promise, we rejoice in the favor he has found in his chosen field of labor and

pray for him the largest measure of usefulness.—*T. H. Pritchard, in Charity and Children.*

'83. Prof. G. C. Briggs was born in North Carolina, in 1857. His early life was spent on a farm and in attending school. He then worked one year in a printing office. He became assistant post-master in the city of Asheville, which position he filled for eighteen months. In 1878 he entered Wake Forest College, from which he graduated in 1883. He edited the *STUDENT*, the college paper, for two years, while in college. Immediately on graduation he was called to the professorship of the Greek and French languages in Judson College, N. C., which position he successfully filled for five years. In 1888 he was called to the principalship of Salisbury Academy, an entirely new school, surrounded by older institutions with endowments and good reputations. The odds were against him, but by perseverance and skill, the Academy has enlarged its field, and the enrollment for the present year is larger than for any preceding year. Prof. Briggs' reputation as a disciplinarian and educator is so well known that further comment is unnecessary. At the time of going to press the enrollment is 90 or 100, or double the enrollment when the school first opened in 1888.—*Press Spectator, Salisbury, Mo.*

'84. Mr. R. S. Green, Jr., who, after his graduation taught in Mis-

souri, is again in North Carolina, his post-office being Jimes, Davidson County. He is "a man of family" and devotes himself to agriculture. He seems to be a leading man in the councils of the Farmers' Alliance of his section.

'85. Mr. J. W. Hendren is assisting Rev. R. L. Patton in the school at Moravian Falls, Wilkes County, N. C. We hear that there is some *prospect* of Mr. Hendren's getting married.

'85. Rev. A. T. Robertson, the rising man of the Faculty of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, has taken a vacation tour through England, France, Switzerland, and Germany, visiting the universities and spending some time at Leipsic. He stopped a few days with his father, Dr. Robertson, who lives in Iredell County, on his way back to the Seminary, Louisville, Ky., where he delivers the opening lecture.

'87. W. J. Matthews has been elected Principal of Greenville Male Academy, Pitt County, N. C.

'87. Mr. W. P. Stradley, who has been at Johns Hopkins for three years, and whose reputation as a speaker is kept in perpetual remembrance here, will attend the Law School at Nashville, Tennessee.

'87. Dr. L. L. Vann, who took his degree from the Jefferson Medical College last spring, after a short residence in Winston, removed to Roxboro, where he now sometimes cures, and sometimes — doesn't.

'88. Rev. F. T. Wooten, of Pender County, and Miss Mattie Tompson, of Person, were married September 2d, Rev. T. H. Pritchard, D. D. class of '54), officiating.

'88. Our countryman, Prof. F. B. Hendren, is at Dillsboro, N. C. where he is engaged as Principal of the Academy of that place. It is a new town, situated away out in Jackson county among the mountains on the Murphy branch of the W. N. C. R. R. Mr. Hendren is well pleased, and says that, "in natural resources this section is the richest I have found, the 'State of Wilkes' always excepted." It is but a few miles from Dillsboro to the Cherokee Indian settlements, and Mr. Hendren jocularly remarks that he is "thinking of spending Christmas with the Chief, if he does not assume a warlike disposition before that time."—*Wilkesboro Chronicle*.

'89. Mr. T. M. Hufham is Principal of Mars Hill Academy, not far from Asheville, N. C.

'89. Rev. S. D. Swaim and Mr. G. P. Harrill, who taught at Booneville last year, have removed their school to Jonesville.

'89. Rev. G. T. Watkins, of Granville, and Miss Nannie L. Merritt, of Person, were married September 3d, Rev. J. A. Beam ('85) and Rev. J. H. Lamberth tied the knot. I believe Mr. Lamberth left college before graduating, but he is making his way all the same.

'89. Mr. H. A. Foushee, who taught in the Charlotte Graded School last spring, is now teaching in the Durham Graded School.

'90. Mr. G. W. Ward is assisting Mr. Sheep in his school at Elizabeth City.

'90. Mr. T. R. Crocker is teaching at Auburn, N. C., "fairest village of the plains."

'90. Messrs. J. C. Maske and J. R. Hankins have gone to Johns Hopkins. They are men who will "make their mark." We expect to hear from them again.

'90. Mr. L. S. Cannon is teaching at Warsaw. The last we heard from him, he had gone four miles out in the country after a "mess of grapes." He has a music teacher.

'90. Mr. C. L. Felt is in Florida teaching and reading medicine. Mr. E. F. Early is in Baltimore attending lectures, preparing himself to be a "tooth-carpenter."

'90. Mr. J. E. White spent a few days on the Hill at the opening of the session. He spent part of the summer in the life insurance business, but is now teaching school at Wrendale, Edgecombe County.

'90. Mr. Josiah Crudup is Professor in High Point Female College. We offer our congratulations. But wouldn't we like to peep in just a wee bit when Josiah was hearing a class of grown young ladies?

'90. Mr. H. C. Moore, familiarly known as "Hight," and loved for jovial good humor, has been Principal of Cove Creek Academy, Sugar Grove, Watauga County, but he has recently accepted a call to the pastorate of the church in Morehead City.

'90. Mr. T. W. Bickett, who taught a short while at Marion, N. C., is now teaching in the Graded School at Winston.

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we may."

The rising genius will find his fitting place; for, as Emerson says, "Cause and Effect are the Chancellors of God." We do not doubt that "Bickett" will succeed as a teacher; but he will not be in his element till he is on the hustings or before the Bar.

'90. Mr. W. O. Riddick, the champion foot-ball player of North Carolina, is teaching school at Dockery, Wilkes County, N. C. But he has learned that "it is not good for man to be alone." He comes on a flying trip to Wake Forest, and takes away one of our fairest "bonnie sousie lassies," Miss Minnie Allen, of the Falls. They were married October 3d, in the Wingate Memorial Hall. "And still there are more to follow." Who comes next? Good luck to you.

'90. Mr. T. L. Blalock goes to Johns Hopkins this year. Mr. J. R. Hunter (class of '85) also returns. These, with Maske and Hankins, mentioned above, and Mr. W. A. Montgomery, Jr., an undergraduate,

gives Wake Forest a representation of five. Messrs. Blalock and Hunter are making Chemistry a specialty; Mr. Maske, Greek; Mr. Hankins, Mathematics. Mr. Blalock is somewhat of an artist. He took the pictures that appeared in the Wake Forest Catalogue last spring.

'90. Mr. J. B. Spilman, one of the editors of the *STUDENT* last year, whom all of its readers will remember, is assistant teacher in the Raleigh Male Academy. He is not quite as cheeky as some men I know of; but he deserves a good position where gold counts for more than brass.

'90. Mr. J. O. Atkinson is Professor of Latin in Elon College, Alamance County, N. C. He is teaching Latin, Greek, Moral Philosophy and History. But don't you know he has his hands full.

'—. Mr. W. R. Hendren, who attended school here several years, but did not graduate, is teaching school in Trade, Tennessee. He has enrolled ninety-seven students, and still they come.

'—. Mr. J. B. Newton, who left college after completing his Junior year, taught with success for a number of years at Aulander, but he opened school in Concord October first.

'89. Mr. D. A. Davis, who so recently went out from us, and who, but a few weeks ago, met such a sad, untimely, unaccountable death, impressed everyone who met him with

his strong individuality. He created an expectation that his life was too short to fulfill. Friend and foe alike expected his name to be inscribed among the names of the great. It is with inexpressible sadness that we pen this notice of his death. As a member of the Euzelian Society he was always loyal to duty, devoted to what he conceived to be to her interest, candid in the expression of his views when he differed from others, yet always sincere and united in spirit with them for her honor and success. And so we, as a Society, wish to honor the memory of one so deserving of honor. We feel, under the circumstances, that it is a privilege, as well as an honor, to show our appreciation of him.

We remember him as 'a student who stood first in his classes, and as an orator of no mean ability; in character, sincere and strong; in his convictions, bold even to rashness; in friendship, true; in disposition, manly—a lover of all that is noble and gallant in the true manhood of the old Southern type; his fault, ambition—the "last infirmity of noble minds",—which swayed the upward longings of his soul, while he grappled with almost Autæan strength the stones that blocked his way to eminence. His ambition was bound-

less, yet always lofty—loving with an enthusiastic devotion what was noble and inspiring, and spurning what was low, he could not stoop to little things for preferment or honor. Had he but lived to perform what the dawning of his life foretokened! But ah! in Groveton, Texas, the murderous bullet of the pistol in the hand of Judge Turner left the history of the life, so beautifully begun, incomplete. Just before his death, he wrote to a friend, "I hope to meet you before the Morton bar in Washington," little dreaming how near he was to the bar of God. Such a life calls loud for its Tennyson and its "In Memoriam." Our sympathy goes out to the family, and especially to the mother, who was highly honored in him whose life is now sacred to history and to memory.

"The years tell much which the days never knew."

God grant that thoughts of him so suddenly removed may make all our lives more earnest.

Read before the Euzelian Society and approved, October 4, 1890.

J. L. KESLER,
W. B. DANIEL,
C. D. GRAVES,
Committee.

RECEIVED

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

R. B. WHITE, EDITOR.

NEWISH !

BLACKING!!

SMOKE!!!

AND the last was more than the first.

So say the newish.

RUMORS of love and marriage fill the air.

ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-SEVEN students here, and more to follow. Hurrah for W. F. C.!

MISS RUTH WINGATE left us during vacation for Denver, Colorado, where she will attend school.

THE class of '92 met and elected W. D. Daniels, President, and O. H. Dockery, Secretary.

THE class of '93 organized, and the officers are J. A. Williams, President, and J. E. Alderman, Secretary.

It is reported that a thrilling romance will appear soon depicting scenes in and around La Belle Cascade.

WE are sorry that Prof. Brewer has been compelled to resign as Alumni Editor on account of work, but Prof. Green has been chosen to fill the vacancy, and doubtless will prove of valuable aid to the STUDENT.

VERILY, the way of the transgressor is hard, for he is made to see ghosts and slide down railroad banks of red mud.

THE little boy from Raleigh has the reputation of being too excitable, but we can assure one and all that he is entirely harmless.

WHY not have a Glee Club? Assuredly there are some good singers among us who can enliven "ye sma' hours" of the night.

WHY not play La Crosse more regularly? There is no more interesting game, and no game better for muscular development.

A CLASS in Elocution has been organized, and will procure a teacher of some reputation. We advise every one that can to join.

"WON'T it be sad, dear, when all of 'em get married and desert us?" But don't be discouraged, for "there is balm in Gilead, and a physician there."

SOME TIME ago we listened to a fine lecture by J. A. George on the geography, customs and manners, and missionary work of Armenia. Mr. George is a native Armenia and gave us an interesting description of his fatherland.

WHY not have a field day? We are behind other colleges in this respect. With our splendid gymnasium and apparatus, we ought to be able to have some interesting contests.

It is talked of getting a tombstone and placing it in the middle of the ball grounds with this inscription:

IN MEMORIAM.
FOOT-BALL,
Obiit Thanksgiving Day,
1889.

COLD weather has set in; then beware, O ye chicks! in the recitation rooms. Prof. Royall has taken Dr. Manly's old room, and Prof. Green has Prof. Royall's.

THE Treasurer of the Wake Forest Orchestra makes the following report:

LIABILITIES.

Six guitar strings broken	-----\$0.60
Loss of wind by R— and H—	1.00
Damage done H— by cussing	-- 0.02
Damage done V— by shrinking	, 5.00
Damage done B. by getting wet	, 1.00
<hr/>	
Total losses	-----\$7.62

ASSETS.

13 pickles @ 10 cts.	-----\$1.30
5 ginger cakes @ 20 cts	----- 1.00
25 apples @ 15 cts	----- 3.75
Miscellaneous cake	----- 1.56
<hr/>	
Total gains	-----\$7.61
Profits to be divided among the band	----- 0.01
The outlook is promising,	

WHY not have a regular tennis tournament? It would form an interesting addition to some of the holidays.

MARSHALS for Anniversary are—
Eu.: R. E. Major, H. T. Aydlett, J. G. Mills; Phi.: E. S. Bostick, J. P. Spence, J. A. Mason.

Time, Dinner. *Place*, Boarding-house.

Prof. C.—“Mr. Blank, how do you like Psychology?”

Lady of house—“Professor, where is Mr. Psychology from? I did not know there was a student of that name here.”

Prof. C. blushes, and there is a stop of five minutes for refreshments.

WE were surprised on coming back to college to see the magnificent new stores of Purefoy and Reid, and of W. B. Wingate & Co. They have new stocks and are prepared to satisfy everyone. Besides these, another store has been started by W. H. Edwards in Wingate's old stand, which promises to be quite an addition to the business of our town.

THE Senior Class decided to elect all its officers in the Fall instead of waiting till the Spring as heretofore, and the following is the ticket for Class Day.

President, S. M. Brinson.
Orator, E. W. Sikes.
Prophet, R. L. Burns.
Historian, J. L. Kesler.
Poet, R. L. Paschal.

THE Hill has been deserted by a large portion of the fair sex, leaving some of the boys desolate and seriously contemplating suicide or obtaining positions as janitors in several female colleges. Misses Mattie McLeod, Annie Powell, Willie Simmons and Lena Allen have left us to become for a year "sweet young school girls," and we mourn for their untimely departure.

EVERYONE was out to witness the marriage of Mr. W. O. Riddick, our famous foot-ball captain, and Miss Minnie Allen. Waiters were Mr. T. E. Holding and Miss Lilian Daniels, and Mr. W. H. Riddick and Miss Lena Allen. The brief and appropriate ceremony was performed by Prof. W. B. Royall, after which the bridal pair left for the groom's home. It is impossible to give any description of the costumes and decorations, but suffice it to say everything was as beautiful as art and ingenuity could make it.

THE Catalogue of Wake Forest College for 1889-'90 lies before us. When we were there, the "old building," now the least attractive of the whole group, was all they had. On the roll are 206 students from seven States. The pictures of the chemical and biological laboratory show that the college is abreast of the times in her scientific department. After looking around not a little we are convinced that Wake Forest College is one of the best colleges in the land, and for the cultivation of the

gift of public speaking, so far as our knowledge extends, it is the best college in the world. If there is any possibility of making a speaker out of a student, the literary societies will do it. In most institutions elocution is taught, but that does not make an effective public speaker. He needs just the stimulus and criticism that he is sure to get at Wake Forest. Rev. C. E. Taylor is the prince of presidents. Wise, energetic, progressive, a lover of truth and good men, he is the man for managing college affairs and disciplining young men.—*Baltimore Baptist.*

TWO of our old Professors, whom it was a pleasure to meet when the new session began, and who always greeted us with a cordial welcome, are not here this year, and their absence is felt by all the old students.

Professors W. H. Michael and G. W. Manly came here four years ago, and have left us at the same time, having formed friendships on the Hill and among the boys that will last for life. Rarely do we find such universal regret caused by the departure of teachers who had been in the college such a short time. Coming at the same time, they labored among us for four years, and always counselled us towards the highest pathways of duty and of honor. They endeared themselves to us as faithful, honest teachers; and much as we regret their departure and feel their absence, we know that others are the gainers.

We now turn to the pleasant duty of welcoming the new comers, those who will fill the vacancies caused by the departure of Professors Michael and Manly honorably and successfully. There is no need to speak of their attainments as scholars, for they

are known all over the country as men who will honor any college. Prof. Lanneau is said to be the most dignified and scholarly looking gentleman in the Faculty. Of Prof. Green all who are in his classes can testify as to his merits as a teacher.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



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W. M. DICKSON.

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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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VOL. X.]

WAKE FOREST, N. C., NOV., 1890.

[No. 2.]

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ROUSSEAU.

In writing an essay upon the Life and Writings of Rousseau, we have the disadvantage of having read very little of his works in the original and have been compelled to rely upon the rather untrustworthy medium of a translation for the greater part of our knowledge of his writings.

In a life like that of Rousseau, there are so many incidents of seemingly equal importance, that in "the embarrassment of riches," it is difficult to choose without seriously disturbing the unity of the narrative; and so many different opinions prevail concerning the tendency and result of his writings, that it is equally difficult to form correct decisions concerning the soundness of his views; but, perhaps, it is easier for us to understand and appreciate the great principle for which he contended with all the power of his rhetoric, because in America his doctrines were first embraced—and some of his political

tenets have become popular, being rendered familiar by being embodied in the most widely known and certainly the ablest of American political documents—the Declaration of Independence.

The language and literature of France are everlastingly indebted to the little country of Switzerland for some of its masterpieces; for, among others who have given beauty and firmness to French literature, it has given birth to Rousseau, in whose writings perfection in style was attained, and in which thoughts fresh, startling, and fascinating in their nature found eloquent expression; here also was born Madame de Staël who rendered an invaluable service to the French by bringing to their notice the beauties of foreign languages, and in many cases appropriating to herself the most beautiful things found in the literature of other peoples.

Jean Jacques Rousseau was born at

Geneva, June 28, 1712. His parents were of pure French origin. Although they were not of the highest classes—his father being a watch-maker—they had the good fortune of being citizens of the only free country in Europe, and were not considered with the contempt so prejudicial to the social standing of those who followed lucrative trades in other parts of Europe.

Having the misfortune of losing his mother at his birth, his early training and education devolved upon his father. Perhaps no other author has been so greatly affected by the influence of his education. We may readily suppose that he never acquired very much mathematics; the Bible was the first book which he read, as it was likewise the first ever read by his admirer and professed disciple, Lord Byron, and the influence of its perusal is very apparent in the writings of both. Next, in connection with his father, he read a series of wretched romances found in the library of his mother; and father and child alike, took greater interest in them than a girl of sixteen does in a sentimental love-story of the present day. At the age of eight, he knew Plutarch's Lives by heart; then Tacitus, Grotius and writings of equally weighty nature claimed his attention, and his stores of knowledge were wonderfully increased by each study. Perhaps his first conceptions of the great principle which afterwards changed the government of the world, were suggested to him by the study of Greek and Roman freedom. His father, through no fault of his own, being forced to leave Geneva,

his further education was entrusted to his uncles. Though not a very diligent scholar, he was very quick to learn.

What distinguished him in these early years, even as in mature manhood and ripe old age, was the readiness with which he formed friendships and his loyalty to his friends.

When about sixteen it was decided that it was high time for him to learn a trade or prepare himself for a profession. Had he been allowed to follow his own inclination he would have become a minister, but his desires were not regarded and his uncle apprenticed him to a mechanic. At this man's shop he received all the insults and buffets which a petty tyrant, rejoicing in the opportunity, knew how to bestow; being offered a change of masters he joyfully assented, but it was rather a change for the worse; and it was soon discovered that he was unfitted for such work. It is the misfortune of poverty that its slaves are often left no choice in the selection of a profession; and this has often cramped the genius of men who, otherwise, would have become the great and honored of the world. A handicraft was certainly an unfit occupation for a genius like Rousseau; in such employment his worth would never have been recognized nor his powers developed. Who would suppose that we should ever have heard the name of Alexander Pope if his father had educated him for the pursuit of some trade? Would not the spirit of a Byron or of a Shelley have chafed in a work shop? Rousseau finally made his escape from his tyrannical master and wandered over

Switzerland and Italy. Of the many vicissitudes of his life prior to 1742, we have not the space to tell. (We cannot even touch upon his relations with Mme. de Warens); though the study of this period of his life would be both interesting and instructive. After considering the age in which he lived and the condition of society at that time, we shall hasten on to an examination of that part of his life most important to the student of literature.

The age of Rousseau was one peculiarly fitted for the reception and the application of his teachings. The country had not yet recovered from impoverishing wars undertaken for the aggrandizement of Louis XIV. Great discontent prevailed among the several orders of society; the land had become a prey to the rapacity of the priesthood, and the nobility and these privileged classes, receiving the benefit of all the taxes, were required to pay not one cent of them. It is a well-known fact that priests have always been ready to deceive the people and grow rich, when possible, out of their hard-won earnings, and the whole history of privileged orders in society has likewise been one continuous story of oppression. At this time the common people were held in greater contempt than ever before, and their oppression became very burdensome to them; for, though owning only one-fourth of all the property of the kingdom, they paid nearly all the taxes. They had become restless on account of so much wrong and injustice, and their ideas only needed expression which they found in the pages of Rousseau,

Diderot and Montesquieu. There was a general upheaving of humanity. The people became bold in the declaration of their ideas and hence the works of Rousseau were eagerly accepted and devoured with delight by the millions of oppressed and down-trodden people.

Rousseau arrived in Paris when about thirty years of age, and for some time he supported himself by copying music and making botanical collections for the naturalists. He was allowed by Diderot to contribute to the famous *Encyclopédie*. But it was not till 1749 that Rousseau made his mark. The Academy of Dijon having offered a prize for the best essay in answer to the question: "Has the influence of the Arts and Sciences tended to better the condition of mankind," Rousseau, it is said at the suggestion of Diderot, entered the contest and won the prize over a host of competitors. In this essay he attempted to show that as civilization has advanced man has degenerated; that the culture of the human mind has lessened its capacity for happiness; and, recognizing that there ought to be no interference with the course of the laws of nature, he affirmed that in a state of savagery man's happiness was perfect. He persuaded not so much by the force of his arguments as by the beauties of his style and his eloquent panegyrics on a state of nature. His views received the more ready acceptance, since the misery occasioned by the oppression and tyranny of the king, priests and nobles was an ever present argument against what was then boasted of as the very height of civilization, with all its conveniences and

blessings. This essay raised him to the very front rank of French writers, a position which he still retains.

The writings of Rousseau may be divided into two parts—that which treats of educational and religious questions, and that which deals with questions of political science.

Some of his productions were very remunerative; for *Emile* he received 1,000 livres; for the *Contrat Social*, which was published the same year, (1762) he received 6,000 livres; but he never had a lack of patrons, and so was independent of his literary productions for his support.

About fifty years ago it was imagined by some that his educational work, *Emile*, had lost its influence. How such an unfounded idea could have entered the head of any one, it is not possible to imagine, for, though its influence was immediate, it has never been effaced; rather, his principles have become more and more popular with the progress of years. It would be difficult to overestimate the good which it has accomplished; from it Froebel received his conceptions of the Kindergarten system, which has become very popular on the Continent and in the northern part of the United States of America. Before the appearance of *Emile*, the school child was treated as an automaton; now his teacher recognizes that he is a human being. Progress in the system of education from that day to this has been rather an evolution of the principles of Rousseau than the introduction of any thing new in the plans of instruction.

As a political economist, though he advocated some very visionary doc-

trines, his faults were those of the head and not of the heart. He boldly advocated the return of man to his primitive state of simplicity, and the overthrow of the government and religion alike. His doctrines were very repugnant to the ruling powers of the land, whose interests were so powerfully assailed by his weighty and eloquent arguments. He never lost an occasion to panegyryze a state of nature, and reasoning from analogy his arguments for the return of man to this condition could not be refuted. Barring a few of his extreme and socialistic views, his principles have found a more ready acceptance in the New World than in the Old. Here the soundness of many of his doctrines, incorporated as they are in the Declaration of Independence, has been triumphantly demonstrated. No student of history will deny that his works on social and political economy were the most powerful agent in bringing about and precipitating the French Revolution; and its failure to secure liberty to the French people can only be attributed to the too blind reception and adherence to his doctrines.

Upon the publication of *Emile* he was forced to quit France; the boldness of his views startled king, nobility and priesthood alike. A great churchman undertook a refutation of its doctrines, but Rousseau's rejoinder was not to be answered. He sought refuge in his native country, but this was denied him, and finally, upon the invitation of Hume, he went to England. He was idolized by London society, but growing weary of his popularity he retired to the country;

here he quarrelled with Hume and acted toward him in such an ungrateful manner that his friends attempted to excuse him on the ground of insanity. He was at last allowed to return to France, and through the munificence of a friend he was enabled to occupy a cottage in a suburb of Paris.

His last work, which was not published, however, until 1782, was his *Confessions*. It is a production unique in plan and character. It has all the charm of romance, showing conclusively that as great interest is attached to real characters as to the most thrilling creations of the novelist. It is a pleasing picture to imagine the old man writing the history of his own life—not enlarging the good nor suppressing the bad and frivolous. How pleasant are his recollections of childhood, when, unacquainted with sin and misery, he thought all the world virtuous and happy. Every reader will sympathize with him when he relates his experiences as an apprentice with the watch-makers, and admire his love of freedom and his delight in nature even in these early years. This work was received with great favor; it added much to the literary reputation of the dead author and has since been considered as a classic in French literature.

Six months after his return to Paris—July 2, 1778—the death of Rousseau occurred, not without suspicions of suicide.

Rousseau's claim to fame rests

chiefly upon his political and educational principles, and the beauty of his style. No other French author has ever been able to approach the clearness and flowing beauty of his language. All authors since his day have been his imitators. The distinguishing trait of Rousseau is his *personality*. Although his writings of themselves would have produced a great sensation, the fact that they were the productions of *Rousseau* gave them additional interest. All the world sympathized with the man, though many disagreed with his teachings. He was loved and petted by an enthusiastic public; and even to this day when we speak of Rousseau we think of himself and not of his works, remembering only the madly-sensitive man. In this individuality he has been compared to Byron, and they might be compared in many other respects: the same brilliancy of genius; the same hatred of existing government and religion; the same impetuosity of feeling. Though they were both skeptics, doubt in such an age was a failing which leaned to virtue's side. They were both the productions of an age which needed some such men to arouse the people to a vivid realization of their condition. Rousseau instituted a new era for prose—Byron for poetry. But let us hope that the political world will never need another Rousseau, nor the world of letters another Byron.

R. L. PASCHAL.

SOME RAMBLING THOUGHTS.

To me it is oftentimes difficult to select a subject, study it hard and sit down and write a laborious essay; but to jot down some stray thoughts without research or much study is sometimes a very interesting occupation. Especially is this true when, as in this case, the said thoughts are not excessively profound and not capable of disturbing any one's serenity to any great degree. Indeed, selecting a subject is perhaps the most difficult part of writing. I am a person of a few words—as may have been observed, and cannot find much to say on any one subject; therefore the best plan for me is to embrace a variety of subjects under one head. This by way of a preface.

I sit here this evening gazing out of my window upon the green leaves, the sweet flowers, the blue sky, the people moving to and fro, and then—I wonder how any sensible soul can doubt for a moment the existence of a God! How can any human being with a sound mind and an immortal soul doubt the existence of Him who knoweth every sparrow that falleth? I see the sun, moon and planets, the stars and the earth travelling their accustomed paths, ever in motion. Nearer to me—yes, all around me, I see vegetable and animal life. I am conscious of the existence of mind in myself; I know that it exists in others.

Have the sun, the planets and the stars—has the inanimate creation existed forever? Have they been in motion forever? It seems to me

more reasonable, when we see motion, to ascribe it to some power than to suppose that it existed from all eternity. I cannot conceive motion without the previous application of force. And, if this is true, it seems more reasonable to suppose that the myriads of worlds were created by some Power, than to suppose that they existed from all eternity. We *must* suppose that something existed from eternity. It is a foolish notion—utterly incomprehensible—that away back in the far off annals of the past there ever was a time when *nothing* existed. If then we must think that something has been *ever*, is it not more reasonable, does it not accord better with our love of unity to consider "*that something*" a single invisible Power, than to consider it numberless worlds—effects without a cause? Whether we look into the faces of men, observe the instincts of beasts, or gaze upon the beauties of nature, we are bound to know that there is a God.

Also, I have watched the busy throng toiling day in and day out,—for what? For happiness; and the majority for money as a surety to happiness. And as I contemplated these things, the thought come to me—and it was no new thought—that everybody in the world is selfish—that "the primary motive of all human action is selfish interest." Why do men struggle for fame?" Why does a lover strive to please his sweetheart? Why does a man endeavor

to become rich? Why do politicians seek office? Why do farmers and lawyers quarrel? All for self! And I believe that human nature is essentially so selfish that a man may be unconscious of his selfishness. We are all selfish by nature, and we can always recognize the mote of selfishness in our brother's eye, because of the beam in our own. A parent may show selfishness in love to his children, in that he loves them so much he wants them to succeed above all others, thus gratifying his own personal desire and making himself happy. In fact, love is selfish. Jealousy, which is one of the qualities of love, is the essence of selfishness.

I have been thinking lately of our civilization and its destiny. Surely, no new subject, yet not too old, perhaps, to be referred to in this treatise. There are two views of this question, contrary to each other, which have been brought out lately in two works of fiction—*Looking Backward* and *Cæsar's Column*. The first of these, by Edward Bellamy, has been read to a great extent; the second, written by a physician under an assumed name, is just out and perhaps has not been circulated so widely. The former is an optimistic view; the latter pessimistic. Bellamy's book has been read so generally that I will not burden you with an attempt to describe it.

Cæsar's Column is written in the year 1988, from New York city, which is represented then as having ten million inhabitants, and in the midst of a glorious civilization. Every invention and labor-saving device that can be thought of is in vogue. The peo-

ple use air ships for travelling and make the trip to Europe in thirty-six hours. In fact their civilization is just about as much ahead of ours, as ours is ahead of that of Washington's time. The same old trouble between labor and capital is still waging, but with renewed energy and bitterness. The rich capitalists rule the country. They are organized in a secret body for the purpose of keeping down the working-men. But the laborers have established a Brotherhood of Destruction, also a secret organization, which intends to destroy the money-kings and gain possession of the land. Corruption, anarchy and treachery reign supreme; they have all the horrors of our civilization increased a hundred fold. At last, after much plotting and intriguing, the crash comes and the fight wages long and fiercely. Finally the Plutocracy is overcome and all the capitalists are murdered and their dead bodies placed together in one great pile. The rabble set fire to them, and while they are burning, cement is poured on, thus making a huge column of dead bodies, which is named *Cæsar's Column*, in honor of the captain of the Brotherhood of Destruction. A remnant of the former population of the country escape in their air-ships and settle on the west coast of Africa, where they establish a colony and live in peace and happiness. But the workingmen and farmers having gained possession of the land and being in power, know not how to rule themselves. They begin to slay their leaders, burn all the houses, and then they turn to killing each other until very few are left. These form themselves into little

bands or tribes, live in tents, and in fact seem to act like barbarians. They are really in a worse condition than before. In the writer's words: "Not for a long time will civil government rise again out of this ruin. Ignorance, passion, suspicion, brutality, criminality, will be the lions in the path. Men, who have such dreadful memories of labor, can scarcely be forced back into it. And who is to employ them? About three-fourths of the human family have died of hunger, or have been killed; the remainder constituting, by the law of the survival of the fittest, the most powerful and brutal, will find it necessary, for self-defence against each other, to form squads or gangs. The greatest fighter in each of these will become chief, as among all savages. Then the history of the world will be slowly repeated. A bold ruffian will conquer a number of the adjacent squads and become a king. Gradually, and in its rudest forms, labor will begin again—at first exercised principally by slaves. Man will exchange liberty for protection. After a century or two a kind of commerce may arise. Then will follow other centuries of wars between provinces or nations. A new aristocracy will spring up. Culture will lift its head. A great power, like Rome in the old world, may arise. Some vast superstition may take possession of the world; and Alfred, Victoria and Washington may be worshipped, as Saturn, Juno and Hercules were in the past; with perhaps dreadful and bloody rites like those of the Carthaginians and ancient Mexicans. And so, step by

step, mankind will re-enact the great human drama, which begins always with a tragedy, runs through a comedy and terminates in a catastrophe."

As to which of these views is correct, I am not prepared to pass an opinion. But I may say that I incline rather to the latter, or pessimistic view. I see no tendencies now to produce the situation which Bellamy has described. Civilization is advancing step by step, and if we call this "the fast age" what shall we call the next? We can only hope that it will be as Bellamy thinks. The question: "What is our civilization coming to?" is indeed serious and perplexing. But it cannot have any interest to us except as a historical question or a social problem, because the results of our civilization, whether good or bad, cannot affect us or our children.

Much of what we now call civilization is barbarism. Some qualities of our nature are akin to barbarism and some memorials of our civilization are relics of barbarism. To my mind, human nature is essentially ferocious and corrupt, and needs to be restrained by some arbitrary power. And it seems that the more our so-called civilization progresses, the more corrupt we become. I do not mean to say that mankind now is in a worse condition morally than savages are, because we are reminded of the fact that we are continually restrained. But our natures are at the same time corrupt, and if our passions were unbridled as the savages, it is my opinion we would be worse, according to advantages, than he is.

Y. ELHSA.

OPPORTUNITY MAKES DUTY.

Mr. Bostwick, of New York City, offers that to every two dollars, up to \$50,000, that we can secure for the endowment of Wake Forest College before March 1, 1891, he will add one dollar.

An endowment is a sum of money permanently and securely invested, only the interest of which can be used. The Trustees of Wake Forest have solemnly pledged that they will never spend or loan to one of their own number any part of the endowment. Not a cent given to it since the war has been lost. No security is excepted except approved real estate whose taxed value is twice the amount of the loan. A Justice of our Supreme Court has said, "It is the best invested fund in the State." A committee of Parliament on the various endowments in England has recently reported that, "Of all the great popular charities, higher education has proven the safest, wisest and best," giving two reasons: 1. They are most enduring. 2. In improving higher education, all other good causes are most effectively aided.

The income is used to help in paying the running expenses of the College. Students' fees alone could never pay the expenses of an institution equipped as well as Wake Forest is, even if all students paid their fees. But ministers and their sons pay no tuition fees. And twenty young men have the use of "scholarships" purchased by parties at \$1,000 each in years gone by. And some to

whom indulgence in time is given die or lose their health before they can pay. The College has repaid to the denomination in tuition fees of young Baptist preachers alone more than \$60,000. And no student pays half of what it costs to educate him at any institution of high grade. The income of Wake Forest all goes back to the denomination in the improvement of the men on whom it is expended.

The Education Board of the Baptist State Convention is entirely distinct from the Board of Trustees. The latter is chartered by the Legislature and is self-perpetuating. It gives free tuition to all young ministers. The former is appointed annually by the Convention to assist indigent and promising young ministers by paying for their board, room-rent and washing, so far as the churches furnishes the means. In giving to "Ministerial Education," one does not give to the College.

The present endowment is \$155,356. This sum is small in proportion to the numbers and wealth of the Baptists of North Carolina. Hundreds of men in the State have more in their private estates than the 160,000 white Baptists have in the endowment of the College. One hundred and fourteen colleges in the United States have more means at their disposal than Wake Forest has. So far from being rich, it is relatively poor. The Board has used all possible economy, yet their income is now insufficient to pay the running expenses of the College,

because its work and usefulness have been steadily growing.

Unless we succeed in this effort the College must fall back in its work and patronage. If we do succeed, we can meet present expenses, and also get apparatus which is absolutely essential, employ a professor of Economics and History, and inaugurate work in the "School of the Bible." We may also expect a steady increase in the number of our students. Moreover, if the Legislature should reduce the rate of interest from 8 to 6 per cent. the College will suffer a loss of \$1,525 of its annual income. The owners of the college will show wise forethought in making provision for this contingency.

The future of the College depends very largely on the success of this effort. Its past history is honorable, and the influence of its work is felt to the ends of the earth. It is now doing larger and better work than ever before and is confronted by magnificent possibilities of future usefulness. It is for our people to say whether we shall make them realities. The Board of Trustees have kept so safely and used so wisely all that has been given to the College that their efficient management is a guarantee that what is entrusted to them for enlarging and improving the work of the College will be well used.

The Convention has endorsed this movement for raising \$50,000 from our own people for the College, and the Trustees by special action last August requested the President of the College to try to secure it. The expenses of the effort will be small and will not come out of the amount secured.

More than half of the present endowment was given by parties outside the State. While this fact should excite our gratitude toward those who have helped us, it should stimulate us to do more ourselves for our College. And the offer now before us should strongly appeal to every North Carolina Baptist. Think of it. One man proposes, if we fulfill the conditions, to put into our denominational work in a single gift more than the combined efforts of all our people raised last year for State, Home and Foreign Missions, and for Ministerial Education! Shall we lose our opportunity? The conditions are not easy, but they are within our reach. In succeeding we shall help indirectly every object of the Convention, and affect for good the lives of thousands for years, perhaps centuries, to come.

The time is short. We have only a little more than four months. Not a day must be lost. And we shall fail if many do not give largely. But if each Baptist will give at once according to his or her ability, and then become an agent and seek to get others to give, we shall surely get the whole amount so generously placed within our reach. The sooner the money is sent in, the better. Every gift must be paid in or put into some business shape before March 1, 1891. Send to Treasurer T. H. Briggs, Raleigh, or to C. E. Taylor, Wake Forest. And see to it that every amount is acknowledged by the College Treasurer in the *Biblical Recorder*.

Now, my brethren, I cannot do this work alone. For the sake of our Lord's kingdom on earth and for the

sake of the coming generations of young men in North Carolina, I long for its completion more than words can express. And I shall do my best, so far as in me lies, to reach all our people. But the State is large and our strength is to a great extent in the country churches. Oh for the spirit of universal co-operation among

pastors and people. If we can all lay hold together according to our ability, \$75,000 will be added to our permanent endowment. If we fail with such a proposition before us, we need hardly to look for any further aid from beyond our borders.

CHARLES E. TAYLOR.

THE CHILD SPY.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE DAUDET.]

He was called Stenne—little Stenne.

He was a child of Paris, weakly and pale; he might have been ten years old, perhaps fifteen; one never knows about these little fellows. His mother was dead; his father, an old soldier of the marine, kept a square in the quarter of the Temple. The babies, the nurses, the old ladies in folding chairs, the poor old women, all the little people of Paris knew old man Stenne and respected him. They knew that under that moustache, the terror of dogs and loafers, there lurked a kind, genial smile almost maternal in its sweetness, and that to see this smile it was only necessary to say to the good fellow:

"How is your little boy?"

Old man Stenne loved his boy so well! He was so happy in the evening after the little fellow had returned from school, when they both walked together through the parks, stopping at every bench to nod to the frequenters and respond to their civilities.

Unfortunately, everything changed when the siege began. The square in which old man Stenne lived was closed; a guard was placed there, and

the poor man, compelled to be continually on the watch, passed his life in the deserted and shattered walls—alone, not even smoking, no longer having his little boy at home only very late in the evening. One ought to have seen his moustache when he spoke of the Prussians. Little Stenne did not complain of this new life—not he.

A siege! It is so amusing to the small boys. No more school! No more lessons! Vacation all the time and the street like the fair-grounds.

The child stayed away from home till late in the evening, running around. He accompanied the battalions of that part of the town when they went to the ramparts, preferring to go with those who had good music, and little Stenne knew a great deal about that. He would very readily tell you that the music of the 96th was nothing to boast of, but that the 55th had an excellent band. At other times he looked at the soldiers while they were drilling; then there were the files.

With his basket under his arm, he mingled in those long files which were formed in the darkness of the winter

mornings, without any light, at the grate of the butchers and bakers. There, with his feet in the water, some acquaintances were made, people chatted politics, and as he was the son of Mr. Stenne every one asked his opinion. But the most amusing thing of all, however, were the cork-games, that famous play of *galoche*, which the Breton soldiers had made fashionable during the siege. When little Stenne was neither at the forts nor at the baker-shops, you would certainly find him at the *galoche* match on the square of the Chateau d'Eau. He did not play, let that be well understood—too much money was necessary. He contented himself with looking at the players with all his eyes!

One fellow, especially, a big boy in a blue jacket, who staked pieces of a hundred sous only, excited his admiration. When that fellow ran about the crowns were heard jingling in his pockets.

One day, while picking up a coin which he had rolled directly under the feet of little Stenne, the big boy said to him in a low voice:

"This makes you squint, does it? Oh well, if you wish, I will tell you where some of them may be obtained."

When the game was finished, he led him aside into the corner of the place and proposed to him that he should go with him to sell some newspapers to the Prussians; thirty francs were to be made by a single journey. At first little Stenne, very much shocked by the proposal, refused; and for this reason he stayed away from the game three whole days. Three

terrible days. He no longer ate anything, he slept no more. In the night he saw great heaps of *galoches* piled up at the foot of his bed, and some pieces of a hundred sous, very bright pieces, which were spinning on their flat side. The temptation was too strong. On the fourth day he returned to the Chateau d'Eau, saw the big boy once more, and allowed himself to be tempted.

They set out one morning when the ground was white with snow, cloth sacks thrown over their shoulders, some newspapers concealed under their coats. Day was just breaking when they reached the Flanders gate. The big boy took little Stenne by the hand and drawing near to the sentinel—a good fellow of the home national guard, who had a red nose and a good look—he said to him in a pitiful voice:

"Let us pass, good sir—mother is sick, papa is dead. I am going with my little brother to see if I can pick up some potatoes in the field."

He began to cry. Little Stenne, very much ashamed, hung his head. The sentinel looked at them for a moment, glanced at the deserted road white with snow.

"Pass quickly," said he to them, moving aside; and there they were upon the Auberville road. It is the big boy who laughs!

Confusedly, as in a dream, little Stenne saw some factories which had been changed into barracks, some deserted barricades stuffed with wet rags, some high chimneys which pierced the fog and rose high into the sky, barren and jagged. From place to place there was a sentinel, some

officers muffled up in hoods, who looked over the way through opera glasses, and some little tents soaked with snow melted away by the fires which were going out. The big boy was acquainted with the roads, and went across the fields in order to avoid the station houses. For all that, without being able to avoid it, they arrived at the main guard of the French sharpshooters. The French sharpshooters were there with their little huts, squatted in the bottom of a trench full of water, along the Soissons railroad. This time the big boy in vain repeated his story, they would not let him pass. Then while he was crying an old sergeant, very gray, with many a wrinkle, who resembled old man Stenne, came out of the station house:

"Come! Boys don't cry any more," said he to the children, "you will be allowed to go after your potatoes; but first come in and warm yourselves a little. That little boy looks like he was frozen."

Alas! It was not on account of cold that he trembled, poor little Stenne; it was on account of fear and shame. In the station house they found some soldiers squatting around a meagre fire, a true widow's fire, in the flame of which they were thawing biscuits on the ends of their bayonets. They crowded together in order to make a place for the children. They gave them a small glass of brandy and a little coffee. While they were drinking an officer came to the door, called the sergeant, spoke to him in a very low tone and went quickly away.

"Boys!" said the sergeant upon returning, "We shall have some fun

to-night—the countersign of the Prussians has been learned. I believe that this time we are going to recapture that confounded Bourget!"

There was an explosion of bravos and of laughter. They danced, they sang, they polished their bayonets, and the children profiting by this confusion, disappeared.

The trenches being passed there was only the plain, and in the background a long white wall riddled with shells. It was towards this wall that they directed their course, stopping at each step, pretending to pick up potatoes.

"Let us go back—let's not go there," little Stenne kept on saying.

The other shrugged his shoulders and continued to go forward. Suddenly they heard the click of a musket which was being cocked.

"Lie down," said the big boy as he threw himself on the ground.

Once down, he whistled. Another whistle answered over the snow. They advanced crawling. Before the wall close to the ground, appeared a yellow moustache under a greasy peasant cap. The big boy jumped into the trench beside the Prussian.

"That is my brother," said he pointing out his companion.

He was so small, this Stenne, that upon seeing him, the Prussian began to laugh, and he was obliged to take him into his arms in order to lift him up to the breach.

On the other side of the wall were some large embankments of earth, some trees cut down, some black holes in the snow, and in each hole the same greasy cap, the same yellow moustache, which broke into a smile upon seeing the children pass.

In a corner, there was a garden-house, case-mated with trunks of trees. The lower room was full of soldiers, who were playing cards and making porridge over a bright fire. How good the cabbage and bacon smelled! What a difference from the bivouac of the French sharp-shooters! Upstairs were the officers. They were heard playing the piano and uncorking champagne. When the Parisians entered an outburst of joy welcomed them. They delivered their papers. Then they were given wine to drink, and made to chat. All these officers had a haughty and wicked appearance, but the big boy amused them with his low jokes and vulgarisms. They laughed, repeating his jokes, rolling with delight in this mire of Paris which was brought to them.

Little Stenne desired very much to speak, to prove that he was not a beast, but something prevented him, opposite to him, a Prussian was seated by himself, who was older and more serious than the others; he was reading or rather, was pretending to do so, because he never took his eyes off the little fellow. He looked at him tenderly and reproachfully, as if he had had in his country a child of Stenne's age, and as if he would say to him :

"I should rather die than do such a thing."

From this moment he felt as if a hand were placed upon his heart and prevented it from beating. In order to escape this anguish he began to drink. Soon everything was turning around him. He heard vaguely in the midst of loud peals of laughter, his comrade, who

was ridiculing the national guards and their manner of drilling, and was imitating a "present arms" at Marais, a night alarm at the forts. Then the big boy lowered his voice, the officers drew near to him and their faces became grave. The wretch was in the act of informing them of the attack of the French sharp-shooters.

Suddenly, little Stenne rose up in a rage, completely sobered :

"Not that big boy. I do not wish it."

But the other only laughed and continued. Before he had completed his story, all the officers had arisen. One of them showed the children the door.

"Leave the camp," said he to them. And they began to speak to each other very hurriedly in German. The big boy went out as proud as a king, making his money jingle. Stenne followed him, with his head hung down ; and when he passed near to the Prussian whose gaze had made him so uneasy, he heard these words spoken in a sad voice : "How bad this is. How bad !" His eyes filled with tears.

Once upon the plain, the children began to run and returned rapidly. Their sack was full of potatoes which the Prussians had given them ; with this they passed without hindrance into the lines of the French sharp-shooters. They were preparing there for the night attack. Some troops were arriving in silence, and were being massed behind the works. The old sergeant was there busily placing his men, his countenance so happy. When the children passed, he recognized them and smiled sweetly upon them.

Oh! how this smile cut little Stenne. For a moment he had the desire to cry out: "Don't go down there—we have betrayed you."

But the other boy said to him: "If you tell, we shall be shot!" So he was restrained by fear.

At the Courneuve, they went into a deserted house to divide the money. Truth obliges me to say that the division was honestly made, and that upon hearing the bright crowns jingling in his pockets, and upon thinking of the *galoche* games which he had in view, little Stenne did not find his crime so terrible.

But when he was alone, unfortunate child! When, after they had re-entered the city and the big boy had left him, then his pockets began to grow very heavy, and the hand which was pressing his heart pressed it more tightly than ever. Paris no longer appeared to him to be the same place. The people who were passing by looked at him severely, as if they had known from whence he came. The word spy, it was this that he heard in the hum of the wheels, in the beat of the drums. At last he arrived at home, and being very glad to see that his father had not yet returned, he went quickly up into their room for the purpose of hiding under his pillow those crowns which were troubling him so much.

Never had old man Stenne been so good, so cheerful, as upon his return this evening; news from the provinces had just been received; the affairs of the country began to assume a better appearance. During his whole meal, the old soldier kept looking at his musket hanging on the wall, and

smiling pleasantly, he said to the child:

"Ah, my boy, how you would fight the Prussians if you were a man!"

About eight o'clock the cannons were heard.

"It is Aubervilliers. A battle is being fought at Bourget," said the good fellow who knew all the forts. Little Stenne became pale, and pretending to be very tired, he went to bed but he could not sleep. The cannon kept up a ceaseless thundering. He imagined to himself the French sharp-shooters arriving by night to surprise the Prussians and falling themselves into an ambuscade. He recalled the sergeant who had smiled to him, saw him lying there stretched in the snow, and so many others with him! The price of all that blood was hidden there under his pillow, and it was he, the son of Mr. Stenne, of a soldier. His tears strangled him. He heard his father walking about in an adjoining room, and opening the window. Below on the square, the drum was beating, a squadron of soldiers was being numbered before going away. Decidedly, it was a real battle. The poor little fellow could not keep back a sob.

"What is the matter with you?" said old man Stenne as he entered.

The child could contain himself no longer; he jumped out of the bed and came and threw himself at his father's feet. As he did this the crowns rolled on the floor.

"What is that? Have you stolen it?" said the old man trembling.

Then, without stopping, little Stenne related that he had gone to the Prussian camp, and what he had done there. As he spoke he felt his heart

beat more freely ; this confession relieved him. Old man Stenne listened with a terrible face. When the story was ended he hid his face in his hands and wept bitterly.

"Father, father!" the little boy kept saying.

The old man pushed him away without answering, and picked up the money.

"Is this all ?" he asked.

Little Stenne nodded. The old man took down his gun and cartridge-box, and putting the money in his pocket, he said : " Very well, I am going to give it back to them." And without another word, without looking around even, he went down to mingle with the troops who were going away in the night. He has never been seen since.

R. L. P.

A CLASSIFIED LIST OF THE RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE LIBRARY.

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| 31. Townsend, U. S. An Index to the United States of America. | 220. Godet. The Commentary of the Gospel of St. Luke. |
| 32. " Encyclopædia Britannica. | 226. Macdonald. The Miracles of our Lord. |
| 32. " " " | 230. ———. God in His World. |
| 100. Argyll. The Reign of Law. | 230. Browne. Sir Thomas Browne's Religio Medici. |
| 138. Mantegazza. Physiognomy and Expression. | 230. Gore—Ed. Lux Mundi. |
| 150. Sully. Outlines of Psychology. | 230. Bruce. The Kingdom of God. |
| 150. Porter. The Elements of Intellectual Science. | 232. Edershein. Jesus the Messiah. |
| 150. Maudsley. The Physiology of Mind. | 232. Dorner. History of the Development of the Person of Christ |
| 178. Miller and Lizars. Alcohol, its Place and Power. The Use and Abuse of Tobacco. | 232. " History of the Development of the Person of Christ. |
| 188. Rolleston— <i>Trans.</i> The Teaching of Epectetus: Being 'Eucheiridion of Epectetus.' | 232. " History of the Development of the Person of Christ. |
| 188. Clode—Ed. The Morals of Seneca: A Selection of his Prose. | 232. " History of the Development of the Person of Christ. |
| 200. Hovey. Manual of Systematic Theology and Christian Ethics. | 233. Muller. The Christian Doctrine of Sin. |
| 201. Pfeiderer. The Philosophy of Religion. | 233. " " " " |
| 201. " " " " | 238. Pierson. The Inspired Word. |
| 201. Fiske. The Destiny of Man. | 239. Smyth. The Religious Feeling. |
| 201. Fiske. The Idea of God. | 272. Lea. A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages. |
| 209. Sayce. Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion. | 272. " A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages. |
| 210. Peabody. Christianity, the Religion of Nature. | 272. " A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages. |
| 215. Henslow. The Theory of the Evolution of Living Things. | 286. ———. Minutes of N. C. Baptist Associations, 1876. |

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| <p>286. ———. Minutes of N. C. Baptist Associations. 1877.</p> <p>286. " " " " 1878.</p> <p>293. Anderson. Norse Mythology.</p> <p>293. " The Younger Edda.</p> <p>293. Magnusson. Eiríkr and Morris. Vol-sunga Saga: Volsungs and Niblungs, &c.</p> <p>320. Woolsley. Political Science of the State.</p> <p>320. " " " " "</p> <p>320. Walker. Political Economy.</p> <p>320. " " " " "</p> <p>320. Gregory. A New Political Economy.</p> <p>320. Atkinson. The Industrial Progress of the Nation.</p> <p>320. Bluntschli. The Theory of the State.</p> <p>320. Wells. Recent Economic Changes.</p> <p>320. Farrer. The State in its Relation to Trade.</p> <p>320. McCosh, Gates, Coxe, Pierson, &c. Problems of American Civilization.</p> <p>324. Johnston. History of American Politics.</p> <p>324. Townsend. Analysis of Civil Govern-ment.</p> <p>324. Maine. Popular Government. Four Essays.</p> <p>324. Porter. Outlines of the Constitutional History of the United States.</p> <p>340. Maine. Ancient Law.</p> <p>341. Gallaudet. A Manual of International Law.</p> <p>343. Clark. A Text-Book on Commercial Law.</p> <p>343. Woolsley. Divorce and Divorce Legis-lation, especially in the United States.</p> <p>343. Busbee. Busbee's N. C. Justice and Form Book.</p> <p>365. DuCane. The Punishment and Preven-tion of Crime.</p> <p>370. Craik. The State in its Relation to Ed-ucation.</p> <p>371. Pickard. School Supervision.</p> <p>372. Jacobi. Physiological Notes on Primary Education.</p> <p>394. An American. "Good Form" in Eng-land.</p> <p>394. O'Rell. John Bull and his Island.</p> <p>397. ———. Social Etiquette of New York.</p> <p>397. Brooks. Curiosities of the Old Lottery.</p> <p>397. " New-England Sunday.</p> | <p>397. Brooks. The Days of the Spinning Wheel.</p> <p>397. " Quaint and Curious Adver-tisements.</p> <p>397. " Some Strange and Curious Punishments.</p> <p>397. " Literary Curiosities.</p> <p>475. Zumpt. A Grammar of the Latin Lan-guage.</p> <p>475. Harkness. A Latin Grammar for Schools and Colleges.</p> <p>500. Buckley. The Fairy Land of Science.</p> <p>504. Lankester. The Advancement of Sci-ence.</p> <p>505. Youmans. The Popular Science Month-ly—July '80 to Oct. '80.</p> <p>505. " " Nov. '80 to Feb. '81.</p> <p>505. " " Mh '81 to July '81.</p> <p>505. " " Aug. '81 to Dec. '81.</p> <p>505. " " Jan. '82 to April '82.</p> <p>505. " " May '82 to Aug. '82.</p> <p>505. " " Sep. '82 to Dec. '82.</p> <p>505. " " Jan. '83 to April '83.</p> <p>505. " " May '83 to Aug. '83.</p> <p>505. " " Sep. '83 to Dec. '83.</p> <p>505. " " Jan. '84 to April '84.</p> <p>505. " " May '84 to Aug. '84.</p> <p>505. " " Sep. '84 to Dec. '84.</p> <p>505. " " Jan. '85 to April '85.</p> <p>505. " " May '85 to Aug. '85.</p> <p>505. " " Sep. '85 to Dec. '85.</p> <p>505. " " Jan. '86 to April '86.</p> <p>505. " " May '86 to Aug. '86.</p> <p>505. " " Sep '86 to Dec. '86.</p> <p>508. Green. Among the Selkirk Glaciers.</p> <p>508. " The High Alps of New Zealand.</p> <p>508. DuChailu. Adventures in the Great Forest of Equatorial Africa.</p> <p>520. Young. A Text-Book of General As-tronomy for Colleges and Scientific Schools.</p> <p>520. Clerke. A Popular History of Astrono-my during the Nineteenth Century.</p> <p>520. Lockyer. Contribution to Solar Physics.</p> <p>528. ———. The American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac, 1888.</p> <p>528. " " " " 1890.</p> <p>530. Glazebrook. Practical Physics.</p> <p>530. Deschanel. Elementary Treatise of Na-tural Philosophy.</p> |
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530. Grove, Helmholtz, Mayer, Faraday, Leibeg, &c. The Correlation and Conservation of Forces.
531. Bowser. An Elementary Treatise on Analytical Mechanics.
534. Mayer. Sound.
535. Mayer. Sight.
535. Lommel. The Nature of Light, with a general account of Physical Optics.
535. Tait. Light.
535. Spolheswoode. Polarization of Light.
535. Dolbear. The Art of Projecting.
535. Mayer and Barnard. Light.
536. Tait. Heat.
537. DeTunzelman. Electricity in Modern Life.
540. Cooke. The New Chemistry.
546. Richter. A Text-Book of Inorganic Chemistry.
547. Smith. Chemistry of the Carbon Compounds of Organic Chemistry.
550. Kingsley. Madam How and Lady Why.
551. Ferrell. A Popular Treatise on the Winds.
571. Gomme. The Village Community.
571. Starcke. The Primitive Family in its Origin and Development.
571. Lubbock. Prehistoric Times.
572. Taylor. The Origin of the Aryans.
575. Wallace. Darwinism, an Exposition of the Theory of Natural Selection
580. Allen. The Colors of Flowers as Illustrated in the British Flora.
580. Lubbock. British Wild Flowers considered in Relation to Insects.
580. Sachs. Text-Book of Botany, Morphology and Physiology.
580. DeCondolle. Origin of Cultivated Plants
580. Smith. A Dictionary of the Popular Names of the Plants, &c.
581. Ward. Timber and Some of its Diseases.
587. Hale. The Woods and Timber of North Carolina.
590. Nicholson. A Manual of Zoology.
590. Wood. Bible Animals.
592. Lubbock. On the Senses, Instincts and Intelligence of Animals.
592. " On the Origin and Metamorphosis of Insects.
592. Kingsley. The Water Babies
592. Bamford. Up and Down the Brooks.
595. McCook. Tenants of an Old Farm.
596. Fowler. A Year with the Birds.
596. Merriam. Birds through an Opera Glass.
612. Carter. Good and Bad Eyesights, and the Exercise and Preservation of Vision.
613. Beard. Eating and Drinking.
613. Parkes. A Manual of Practical Hygiene.
613. Wilson. A Handbook of Hygiene and Sanitary Science.
613. LaGrange. Philosophy of Bodily Exercise.
614. Slagg. Sanitary Work in the Smaller Towns and Villages.
614. Richardson. Hygeia. A City of Health.
614. Fox. Sanitary Examinations of Water, Air, Food.
615. Wood and Boche. The Dispensary of the United States of America.
615. Lloyd. The Chemistry of Medicines, Practical, &c.
616. Black. The Formations of Poisons by Micro-Organisms.
616. Sutton. Evolution and Disease.
622. Gillaspie. A Treatise on Land-Surveying.
644. Greene. Coal and the Coal Mines.
669. Gore. The Art of Electro-Metallurgy.
805. ———. The Wake Forest Student, Oct. '83 to June '84.
805. ———. The Wake Forest Student, Sept. '84 to June, '85.
821. Stoddard. Selections of the Poetical Works of Swinburne.
821. Mrs. Browning. Poetical Works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.
821. Browning. Works of Robert Browning. Pauline, Paracelsus, Strafford, &c.
821. Browning. Works of Robert Browning. Dramatic Lyrics, The Return of the Druses, &c.
821. Browning. Works of Robert Browning. The Ring and the Book.
821. Browning. Works of Robert Browning. Christmas Eve, Easter Day, &c.
821. Browning. Works of Robert Browning. Red Cotton Night, Country, &c.
821. Browning. Works of Robert Browning. Agamemnon of Æschylus, &c.

821. Browning. Asolando, Fancies and Facts, by Robert Browning.
821. Aldrich. Wyndham Towers.
821. " The Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich.
821. Tennyson. Demeter and Other Poems.
821. Lowell. Heartsease and Rue.
821. Fuller. The Angel in the Clouds.
821. Ryan. Poems. Patriotic, Religious and Miscellaneous.
- 822 Ellis, Ed. Thomas Middleton. Mermaid series.
822. Ellis, Ed. Thomas Middleton. Mermaid series.
822. Strachey, Ed. Beaumont and Fletcher. Mermaid series.
822. " Beaumont and Fletcher. Mermaid series.
822. Symons, Ed. Philip Masinger. Mermaid series.
822. " Philip Masinger. Mermaid series.
822. Horne and Verity, Eds. Nero and other Plays. Mermaid series.
822. Ellis, Ed. James Shirley. Mermaid series.
822. Verity, Ed. Thomas Howard. Mermaid series.
822. Ellis, Ed. Thomas Otway. Mermaid series.
822. Rhys, Ed. Thomas Dekker. Mermaid series.
822. Ward, Ed. William Wycherly. Mermaid series.
822. Ellis, Ed. Webster and Tourneur. Mermaid series.
822. Ellis, Ed. John Ford. Mermaid series.
823. Cook. Surry of Eagle's Nest.
823. Haggard. Allan Quatermain.
823. " She, A History of Adventure
823. " Dawn.
823. Hardy. Passe Rose.
823. Kipling. Plain Tales from the Hills.
823. Evans. St. Elmo.
823. Aguilar. The Days of Bruce. A story from Scottish History.
823. Lowell. The New Priest in Conception Bay.
823. Holmes. Darkness and Daylight.
823. Iron. The Story of an African Farm.
823. Goldsmith. Vicar of Wakefield.
823. Lever. Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragon.
823. Rives. A Brother to Dragons and Other Old-Time Tales.
823. Rives. Virginia of Virginia.
823. Bellamy. Looking Backward.
823. " " "
823. Hearn. Youma. The Story of a Western Slave.
823. Eggeslon. The Circuit Rider. A Tale of the Heroic Age.
823. Custer. "Boots and Saddles," or Life in Dakota with Gen. Custer.
823. Lover. Handy Andy.
823. Stowe. My Wife and I, or Harry Henderson's History.
823. Stowe. We and Our Neighbors.
823. Meredith. Vittoria.
823. " Sandria Belloni, originally Emilia in England.
823. Meredith. The Ordeal of Richard Feverel.
824. Gildersleeve. Essays and Studies. Literary and Educational.
823. Knight. Idylls of the Field.
828. Twain. A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court.
833. Wister. "O, Thou My Austria."
843. Dumas. The Count of Monte Cristo.
843. Sue. The Mystery of Paris.
843. Balzac. Eugene Grandet.
843. " The Alkahest or the House of Cloës.
843. Balzac. The Two Brothers.
843. Sand. The Snow Man.
843. " Mauprot.
944. " Miller of Augibault.
843. " Monsieur Sylvestre.
843. Daudet. Tartarin of Tarascon, Traveller, Turk and Lion Hunter.
843. Daudet. Tartarin on the Alps.
854. Mozzini. Essays, Selected from the Writings Literary, Political and Religious, &c.
898. Ibsen. The Legend of Youth. The Pillars of Society, A Doll House, &c.
898. Ibsen. Ghosts, An Enemy of the People, A Wild Duck.
898. Gosse. Northern Studies.

910. Stevens. Around the World on a Bicycle from San Francisco to Teheran.
910. Stevens. Around the World on a Bicycle from Teheran to Yokohama.
910. Geike. The Holy Land and the Bible.
910. " " " " "
910. Hearn. Two Years in the French West Indies.
910. Turner. Samoa, A Hundred Years Ago and Long Before.
910. Ballou. Aztec Land
910. Vincent In and out of Central America.
910. MacMillan. Holidays on Highlands or Rambles and Incidents, &c.
910. Stanley. My Kalulu, or Prince, King and Slave.
910. Custer. Following the Guidon.
915. Heggins. Java, The Pearl of the East.
920. Bolton. Life of Poor Boys Who Became Famous.
920. Boyle. Historical and Critical Dictionary, (published in London, 1735.)
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921. Lowell.
922. Mrs. Ward. Amiel's Journal.
922. Prentice. Wilbur Fisk.
922. Newton. Dr. Muhlenberg.
922. Allen. Jonathan Edwards.
922. Venables. Life of John Bunyan.
922. Brown. John Bunyan, His Life, Times and Work.
923. Harris. Life of Henry W. Grady.
923. Perry. Biographical Sketches of Eminent American Statesmen with Speeches, &c.
923. Perry. Reminiscences of Public Men with Speeches and Addresses.
923. Courtney. Life of John Stuart Mill.
923. Haldane. Life of Adam Smith.
923. Pellew. John Jay, American Statesman.
924. Wallace. Life of Arthur Schopenhauer.
924. Rolleston. Life of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing.
925. Bettany. Life of Charles Darwin.
928. Keibel. Life of George Crabbe.
928. Morzials. Life of Charles Dickens.
928. Conway. Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne.
928. Dobson. Life of Oliver Goldsmith.
928. Knight. Life of Dante Gabriel Rossetti.
928. Sime. Johann Wolfgang Goethe.
928. Garnett. Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson.
928. Nevins. Life of Schiller.
928. Burrell. Life of Charlotte Brontë.
928. Garnett. Life of Milton.
928. Caine. Life of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.
928. Rossetti. Life of John Keats.
928. Grant. Life of Samuel Johnson.
928. Noel. Life of Byron.
928. Sharp. Life of Robert Browning.
928. Gosse. Life of William Congreve.
928. Sharp. Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley.
928. Hanny. Life of Tobias George Smollett.
928. Yonge. Life of Sir Walter Scott.
928. Hanny. Life of Frederick Marryat.
928. Wedmore. Life of Honoré DeBalzac.
928. Browning. Life of George Eliot.
928. Robertson. Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
928. Blackie. Life of Robert Burns.
928. Sharp. Life of Heinrich Heine.
928. Ruskin. Praeterita, Outlines of Scenes and Thoughts Perhaps Worthy of Memory in my Past Life.
928. Nettlehip. Robert Browning, Essays and Thoughts
928. Bigelow. William Cullen Bryant.
928. Serrano.—*Trans.* Marie Bashkirtseff, the Journal of a Young Artist.
933. Morrison. The Jews Under Roman Rule.
939. Rawlinson. The Story of Phoenicia.
940. Zimmern. The Hansa Towns.
941. Mackintosh. The Story of Scotland from the Earliest Times to the Present Century.
942. Church. The Story of Britain.
942. Dilke. Problems of Greater Britain.

944. Washburne. Recollections of a Minister to France, 1869-'77.
944. Washburne. Recollections of a Minister to France, 1869-'77.
947. Morfill. The Story of Russia.
961. Lane. The Story of the Barbary Corsairs.
973. Scott. The War of the Rebellion.
973. " " " "
973. " " " "
973. " " " "
973. " " " "
973. Adams. History of the United States During the First Administration of Thos. Jefferson 1801-5.
973. Adams. History of the United States During the First Administration of Thos. Jefferson, 1801-5.
973. Adams. History of the United States During the Second Administration of Thos. Jefferson, 1805-9
973. Adams. History of the United States During the Second Administration of Thos. Jefferson, 1805-9.

973. Adams. History of the United States during the First Administration of James Madison, 1809-13.
973. " History of the United States during the First Administration of James Madison, 1809-13.
976. Deleon. Four Years in Rebel Capitals.
976. Saunders. The Colonial Records of N.C.
976. " " " "
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976. " " " "
976. " " " "
976. " " " "
978. Hale. The Story of Mexico.

Number of new books 331. Total number of books in the Library, 10.408. Please preserve this classified list for reference. If you do not know how to find books, and especially if you ever make mistakes in replacing after taking books from the shelves, for reference, we refer you to the editorial in this STUDENT on How to Use the Library.

LIBRARIAN.

EDITORIAL.

THE LIBRARY—HOW TO USE IT.

To most boys who enter college the Library is little more than a great "mob of books." They look upon the crowded denizens of this little world somewhat as the rustic looks upon the restless mob that crowds the thoroughfares of the thronging city. They fall in with certain companions more by chance than by choice. They do not *find* a book, but simply *happen* upon it. For the benefit of this class of students, and indeed, we are afraid that it embraces a larger proportion than one would at first suppose, we write this editorial, which we hope may be of sufficient interest to secure the attention of all who frequent the library. Our object, then, will be, first to facilitate the search for books, second, to correct the very great and increasing fault of misplacing books, and third, general suggestions.

You have noticed, no doubt, the little case in front of the stairway in the library. In this you will find a general classification—000 General Works, 100 Philosophy, 200 Religion, 300 Sociology, 400 Philology, 500 Natural Sciences, 600 Useful Arts, 700 Fine Arts, 800 Literature, 900 History; and under each one of these general heads you will find ten subordinate heads. This is all that this little pointer gives, but it is enough to aid very materially, since these numbers and subjects are found labelled on the walls of the library. This,

however, is only a hint at the science of classification, which Antonio Panizzi first developed fifty years ago and which now has taken many different forms. Our system, as will be seen at a glance, is *subject* classification. We shall not discuss the *science*, which is rather too intricate for the modest pretensions of the present article; but if you will come with me up the steps at the east end of the Library, turning abruptly to the left and stopping in the north-east corner, we shall notice a label marked "010 Bibliography." Retracing our steps, keeping our left hand to the wall, and disregarding at present the intermediate labels, we shall find just at the top of the steps "100 Philosophy." Observe that between 010 and 100 are Encyclopædias. Now turn back to the classified report of the Librarian—31. U. S. &c. and 32—Encyclopædia Britanica. While we stand here a title strikes us, and we take from the shelf *The Reign of Law*, by Argyll. Opening the lid we find Class 100, 40. Here notice that 100 represents the class; all books treating of general philosophy are marked 100. The decimal .40 represents the whole number of volumes on this *subject* that were in the Library when this book was entered upon the accession book. The number by which the book is borrowed and returned, is the number of books that were in the *Library* at the time of this entry. We are now ready to pass on. Leaving Lord Bacon's Works behind, but under "110 Metaphysics," we find Spencer's Syn-

thetic Philosophy and other great works of equally distinguished men. We are not quite willing to pass this shelf by with the epithet, "ponderous metaphysics," indeed the use of this term seems to us not only doubtful, but *exceedingly* doubtful. However, we have not time to gossip by the way. Just before we reach the corner there is a label marked "200 Religion," under which are such titles as Science and Religion, Philosophy of Religion, &c. "210 Natural Theology" comes next, and under it such titles as Evolution and Religion, by such men as Henslow and Leconte, and Christianity, the Religion of Nature. "220 Bible," faces us just as we turn the corner, and on the shelf our eyes catch the names Geikie's Hours with the Bible, Clarke's, Gill's, and Godet's Commentaries. As we pass on, under 230 Doctrinal we expect to see the new books, God in His World, and Religious Feeling, but find that some one, perhaps taking them down to examine them, has misplaced them, having put them in an open shelf under 220. The next book we take down is Seekers after God, and turning to the class name, find that it belongs under 200. You see our progress in this article is greatly hindered by having to replace books. Between 230 and 240 we find Manliness of Christ, by Hughes, Ecce Homo, The Unseen Universe, The Kingdom of God, The Inspired Word. We are only mentioning the names of those books which you cannot afford to leave unread. Under "240 Practical," we find Sermons, &c., "270 Religious History," "290 Non-Christian Religions," and here are such

books as Norse Mythology, The Younger Edda, The Volsungs, (see classified list.) Custom and Myth, Primitive Belief, by Keary &c. 300 is Sociology, and just before we pass the corner are the Congressional Records, of which some one has said "Coal makes a better fire and is much more interestin' readin'" Not having enough to interest us on the shelf we glance at the floor, and around the edges there are stains of tobacco juice that seem to have accumulated *within* the past fifty years. On reflecting a moment, it does not appear to us to be exactly the proper place to spit, but we presume that a spittoon would not be out of place and that the Faculty would consider a petition for such a convenience.

Under 320 we find Political Science. Webster's speeches, Hamilton's and Jefferson's works, &c., are near here. This is the special corner of the medalist; 340 is law; 400, philology; 500 natural science. Here you have a treasure in the volumes of the Popular Science Monthly, which are classed under 505, and posing on toward the corner from which we started, under 530, 570, 572, 580, 590, 600, 700, that is to say, under Physics, Biology, Ethnology, Geology, Zoology, Useful Arts, Fine Arts, we find so much that is of surprising interest that we simply refer you to the shelves. Note, however, between any two numbers as 590 and 600, there are intermediate numbers. Looking back at the classified list we see, 592—on the Origin and Metamorphosis of Insects, and 596, a Year with the Birds; so we see that under general Zoology, we have nine orders, several under vertebrata

and several under invertebrata. Going below into the larger part of the Library, we start from 800, which we find a little to the left of the north-east corner; 805 is periodical literature. Here you will find Poole's Index of Periodical Literature, which will be very helpful to you in looking for any discussion in any of the periodicals. The poets occupy the corner; here you will find some new and valuable books. Robert and Mrs. Browning's works, Aldrich's and Father Ryan's poems; a neat little book by Lowell, and one by Tennyson. Under Dramas, The Mermaid Series is a valuable collection. Let us now walk briskly around in the same direction as before. Under 823, in the south-east corner, we find fiction, 824 Essays; skipping to 830 German literature, 840 French. Observe that 823, 833, 843 are respectively English, German and French fiction; 900 is general history—history that cannot be classed under any particular country; 910 travels. A day or two ago we saw Mr. Blank take a book from 914 and put it back under 910. It was a book of travels, but not the *kind* of travels that are classed 910. If he had looked at the class name this mistake would have been avoided. When you examine a volume with a class name between 910 and 914, say the number is 911, of course you will put it just under 910 and nearer to this number than to 914; 920 is general biography, 922 Religious biography. If you will remember this when you wish to look for some of the sainted dead, it will save both you and the Librarian time and trouble; 923 is biography of sociology. A few of this class have been

carried up stairs to the north-east corner; 928 is biography of literature. Examine our list, then take out some of these books and read them. Biography has all the interest of a novel, indeed the enjoyment is of somewhat higher order, arousing a stronger inspiration to think greatly and to act nobly, lacking only the magic of sensuousness. Now we, facing the corner from which we started, are among the histories of particular countries, but here one can hardly make a mistake or fail to find a book so close are the labels together, and almost every country of any importance is printed on the labels. We cannot presume to tell you what to read; but we may be allowed to say this much. Read for a purpose. Do not devote too much time to newspapers—half an hour a day is sufficient. Read a few of the best magazines, but devote *most* of your time to the "grand old masters" who "look down upon us from the vantage ground of centuries," whose lines are sublimely great yet clear and sweet—Shakespeare, Milton, Browning, Tennyson, Coleridge, Burns, Emerson, Carlyle, Poe, Dickens, Scott, George Eliot, Fiske, Huxley, Darwin, Wallace, Leconte, Spencer, &c. Four books we wish to mention especially. The Idea of God, and The Destiny of Man, by Fiske; Amiel's Journal, and God in His World. You will find them classified on the list of new books. One preacher we heard of, restricted reading to the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress, another, not the least distinguished in North Carolina, condemns Shakespeare, calls Darwin an infidel and warns his readers that they had better be taking

care of their souls, the first thing they know they will wake up in hell. We enter our protest against all narrow courses of reading—the boy who reads only novels has rather beaten the preacher who would restrict reading to the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress. Over two thousand volumes have been taken from the Library this fall, one-third of them approximately, were novels—Philosophy, Religion, Sociology, Natural Science, Literature, History—with these six great comprehensive subjects, can we be satisfied to read only a small part of one of them? Rather let us broaden and deepen our research, fix the truths that have been thought out by the mighty minds of old, and make the Library, as it ought to be, equal as an educational factor, with the class-room and the literary societies. Such reading may sometimes have more of toil in it than pleasure, but—

“God gives no value unto men
Unmatched by meed of labor;
For cost of worth hath always been
Its nearest neighbor.”

“All common good hath common price
Exceeding good *Exceeding*.”

J. L. K.

PROPHETS AND THE SONS OF PROPHETS.

The annual catalogue of Wake Forest College contains the following statement: “Ministerial students and the sons of such ministers of the Gospel as live by the ministry receive tuition free.” Ministerial students also receive an amount sufficient to defray the expenses of board, washing and room-rent.

While we think it nothing but just and right that deserving young ministers should receive their tuition free, yet we are sure that the system of leaving nothing to be done by a student towards obtaining his own education, is not entirely without objection.

In the first place, it seems to us that this is placing a financial premium upon a call to the ministry, and we are sure that this reward for becoming a minister is a very great, an ever-present temptation to young men desiring to get an education.

A young man will not appreciate the advantages which he has at college so much if he is given the benefit of profiting by them without any effort whatever, on his part. What we value we must work for. We think that it is for this reason that the young men who are enabled to remain at college only by the most strenuous efforts, are taking such high stands in their classes.

The ministerial student is the special pet of fortune. Needing no money to pay for his tuition, board, room-rent, or washing, he can devote all the money which he makes in the summer or obtains otherwise to the purpose of his own ease and comfort, or for the satisfaction of his pride, while his poor school-fellows must use their entire income for the defrayal of necessary expenses. They are thus enabled to become arrogant, haughty and supercilious. The ministerial students as a class wear better clothes than the average college student; and some of them seem to think it disgraceful to engage in any manual labor whatever. Only a few weeks ago a ministerial student, seeing a

young man who was paying his own way at college, cutting wood, had the supreme kindness to make this obliging remark to his fellow-student: "I wouldn't cut *my* wood for anything."

We do not think it *necessary* for ministerial students to be so highly favored. We are sure that the average age of graduating of those students who work their own way through college is not more than that of the ministerial students; and it certainly must be admitted that a preacher is inferior to his fellows, if he of himself cannot acquire an education in the same time that others do. He certainly has a much better chance of making money before going to college and during the vacations of his college course than the generality of college students; for beside the recommendations which others may have, he always has the important one of being a minister, and we are sure that no one would underestimate the importance of this in obtaining a position. And, also, when the preacher graduates, he is always sure of a position paying from \$500 to \$600, while the poor boy who works his own way through college, friendless as he generally is, has very great difficulty in obtaining a place. So even if a student preparing himself for the ministry should go into debt for a part of his board, etc., he ought to be able to pay all his debts in a few months.

We are glad to add that at Wake Forest there are many students—ministers—too honest to be lured by and too independent to take advantage of this tempting temptation.

But, for the trustees of any college to offer, without any conditions at all, the

"sons of such ministers of the Gospel as live by the ministry," many of whom are worth their thousands and tens of thousands, and who receive salaries of from \$1,000 to \$5,000 per year, tuition free, is an insult to the poor boys, many of them orphans, valiantly struggling for an education, who attend that college. The fathers of many of these poor boys have done as much good as some preachers are doing, have contributed liberally of their means to charitable purposes, and in this age of inquiry the sons of such men are beginning to ask, Why is this so? Why should the sons of ministers receive their tuition free while I do not? The sons of ministers may be considered as walking saints at home, but when they come to college they appear in their true colors, and we are sure that none of these assertions concerning them as a class are beyond the truth. They are the most worthless of students; they are the most profane, the haughtiest, and the most intolerant of poverty of any; they spend more money unnecessarily than any others. Now, we candidly confess that it is impossible for us to conceive why it is necessary for the son of a minister who may be worth an immense amount, and who receives a good salary, to get his tuition free, while many boys without a cent only as they make it, work out their own education. Giving a boy, however undeserving he may be, his tuition free merely because of the circumstances of his birth, cannot be made to appear right nor just in a land of republican institutions. It can be defended only on the ground that the sons of preachers are inferior

in mind and body to the average student, a supposition which those lords of the campus would never admit. If a minister is absolutely unable to pay his son's tuition—but the sons of no such ministers attend college—there might be more apparent reason for giving him tuition free, but so long as the poor boys are required to work out their own salvation, we can see no reason why any boy, it matters not whose son he may be, should not be willing to do likewise.

R. L. PASCHAL.

CRANKS.

We once heard a composition which began in this style,

"There are many kinds of cats."

The youthful genius who penned that short sentenced little realized the awful importance of the truth to which he gave utterance. And we are tempted to begin this with a somewhat similar truth, "There are many kinds of cranks." Now, do not understand us to mean that crank out yonder which draws water, but the cranks who persist in making not only "night hideous," but everything else.

There is the crank who *will* get off chestnuts which have survived the flood on account of their dryness; chestnuts at which the Pharaohs cracked their sides and even the elder Brutus smiled; chestnuts which were prevalent when cavaliers laughed and Puritans prayed.

There is the crank who persists in singing "Annie Rooney" to the air of "Old Black Joe," and who on every and all occasions whistles "McGinty"

in the wrong metre and he deserves none of the pity of humanity if he suddenly disappears from this life. The crank who alternately declaims, "Ye call me Chief" and the "Raven," and who writes compositions on Education, Immigration, etc., with monotonous variation, is still worse.

But the most chestnuty, cranky apostle of crankism is the polical crank. The large number of this class of cranks almost warrants the manufacture of a new term to express adequately their unfitness to be above ground.

The political crank who has been out in the world, who has had many experiences in life, who is of age and who has taken an active part in many campaigns, is sufficiently tiresome to satisfy the most exacting taste, but the college crank who talks politics is of all things above earth the one to be most avoided.

It is his special pleasure to discuss the proceedings in the House of Representatives at breakfast, to talk Alliance at dinner, and at supper to bring up a whole array of statistics to show that either Harrison or Cleveland is a scoundrel.

He attends every speaking in ten miles of the college and talks about the issues of the day to a gray-haired old man with as much assurance as if his cradle had always been rocked in the gallery of the Senate chamber. He has supreme confidence in himself and thinks if he were only called upon he could utterly astound and confuse the opposing candidate.

On election days he gathers his band together and marches to Forestville to supervise the election and see

that the judges perform their duties correctly. He also buttonholes you, asks if you have voted, when did you register and who you voted for. He then gives a choice dissertation on the merits of the various caudidates, and winds up by offering to bet a thousand dollars that so and so will be defeated, concerning the chances of whom he does not know an iota, but of which in his supreme egotism, he imagines himself the entire and only possessor. It is his highest earthly ambition to be called upon to make a speech on campaign, and missing this he goes off in the country and makes a Sunday school speech.

He writes articles for the college magazine on the National Banking System, etc. We must admit we do not know much about the National Banking System, nor do we care to. The majority of us are happy if we can command a moderate sum in hand, while scarcely ever is there one who is at all interested in banking, except in having a check cashed, or except he belongs to this class.

He disagrees with McKinley on his views of the tariff, thinks Harrison made a mistake in vetoing Pension Bill No. 75,316,874; considers that Cleveland made a mistake by his advocacy of Civil Service Reform, and is absolutely certain that Hill will be our next President.

He says the Senate is too slow and dull for him, and he wants to be a Representative so that he can use his lusty youthful voice in loud bombast, and indulge in unrestrained black-guarding. He thinks political success lies in these two things.

And we all sometimes wish that

this republic had an autocrat at its head, and he would send all such to Alaska for their health.

ROBERT B. WHITE.

SOME OBSERVATIONS.

Perfection can never be reached, but improvement can always be made. It is well for us to stop and see if improvement can not be made in matters which have moved on in the even tenor of their way for a long time. To innovate is not to improve, but advancement must always come by innovation. There are many changes that might be made in college work which would be beneficial. One is that every student ought to have among the Faculty an adviser. This is especially needed in the use of the Library. As we near the end of our College career we look back over the years spent here, and see that our reading has been entirely too desultory. There has been no system, no prime object in view in our reading, hence from it we have failed to realize what we might if we had had some one to advise us. By this means the best books would be used more, and the inferiors would be left to lie and moulder. Systematic reading will reap abundant harvest; desultory reading will garner too many thorns and thistles.

An adviser would remedy the trouble that so often arises from conflicting studies. The classes would be better organized. As it is now, there are in some classes men who have completed nearly the entire course and other men who have just begun. Under these circumstances it seems

to us that one party is bound to suffer.

There is need at this place of a more literary taste. By all means there should be a Shakespearean club. This institution will never attain the literary height it so richly deserves till the minds that have a fondness for belles-letters are brought together. Societies cannot do this because they are so large, and there are so many minds with so many different tastes.

The question frequently occurs to our mind "what becomes of College graduates?" Annually a large number are turned loose to prey upon an unsuspecting public. North Carolina annually sends out from her own colleges near a hundred. The majority of these firmly believe that they are called to one or other of the learned professions. This is a mistake. Every man who has some ability in the art of speaking was not made to be a lawyer or a preacher. The power of public speaking is needed in the more humble walks of life, where are sown the seeds that produce social happiness, where lies the foundation of our political and religious structure. We have further observed that a

few years at college serves to trim the wings of the new men who come among us anxious to display their erudition. When they enter college they stand and gaze over a large harvest field. They think their sickle is long enough to cut a broad road through it; but when they have done their work and have reached the farther side, they look back and see their path is narrow and that they have made only a narrow foot-way. They have only gone through a beautiful picture gallery with portraits hung high on all the walls. They are allowed to stop for a moment, then comes the world's inevitable order to "move on." He learns enough to see that he knows nothing; he quaffs one draught from the fount and passes on, giving room for another. What more he learns he must study and think it out himself.

And I honor the man who is willing to sink
 "Half his present repute for freedom to think.
 And when he has thought, be his muse strong
 or weak,
 Will risk t'other half for freedom to speak."

E. W. S.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

R. L. PASCHAL, EDITOR.

THE president of the Mormon Church, Wilford Woodruff, has issued a manifesto in which he declares his intention of submitting to the laws forbidding plural marriages and of using his influence with the members of his church to induce them to do likewise. This has been unanimously indorsed by the general conference of the church.

Only a year or two ago this church memorialized President Cleveland in these words:

"This article of their faith (the practice of Polygamy) is as much an essential and substantial part of their creed as their belief in baptism, repentance . . . All orthodox Mormons believe polygamy to be right, and that it is an essential part of their creed." But now the president of the Saints has received directly from God a revelation abolishing "an essential and substantial part of their creed." This surrender must be regarded as a bid for admission into the Union, and of course, its sincerity is doubted. Their previous dealings with the government of the United States are not such as would lead us to place implicit confidence in their promise. The Mormons hope to regain the control of the territorial government of Utah also by abolishing polygamy. Once intrenched behind the sovereignty of a State and the laws of that State made and executed by pious Saints, the Lord may make some new revelation reversing the one recently announced.

But whether sincere or not, this renunciation of polygamy must be regarded as fatal to the perpetuity of that institution.

If they are not sincere, the effect of this change of front cannot fail to bring a mighty recoil against them in their own ranks. It will alienate the members of this church from their allegiance to its tenets, to be told that this surrender was only a "trick," but the leaders of the saints will hardly be so hardy as to annul a decree which has been so unanimously indorsed. In any case polygamy must be considered as practically abolished in the United States, for had the Mormon Church not taken the matter into its hands, the outside pressure for its repeal was so great, civilization was so fast closing up around Utah from all sides, that it would scarcely have been practiced much longer except by a few fanatics. * The Supreme Court of the United States regards the manifesto as sincere, and the Mormons are taking out naturalization papers.

THE election returns indicate that the Democrats have swept the country by a great tidal wave of victory. There has been a total revolution in the Northwest and New England. The Democrats of Massachusetts elect their candidate for Governor and 7 out of 12 Congressmen. New Hampshire is Democratic all around and will elect a Democrat to succeed Blair

in the United States Senate. Rhode Island and Connecticut may be put down in the Democratic column. The New York Legislature is Democratic on joint ballot; so are those of Illinois and Wisconsin. Ingalls, of Kansas, will be succeeded by a Farmer's Alliance man; McKinley has been defeated; Cannon has failed of re-election; Lodge carried his district by a very small majority. Four Democrats and one Farmer's Alliance man will take the places of Republicans in the Senate. This leaves the Republicans only five or six majority in that branch of the National Legislature; in the House, the Democrats will have a majority of at least 130, perhaps 15 or 20 more; leaving the South entirely out of the count, they would still have a very respectable majority over the Republicans. Twenty-eight out of the entire number of States are Democratic. Pattison is elected in the Republican stronghold of Pennsylvania, and in all States great gains have been made for Democracy.

In our own State, the Democrats have been everywhere successful. They elect eight out of nine Congressmen, and a great majority in the next Legislature, which makes Vance his own successor in the Senate of the United States.

The great Democratic victory is the result of the passage of the McKinley bill, and the Lodge bill by the House. The people of this country have reached the point when they will tolerate no needless increase of the burdens of taxation; and when they are becoming disgusted with so much demagogical sectionalism. Reed's rulings as Speaker of the

House alienated many from his party. The Farmer's Alliance was a very important factor in this election, and the Democrats in the Northwest owe much of their victory to this organization. In the South, the fear of having Federal bayonets at the ballot-box caused a great revulsion of sentiment in the ranks of the Republican party.

ON October 29, William III., King of the Netherlands, was deposed by an act of the Dutch Parliament; the reason for the deposition was the bad state of the king's health. William III. is 73 years old; he succeeded to the throne of his father when 32 years of age. He has been twice married, the last time in 1879. His daughter, Wilhelmina, born in 1880, his only living child, is heiress to the throne. During her minority it is very probable that her mother, Queen Emma, will be regent. The province of Luxembourg, which passes away from the dominion of the crown of Holland at the death of William III. is taking measures to effect a separation.

Such a removal of a king from his throne by an act of the representatives of the people shows the progress of democratic ideas; a century ago it would have been considered high treason in almost any country of Europe to even think of deposing a king for any cause whatever, but now a king is removed from his throne in accordance with and in obedience to the constitution of the Netherlands, because of his inability to perform the duties of his office. Verily, the people of the world are awakening and do not hesitate to claim the rights guaranteed by constitutional government.

IT now appears that over three-fourths of a million dollars contributed for the relief of the Johnstown flood sufferers, has been squandered, or, rather, has mysteriously disappeared, no one knows how. The funds for the relief of the suffering and destitute population of Johnstown was intrusted to a committee and they either cannot account for the disappearance of over \$750,000, or refuse to do so. The villains who could conceive and perpetrate such a fiendish outrage against humanity should receive the contempt of every good man, and have the pleasure of digging dirt for the rest of their natural lives.

ACCORDING to the final official bulletin giving the total census of the United States, our population is now sixty-two and one half millions—an increase of 9,054,467 since the last census. The census reports give North Carolina a population of 1,617,340, an increase of 217,590 in the last decade, against an increase of 328,389 in the preceding decade. It will be seen that the increase in the population of this state is 110,000 less than during the decade between 1870 and 1880, while the per centage of increase has considerably diminished. This has been the case in all of the Southern states and has excited much comment; and it is generally believed that our census has not been faithfully taken. This decrease in the per centage of

increase is explained, however, by the census bureau by alleging that the census of 1870 was very defective, and that for this reason the census of 1880 showed much too large an increase in the population of the Southern States. No one living in North Carolina will believe that our increase has been less in the last ten years than in the preceding ten.

There have been much dissatisfaction and loud complaint against the defective count in some of the large Northern cities, particularly in New York city, where a new census was taken by the city officials, which makes the population of that city nearly two hundred thousand more than it was made by the Census Bureau count. Applications to the Bureau for a new count have been in vain. In some large Northern and Western city where a recount was made, it was found that the population had been considerably overestimated at the first enumeration.

Of the States, New York still stands first with a population of 5,981,934; Pennsylvania follows close on her heels with 5,248,574. Nebraska has the smallest population of any state in the Union—only 44,329. There are fifteen states which have a larger population than our own. Our largest city is New York, of course, but there is such a great difference between the two enumerations that we can give its population with no accuracy.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

J. L. KESLER, EDITOR.

In these literary notes we shall not consider it our duty to notice a book because it is *new* but because it will be of some *real interest* to the reader. If we criticise severely, it is because we think the subject deserves it; if we praise and commend, it is because we think it is due. For the little book, "Idylls of the Field," by Francis A. Knight, we have no words sufficiently graphic to express our appreciation. The author has a delightful facility in describing the woods, fields, and seashore in all the aspects of the different seasons;—you hear the sylvan songs; see the meadows skirted with flowers; find yourself in the heart of the forest, or gazing with wrapped vision on the fretting sea. Having read a chapter you really feel that you have been refreshed by a "Woodland Walk." Mr. Knight evidently keeps his eyes in his head and they are eyes of a poet and artist as well as of an accurate observer of the habits and forms of all the breathing tribe that seek the shelter of the open sky. Not a fleck of cloud, not a shade of light that marks the blue above, not a voice from all the wood or hedge or sea, not a track upon the snow, not a flower that decks the field, nor budding life in the wintry marshes escapes his notice. I am tempted to quote from him, but the whole book would be one happy quotation, so we cannot begin since we would not know where to end. After reading this little book we found ourselves asking for Mr.

Knight's other book "By Leafy Ways." "Idylls of the Field" is in the Library, you can read it in a few hours, but you do not wish to spend less than a week in these delightful haunts of nature. You will find no more graceful and pleasing style in Irving or Hawthorne.

"Aztec Land," by Maturin M. Ballou, is a new book, (recently added to the Library) which, though we have only glanced at it ourselves, we are sure will be of considerable interest, dealing as it does with this land of marvelous stories and of the fabulous adventures of Cortez. It is said to contain much valuable information and to be very useful in dispelling many false ideas as to the past history of Mexico.

"Chips and Chunks for every Fireside; Wit, Wisdom, and Pathos, with an introduction by Chauncey M. Depew" is a book by Dr. Charles F. Deems, pastor of the Church of the Strangers, New York City. It is divided into five headings: The House, Altar, The Library, The Family Hearthstone, The Boudoir and the Pastor's Study. The *Literary News* says: "Almost every subject that comes up in church or home-life has been discussed from the pulpit by Dr. Deems, and his friends have almost forced him to put his favorite thoughts into one large book."

(Hunt & E., 8, \$3, \$4, \$5.)

Dr. Deems is a North Carolinian and

we claim whatever honor he may reflect on his native State.

The Boston *Literary World* says that the proposed memorial to the honor of Mr. E. P. Roe will include about two acres of wild and wooded land filled with moss-covered bowlders on a mountain spur near Mr. Roe's homestead at Cornwall.

On October 17th was unveiled the bronze bust of Sidney Lanier recently placed in the Library of Macon, Ga., his birth-place. William H. Hayne, son of the poet of "Copse Hill," himself a writer of some delightful bits of song, and Harry S. Edwards, read original poems on the occasion. Joel Chandler Harris, our own humorous and versatile "Uncle Remus," Charles Dudley Warner, one of our most felicitous writers, and President Gilman presented their respects by letter.

School Supervision, by T. L. Pickard, is a new book just added to the Library. It treats first of the qualifications of the superintendent of the State, the county, and the city. The author presents strong arguments for high schools and points out two obstacles to the progress of public schools. "1. The large proportion of inexperienced teachers employed. 2. The lack of professional spirit." It should be read by all teachers and school superintendents.

"Protoplasm and Life" contains two biological essays by Charles F. Cox. The first essay discusses the Cell Doctrine; the second, the Spontaneous Generation Theory. This is a very fascinating study, but behind the theories the mystery of life tramps to the music we cannot hear. We

may draw near to the seeming screen that shuts it just inside, but *the life* is still a hermit, dwelling alone, apart in sublime silence.

Harriet Beecher Stowe heads the list of *Immortelles*, Frances Hodgson Burnett is second, and Mary N. Murfree (Charles Egbert Craddock) third. Frances Fisher (Christian Reid) received 49 votes. The smallest number of votes by which anyone was elected was 84. Christian Reid is North Carolina's greatest novelist as Charles Egbert Craddock is that of Tennessee.

The fifty largest libraries in Germany contain about 12,700,000 volumes. The same number of the largest libraries in England about 6,450,000, and in the United States about 6,100,000. By comparison we see that the fifty largest in Germany contain more volumes than those of the United States and England combined.

Mr. Isaac Taylor and the reviewer of his new book, "The Origin of the Aryans," are having a little tussle in the columns of *The Critic*. We think Mr. Taylor gets rather the best of it, but reviewers are hard to down. The book has been added to the Library and those of us who enjoy such research can read it for ourselves and see whether Mr. Taylor has made out his case.

"The World Moves: All Goes Well," is the title of a book of two hundred pages, written by "A Layman." It is published in Boston by J. G. Cupples & Co. We have not seen the book nor even a review of it,

but the title is very suggestive. The price is \$1.00.

"The Blind Man and the Devil," by Phineas, is the first of the "Good Company Series." Rather *bad* company it seems to us from our slight acquaintance with the latter gentleman. The author takes a hopelessly pessimistic view of the civilization of our time, and while he gives us a very repulsive picture of human life under our present social system in a sort of allegory ingeniously and cleverly told, yet he offers us no means of escape, leaves us as bad as he found us, with this added pain, the feeling of hopeless entanglement. It is no favor to a friend to inform him of a hurt which you cannot heal. We hardly think we will add this book to our private library.

(Boston: Lee & Sheppard. 50 cts.)

"Rev. Calvin Fairbanks during slavery times." *The Independent* says, "this is a painful reflection of the slavery times edited from the manuscript of the Rev. Calvin Fairbanks, one of the pioneers in the obstinate fight against slavery made by individuals who preferred martyrdom to silence. The story is a distressing one, and adds nothing to our knowledge of the terror of the slave era of the South." Oh! that these looks that "add *nothing* to our knowledge" but much to our prejudice and more to the accumulated sum of falsehood that is ever knocking at the doors of history for admittance, might have died, long before their birth, in the jaundiced craniums of the weakling partisans who presume to enlighten the world; but in fact, with all their ingenuity, unfortunately show their

ears, like the gentleman we once read of, who dressed himself in a lion skin upon one occasion. It is time for books discussing the "terror of the slave era of the South" to die. Every one who knows anything about these times, perceives at once that this epithet is not fitting, more than that it conceals a covert lie. We ourselves are of a very mild make up, and for all that bitter past, we quote the words of McDonald; "let the sweet smelling waves of silence close over the lacerations."

"In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two when God has not."
"Is it worth while that we jostle a brother,
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart, that we war to the
knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife!"

Mrs E. B. Custer who has been spending the summer in Montana and the Dacotas revisiting the scene where she had followed the guidon with her gallant husband, will return to New York to spend the winter. She is said to be a very great favorite in New York. If she is as good company as her books, "Boots and Saddles" and "following the guidon," she ought to be a favorite anywhere. "Following the guidon" is a story of camp life in the west, mainly drawn from the camp on Big Creek, Kansas. It is told in an easy gossiping, *womanly* way and *therefore* is very interesting. Both of these books are in the library.

The *Nation* says, "to any one who

longs to steal from the nineteenth century, and steep himself in a warlike and heroic past, there can be no better suggestion than to read Morris' "House of the Wolfings." We defy any one to rise from a perusal of its pages and not have to summon himself with an effort back into a distant to-day, far from the vivid present of the time of strife betwixt Goth and Rōman, of mighty leaders in war; of doughty women leaving their looms to ride through tangle woods to bring tidings of the foe; of a lad weeping because his warrior friend has gone to war without fashioning for him the promised clay horse, of dwelling-halls hung with fine tapestries, and maidens tending the sacred lamp; of glades where the kindreds meet and hold council of war. May, further, even the Valkyr kissing the warrior and saving him from death that they may live and love, and the seeress daughter born to them, all are more present to us than the present itself. "The description continues quite vividly, but we have not space to quote it all. At the end of the description is added: "As admirable estimate of the present book, by the *Athenaeum* appended to the edition, refers to Aristotle's assumption that invention and not singing is the indispensable basis of poetry. Who shall say whether Morris is the better inventor or singer in this beautiful work—in song that is so laden with story, a story which, whether prose or verse, is such pure song?" Every lover of books having once read this must have this before he will be satisfied. We confess that this is the way we feel about it. (Roberts, \$2.)

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY.

Webster's Unabridged has been, for several decades, the standard of pronunciation and orthography for American writers, and for the American people generally. And this great work, though revised thoroughly in 1864, with subsequent partial revisions, has long been very unsatisfactory. Many new words, coming into use within the last four years, were not given even in the supplement. The publishers have, therefore, shown their characteristic good sense of the public need, by issuing a thoroughly revised edition, of Webster's great work.

The International is, essentially, a new book, while retaining all the excellences of the Unabridged. New and clear type has been used. The printing is done at the incomparable Riverside Press, and we have not yet found a single instance of blurred type. The illustrations are from intensely new cuts, and are clear and beautiful. The binding, as to neatness and durability, is all that could be desired.

The revision has been thorough and exhaustive. Scientific words of recent origin, and rare words that have crept into our literature and language within the past half century, have been collected and incorporated with their origin and use carefully defined. We have used the Dictionary constantly during the past month, in the course of extensive miscellaneous reading, and we have not yet appealed to its pages in vain. To the student Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespere and other authors who used words now obsolete, it affords invaluable aid.

The etymologies are masterpieces of brevity and accuracy. The very latest results of philological researches are incorporated, particularly as regards words of Germanic origin. In the case of doubtful words, the most trustworthy explanation is given. All words of kindred origin are indicated by cross references, as in the great work of Prof. Skeat. Scholars may object, that the middle English forms are inconsistent and are irregular, but it must be remembered that English, in its formative period had but little consistency in orthography and inflection, and the editors have nearly always selected the form of word, which best illustrates the development of the language.

The appendixes have also been carefully revised. The notices of persons and places are necessarily brief, but they contain just such information as is usually desired.

We can not close this brief review, without warning our readers against the cheap reprints of the Unabridged which are now flooding the market. They are worse than worthless. They are bad reprints of the edition of 1859, which was in its day a good book, but now so far behind the times as to be utterly useless even for ordinary purposes.

[Contributed by one of the faculty.
—ED]

EXCHANGE BRIEFS.

Lehigh University has never conferred an honorary degree. Its course is exemplary.

Shakespeare's works are being translated into Chinese.

The Mohammedan College, at Cairo, Egypt, is the oldest college in the world, being founded 1800 years before Oxford.

Dr. W. R. Hooper, who has recently been elected President of the University of Chicago, founded by Mr. Rockefeller, is the man who has created such enthusiasm in the study of Hebrew and Scientific literature. No one doubts his ability to take charge of the University, but the question is whether such a man can be spared from the profession in which he has become famous. To him is due the credit of the interest taken in the study of the Bible at Yale.

The Faculty of Wisconsin University have inaugurated a radical innovation in that institution by abolishing examinations and excuses for absence, except when class standing is below 85 per cent, or the absences more than 10 per cent. At Texas University in the future, students, whose daily work average over 90, will not be required to stand examinations.

If such will work well for these colleges, will it not for Wake Forest? We wait to learn of them. Such signs show that a spirit of reform is at work, and that old ideas are being supplanted by new ones. Some relief ought to be brought to the student,

for it certainly does seem that some plan could be devised by which the same test could be made of a student's ability without the harrowing process of examinations.

The Foot Ball Team of the University of Virginia has played games with Pennsylvania College and Princeton, in which they were sorely defeated. Poe, who won quite a reputation as quarter-back last season, is still Captain of the Princeton Team.

The game between Wake Forest and the University of Virginia will not be played, as the Faculty refuse to grant permission to go off to play. They take this course because the Trustees instructed them to do so.

THE FOOT BALL GIRL.

I passed my arm around her waist,
And drew her to my side;
Clasped her close in eager haste,
"Well tackled, sir," she cried.

The North Carolina *University Magazine* wears a charming dress, and the general "get up" is par excellence. This magazine is published only six times a year. We have always read with delight the contributions from the facile pen of Mrs. Spencer. Her last article is history which should be preserved. We were especially pleased with the editorial "To our new students," and had we space would quote for the benefit of our own new students.

The Focus, Kentucky University, lies on our table "wreathed in smoke." *The Focus* does not deal in trash. Its

tone is very high; to *us* it is very interesting, but we do not think that it is so interesting to the alumni and students, not from any inferiority of contributions, but for the absence of local college matter.

The Lyceum is a new magazine published at Asheville, N. C., and is full of interesting reading.

The Guardian comes from far off Texas, laden with weighty contributions on important subjects.

The Vanderbilt Observer comes to us with a bright smile on its face because of its new dress. With its new costume it brings a discussion of modern subjects. Count Leo Tolstoi is very thoroughly discussed, showing a portion of his life unnoticed by newspapers. The little poem "Passion" is very readable. The editors show progressive ability.

E. W. SIKES.

ALUMNI NOTES.

J. L. KESLER, EDITOR.

'54. Dr. T. H. Pritchard has given us the opinion of the Rev. Sam Jones in an article published in *Charity and Children*, which for ability and sound sense is unsurpassed. It has been copied by many of the leading newspapers of the country and perhaps has reflected more honor upon Dr. Pritchard than anything he has ever written. Maurice Thompson in the *Independent* on "American Humor," speaks of "ruffianly coarse and brutish pulpit waggery." Such an expression ought never to be necessary, and we grasp the right hand of every man who rises up to oppose it.

'74. Dr. A. C. Dixon is the author of two highly commended books, "The True and the False," mentioned under Literary Gossip in our last issue, and "The Person and Ministry of the Holy Spirit." Dr. Dixon is a very strong, earnest eloquent man, no less distinguished in the staying qualities of a great manhood than his brilliant brother, Thomas. He leaves Emanuel Baptist Church, Baltimore, for the Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn. He made Emanuel Church; but we believe there is a greater work before him in Brooklyn. His books can be obtained from Wharton, Baron & Co., Baltimore.

'80. Rev. John M. Davis, formerly of Rochester, N. Y., is one of the two associate pastors of the 23rd Street Baptist Church, New York city. The reader will remember that this is Thomas Dixon's church.

'89. Rev. C. J. Thompson left Lumberton for the Louisville Seminary October 1. The people regretted to give him up, and desire him to return when he finishes his course.

'79. We are glad to learn that Prof. R. P. Johnson has returned from South Carolina, where he has been in charge of a high school for some time, to his native State, and is now teaching the higher classes in Thompson School, Siler City. He is a man of great moral worth, a jovial companion and a great acquisition to any school that is fortunate enough to secure his services as teacher.

— Rev. W. B. Wingate has taken the place which Rev. W. R. Gwaltney, class '68, left to occupy the pulpit at Wake Forest College. It will take a strong man to fill Mr. Gwaltney's place, but we learn that Mr. Wingate is a growing man and shows some of the great qualities which were so marked in his illustrious father.

The first number of the WAKE FOREST STUDENT was issued by the Euzelian Society in January, 1882. W. H. Osborne, of Asheville, was the first senior editor. After graduating in '83, he was journalist for some time at Shelby, N. C. He is now preaching at Jonesboro, Tenn., is married and doing well. Charles A. Smith, of Reynoldson, N. C., who graduated in '82, was the first associate editor. He is teaching at Timmons ville, S. C., near the North Carolina line. We

hear that he has a very fine school. Thomas Dixon, Jr., was corresponding editor at first. He graduated in '83 salutatorian of his class, studied law, was elected to the Legislature; decided to preach, was pastor of the Baptist Church at Goldsboro, the Tabernacle in Raleigh, preached in Boston, and is now the first preacher in the city of New York—the most eloquent man, perhaps, in this large city. He does not only reflect honor upon the STUDENT and the College, but upon the State and upon the nation.

In the third number we find Mr. Dixon associate editor with Mr. Smith, and G. C. Briggs, Briggsville, N. C., the first business manager. Mr. Briggs has achieved a very large success as a teacher, as you will find by referring to the October number of the STUDENT. He is now at Salisbury, Mo. In the May number we find the following: "As announced in our last issue, the Philomathesian Society has resolved to join us in the pleasures and responsibilities of our college magazine, and this month we appear to our readers with a new exterior. Our editorial staff has been enlarged and it is our intention to make this increase of force tell in the advancement in every sense, of the power and efficiency of the STUDENT." Turning to the title page we find now that the editors from the Euzelian Society are Charles A. Smith senior editor, and Thomas Dixon, associate editor, Mr. Osborne having returned home. From the Philomathesian Society we find the names of E. E. Hilliard as senior editor and D. W. Herring, associate editor, but a little later on the name

of E. G. Beckwith takes the place of Mr. Herring.

Those who read the newspapers cannot be ignorant of Mr. Hilliard's whereabouts and his ability as a journalist. He is editor of the *Scotland Neck Democrat*, and the STUDENT claims part of the honor of his ready pen. He has not forsaken his first love.

D. W. Herring, as most of us know, is beyond the still waves of the broad Pacific, at Shanghai, China. Long may he live to bless and enlighten the minds of that ancient, populous nation! As the STUDENT goes to him across the lipping waters to that far land, it bears our love and our sympathy, and breathes a hearty "*God bless you.*"

Prof. E. G. Beckwith, our assistant professor in Mathematics, we all know, honor and esteem. Besides his work as professor, he preaches to three churches and is much loved by his people. Hilliard, Herring and Prof. Beckwith all graduated in '82. The first volume closes with the August number, comprising eight numbers in all.

In September, 1882, begins the second volume with the following editors from the Philomathesian Society: E. S. Alderman, senior, H. B. Folk, associate; from the Euzelian Society, W. F. Marshall, senior, D. M. Austin, associate. T. J. Simmons takes the place of E. S. Alderman, and in March, '82, G. C. Briggs takes the place of W. F. Marshall. In April '83 the names of W. S. Royall from the Euzelian Society, and W. B. Pope from the Philomathesian, are added as business managers. All these graduated in '82,

except Pope and Royall, who graduated in '84. Mr. Alderman resides near West Lake, Ky. Dr. Pritchard, as you will see by referring to the October *STUDENT*, describes him as a "man of unusual grace, ability and power in the pulpit." Mr. Simmons is winning success as Principal of Washington Street School, Athens, Ga.; but in his modest way, making no fuss about it. H. B. Folk took the valedictory over Thomas Dixon, was a bright promise, taught for some time in New Orleans, but was making his mark as a journalist, being editor of the *St. Louis Republican* at the time of his death, September 18, 1885. W. F. Marshall was for a while tutor at Wake Forest, has since taught very successfully at the Globe and Lenoir, but is now Principal of the Gastonia High School, Gastonia N. C. He says: "I have the best school in every way, I ever taught." D. M. Austin preached for some time at Monroe, and is said to be a very strong preacher. He is now laboring as an evangelist. G. C. Briggs is mentioned above. W. S. Royall is preaching in Nebraska, Va. W. B. Pope, we believe, is pastor of the First Baptist Church of Olympia, capital of Washington.

In September, '83, the third volume makes its bow with the following men on the staff: Philomathesian, C. L. Smith, senior editor. J. C. C. Dunford, associate, R. S. Green, business manager. Euzelian, W. S. Royall, senior editor, A. M. Redfearn associate, and I. G. Riddick, business manager. In November, '83, W. V. Savage takes the place of Mr. Riddick.

C. L. Smith, after graduating in '84,

attended Johns Hopkins University and having completed his course there, traveled in Europe and spent some time at the German universities. He is now tutor at Johns Hopkins. Most of our readers will remember that he wrote the *History of Education in North Carolina*. He is a bright, talkative genius.

J. C. C. Dunford was professor at Judson College for some time, but is now associate principal of Roanoke Female College, Danville, Va.

As we continue writing our space compels us to say less, but we grow prouder and prouder of the men who have adorned the editorial department of the *STUDENT* in the past.

R. S. Green, as was noticed in our last issue, has returned from Missouri and is farming in Davidson county. It is ever in our heart to say, and we never say less, God bless the sun-burned toilers.

"Work! and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work! thou shall ride over care's coming billow."

W. S. Royall is mentioned above, but we may add that he has the reputation of being an excellent preacher.

A. M. Redfearn still has the reputation of having been a fine student; he is said to have led his classes at the medical college. He is a very successful physician in South Carolina.

I. G. Riddick, who was connected with the *STUDENT* only two months; after attending lectures, practiced medicine at Wake Forest, but having won the heart and wedded one of our most charming young ladies, Miss Annie Dunn, he removed to Youngs-

ville, where his practice now keeps him very busy.

W. V. Savage who, tradition says, used to keep the society in a continual strain of laughter when he spoke, is now teaching a flourishing school of boys in Henderson.

When we began this sketch, we intended to give it only a page or page and a half of our space, but it is of such interest that it has already advanced upon ground rightfully belonging to others, so that we are forced to leave this pleasant bit of history to be continued in the December number.

'90. Mr. E. S. Coffey has taken charge of the school at Sugar Grove, Watauga county. M. H. C. Moore, who called to see us on his way to Morehead City, says the outlook is good for an excellent school. Well, we confess that we had not dreamed of "Ed's" teaching school.

'90. Mr. W. E. Crocker is located at Mt. Olive, N. C., preaches to three churches, and we hear that he is stirring up the natives. He is loved very much by his people, and his congregations are constantly increasing.

'90. Mr. C. P. Crudup we believe is still at home with his father. He intends to be a physician and we presume is reading medicine.

'90. Mr. J. A. Holloman is connected with the *Raleigh Intelligencer*.

We are sorry to learn that he is now at his father's in Winton, sick. We hope he will soon be able to return to his work.

'90. Mr. J. G. Gregory is teaching school at Great Bridge, Va. We have not heard how he is succeeding.

'90. Mr. C. F. Hopper is at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky. Charles is a captain. He has in his make up some of the clay out of which men are moulded.

'90. Mr. J. F. Mitchell stays about home, plays a game of base ball every chance he gets, but we have not heard of his doing anything else. Frank is a clever fellow, but he needs to be "shuck up a little."

'90. Mr. B. S. Mitchell is back at college helping Prof. Brewer in the Laboratory and spending part of his time in Mr. T. E. Holding's ('88) drug store. He aims to be a doctor or chemist or pharmacist, and he does not care which.

'90. Mr. D. B. Oliver is with his father at Pine Level, helping him in his store.

This ends—no—we were about to say, this ends the class of '90; but we simply meant to say that we had noticed their beginning. This is but the dawn.

"Youth! youth! how buoyant are thy hopes.

They turn
Like marigolds toward the sunny side."

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

R. B. WHITE, EDITOR.

"How time do fly!"

WHAT'S the matter with a week Christmas?

"How they push."

THANKSGIVING approaches and woe to the fattened turkey.

IT seems proper to us that every one should celebrate with a glorious dinner.

LACROSSE is deader than a door nail. Can't we do something to resurrect it?

THE hunters are scaring the poor little birds but not much harm is being done.

RUPERT HOYSTER, (in chemistry lectureroom.) Professor, why is formic acid not an acid?

Prof. "I couldn't tell you, Mr. Hoyster." R. Hoyster. "Because it is an ant-acid."

Woe to him on examination.

DR. TAYLOR is meeting with good success in his efforts to raise \$50,000 for the endowment. He is attending the convention at present.

WE are glad to learn that Mr. T. S. Andrews is recovering from a severe attack of sickness and we hope he will soon be with us again.

Prof. Poteat took his class in Zoology to the circus to see the animals and many others joined the class for the time being.

Our musical orchestra, which heretofore has been without name, has been christened the Terpsichorean Serenading club. It is useless to state that no one knows what it means.

X. (on foot ball ground.) "Y. Why are your stockings like a barn lot?"

Y. "Give it up."

X. Doncherknow, it encloses very small calves."

ONE of the newish is seriously concerned as to what his class will be called. He intends graduating in 1900. Some one said it would be the no-nothing ('oo)class

SEVERAL of the Professors are intending to go to the Convention at Shelby and the students are correspondingly rejoiced.

THE Y. M. C. A. here is in a flourishing condition. The officers are, Pres. J. W. Millard, Vice Pres., B. W. Spillman. Sec. B. K. Mason.

WE want more co-operation among the students in helping us to get up this department. If they will help us to get news we will try to make it interesting.

AT the Fair an old man was heard mumbling to himself as he looked at his umbrella, "I paid eighty five cents for it and it keeps off the rain tolerable well but it do shed ambeer dreadful."

THERE was a pleasant entertain-

ment at Mrs. Askew's, over at the Falls of Neuse. Charades, tableaux, and songs were rendered exquisitely well and every thing was as joyous as a marriage bell. The Serenading Club was in full attendance.

THE families of Prof. Lanneau and Pastor Gwaltney are reported to be coming after this week. We hope that they will soon be here. Mrs. Lanneau spent a few days on the Hill at the first of session but has been visiting relatives in Western Carolina since then.

THE following was written to a young man on casting his first vote.

The youth stepped up to the ballot box,
The holder was quite Socratic,
Upon being asked which way he went,
Said youth said Democratic."

The holder answered with a smile,
"You are the man for me,
Just join the ranks of honest men,
To down the G. O. P!"

A WAKE FOREST TRAGEDY:

P—— sells his dessert for a nickel. Tells the waiter some one stole it and makes him bring another. After dinner discovers that the nickle has a hole in it. Says he will put it in the phonograph. But lo and behold, it wouldn't work.

THERE was a close approach to a tragedy here on the 10th inst. Some burglars broke into Mr. Silas Gill's, about four miles from college and choked Mr. Gill until they thought he was dead. Then they robbed him of \$175 and left.

But Mr. Gill was by no means dead and had recognized the burglars and at date of going to press a party has set off to capture them.

WE quote from *Charity and Children* the following notice of the death of Mrs. Green, the wife of Prof. Green.

An unspeakable sorrow has pervaded our community for the past week. On Tuesday morning it was whispered that Mrs. Prof. Green was hopelessly ill, and with the dawn of another day her spirit entered that "life elysian whose portal we call death." * * * * *. Though she had been among so short a time, scarcely two months, the greater part of which had been spent on a bed of sickness, she had endeared herself to all who met her by her gentle loveliness of character and her remarkable patience in suffering. When first told that she could not live, she showed great anxiety for her children, seeming to feel that she could not leave them, but soon expressed perfect resignation to the decree of him whose will had been the law of her life.

The funeral service were conducted by Pastor Gwaltney assisted by Dr. Skinner and Hall of Raleigh after which a large number of sorrowing friends attended the remains to their last resting place. * * * B.

WITH this issue the STUDENT comes out in new clothes; hereafter, it will appear in old gold and black, which are the College colors of Wake Forest. We hope that the cut on the title page will add new beauty to the outside appearance of the magazine; for the design of it we are indebted to Mr. R. W. Weaver, to whom we make our sincerest acknowledgements, for the very valuable aid he has rendered us.

ED.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THE
WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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S. M. BRINSON, BUSINESS MANAGER.	

VOL. X.]

WAKE FOREST, N. C., DEC., 1890.

[No. 3.

OUR SOCIAL ENIGMA.

What is the destiny of the American Negro? He was brought here before the landing of the Mayflower. In his bondage, he steadily multiplied till the Proclamation of Emancipation found the race in America numbering nearly five millions. To-day the number exceeds seven millions. Avarice brought him here; expediency for a time kept him here, and now the perplexing problem is what to do with him now that he is here.

Books have been written, addresses delivered, opinions in general aired upon this question, which will not down at our bidding, but as yet no satisfactory conclusion seems to have been reached.

Some men of undoubted wisdom, but carried beyond reason by a full knowledge of the deplorable state of affairs subsisting between the two races at the South, propose a great migrating expedition, with the end in view of transporting these seven

million blacks from our country and colonizing them in some far away land. Others more conservative, of cooler thought, with probably no more honest intentions or patriotic purposes deprecate the discussion of the question. "Let the problem solve itself" is their counsel. Another class, whose aim in life is to vilify a noble people, and whose ambition is to pose as guardians of the black man's rights, declaim against "Southern outrages" and then with the meek and lowly air of the sainted "Law Giver" himself suggest, as a healer of the festering sore, that "justice be done."

Whether this term as employed means national interference with the peculiar function of the State, i. e. control of its own elections, and contemplate the marshalling of troops and array of bayonets to enforce the mandates of a political and partisan "Boss," we prefer not to say. Certain it is that the people of the South, as

well as many at the North, will never submit to Federal control of election machinery, and if a settlement of the vexed question involves such a manifest outrage and violence upon the guaranteed rights of the State, it will remain unsettled.

Inasmuch as the great mass of negroes live in the South and are such a factor in our commercial life and menace to the social order of this section, the question appeals for settlement more vigorously and peculiarly to our people.

Twenty-five years have passed since the "Great Emancipator" broke the shackles of servitude and robed them in the vestments of American citizenship. This enfranchisement did not act as a balm upon the social wound, but rather as an irritant. Suddenly armed with the most powerful and yet the most delicate of all weapons, their unskilled hands wielded it so inconsiderately as to bring upon an already blighted region such woes and distresses as to fill to the brim the bitter cup of Southern misery. May the historian of the future be spared the task of depicting the scenes and incidents of another period such as that generally known as "Reconstruction Times"!

Totally unequipped for a proper discharge of the high duties incident to citizenship, the exercise on the part of the Negroes of the right to franchise was attended with injury of white and black alike, and completely demonstrated the total incapacity of the race and unfitness for the rôle it was called upon to play. We would not intentionally underrate the Negro. We do not purpose in this brief

sketch of his American career to upbraid him for short-comings and incompetency; the fact is only too patent, that those who so suddenly invested him with the solemn rights of citizenship and thrust him unprepared upon the stage of political activity, are the culpable ones. The censure of the unbiassed and fair-minded students of American history will rest upon the heads of the moral fanatics of the North for this criminal error. Let us, in the very least, award to the Negro his deserts. Let it not be forgotten that his brawny arm performed no inconsiderable part in the levelling of wildernesses and building of our towns and cities, marts of commerce and centres of population of the New World. It cannot be easily disproved that this inferior race has been no small factor in the progress of colonial commerce and development of American industries. Their labors in draining the marshes, in felling the forests and cultivating the fields were effective in building the great agricultural South.

While we have been greatly benefitted by slave labor, that race has profited a hundred fold from its enforced thralldom. In a state of savagery, the Negro was separated from his kindred in the jungle and placed in the midst of surroundings conducive to mental and moral growth. Whatever advance he has made toward the goal of a perfect civilization can be attributed to nothing else than contact with the Anglo-Saxon race, which the system of slavery brought about and necessitated.

However, all theorizing as to the good and evil which his sojourn in

our midst may have occasioned avails nothing here. Here he is and here in force. His presence is a menace to our social order. What shall be done with him? Let it be understood that the Negro himself cannot be debarred from expression of views, and these views should not be eliminated from popular consideration. Standing by his white brother, clothed with equal civil rights, his interest as well as our's must be consulted. Value his views as well as the white man's, according to the standard of intelligence, and true to the spirit of honor and fairness which has elevated our race above all other races and tribes, let us mete out justice limited only by its own eternal bounds.

But now to the question: Behold the condition of affairs at present existing. Two races, possessing scarcely a trait in common, inhabiting the same land—one the former master, the other the slave—now enjoying equally the blessings of civil liberty; the one leading the van in the march of learning, the other straggling in the rear—neither desiring fusion. The one proud of its lineage and fired with a laudable ambition, the other with its past wrapped in impenetrable obscurity, stoically indifferent to all but the immediate present and gratification of immediate desires. And yet comes the government mandate to harmonize the discord, bring together the dissimilar elements and from factious parts produce an accordant unity. A ready response and instant fruition can hardly be looked for.

Never before have two races so widely dissimilar lived together, ex-

cept in the relation of master and slave. Never before has a people had thrust upon them and told to respect and treat as equals, a class which they had been taught to regard as the most degraded and menial of God's higher creation.

Will a social equilibrium ever be attained? Records and traditions of the past deny its possibility. The temperament of the white man and the habits of the black present an insurmountable barrier. We don't want it, and as long as race pride exists, Anglo-Saxon supremacy will be uncontested and purity of society preserved. It may then be put down as unalterably and immovably fixed as the Giant's Causeway, that absolute equality between the races will never come, with its noxious odor and putrefying properties, to contaminate and finally disrupt our social fabric.

Inasmuch as the Negroes can never be admitted upon terms of social equality with the whites, what then? Will the two races, as Fred Douglas maintains, coalesce, merge into one? From the very nature of the Negro this cannot be. The race is gregarious. They instinctively separate themselves from the whites into their own communities, &c., and every year the line of demarcation is becoming more decided and perceptible. Besides, to quote from Senator Ingalls: "Hybrids are the product of white fathers and black mothers, seldom or never of black fathers and white mothers and the inference from this result ethnologically is conclusive of that question."

If not amalgamation, what? Will it be the extermination of the weaker

as some leaders of thought suppose? Most emphatically, no! A crusade against a people with the end in view of their complete annihilation would well become the unrestrained lawlessness of the unchristianized savages, but in a land, the chosen home of freedom and order, where Christianity has taken its strongest hold and cleared the field for its sublimest action, such a proceeding is beyond the pale of the remotest possibility.

Shall emigration rid us of their unwelcome and menacing presence? Shall ships be brought into requisition and the blacks transported to other and more congenial climes? Just so, if it be possible. It would be well just here to pause and ask the question: "Does the Negro object?" Certainly he cannot now be despoiled of his citizenship. That government would be arbitrary and in the highest degree despotic that would confer and take away at will the priceless boon of citizenship, unmindful of individual rights. The Negro, as a citizen, has a right to pass upon such a proposition, and if he rejects it, compulsion would be nothing more or less than might overaweing weakness. Such an unhistoric proceeding as the expulsion of seven million citizens from our republic will not be seriously contemplated. Separation of the races may be advisable and the proposition with the compulsory feature eliminated is more tenable. It is a proposition of this nature that Senator Butler advocates. In his address in the United States Senate favoring this scheme (encouraging the emigration of Negroes) we are struck with a glaring inconsistency of the Senator.

He dwells upon the necessity of the Negro's being removed from the whites and homes of his youth for a more pronounced development of his faculties of mind and body. And yet in another part of the discussion, in the exigency of debate, he declares the Negro to have advanced more rapidly in those localities in which he was outnumbered by the whites. These are his words: "Observation and experience convince us that in regions of the South where the white race is largely in the majority, the Negro is better off and the white man is better off. The Negro wears better clothing, lives in better houses, educates his children better and is more intelligent and thrifty, and the white man is more prosperous and progressive." And again: "It cannot have escaped the attention of the most casual observer that where the Negroes remain in large masses and exceed in numbers their white neighbors they not only do not advance satisfactorily in the scale of civilization but actually retrogress."

Which shall we accept his first or last two declarations? If the first, then certainly we must admit that the interest of the Negro would best be subserved by his colonization. If the last, we are assured that he would fare better in his present location.

This same distinguished Senator urges, in support of his measure, the influence this Americanized race would exert in the civilization of his brethren of the jungle. This (the civilization of Africa) is a consumation devoutly to be wished! From a commercial standpoint its reclamation

from benighted heathenism would add a powerful impetus to the progress of African trade relations, rich as the country is in natural resources. But, aside from questions of commerce and money, from a moral standpoint the highest benefits would accrue, not only to the reclaimed sons of Ham, but to the people of all nations. Just here, however, may be put the pertinent question: Would the transportation to Africa of these seven million Negroes, uneducated for the most part and with their confused ideas of right and wrong, be effective in the civilization of their kindred or would they themselves succumb to the influence of their more numerous neighbors and brethren, and relapse into the state of savagery which the inauguration of African slavery found them. We must remember that the American Negro is not, in the strict sense of the term, completely civilized. Much can be seen in his natural bent and inclination to indicate that the germ of a wild nature has not been totally eradicated. His indifference as regards all but the immediate present; his disregard of physical and moral law, as the crowded asylums and penitentiaries bear witness to; all evidence his unperfected civilization.

A crisis is upon him. Balanced between civilization and barbarism, between the possibilities of an untrammelled future and the unrelieved darkness of his former self, the least unfortunate jar would tip the balance and the mission of the century would be fruitless. Now in this peculiar state, separated from a people, upon whom, from infancy, he has leaned

for support; shut out from the light of benevolent and Christian institutions, and placed amid surroundings the very opposite of those by which he has been environed; exposed to the full blast of savage customs, with no restraining hand nigh; would not his eyes become blinded to the beauty of his possible future; his natural characteristics, long repressed, assert themselves, and savagery, with its attendant horrors, reclaim him?

At least this is a possibility. It is true all are not uneducated. There are some brainy ones among them, but they are few, very few in comparison with the great mass of uneducated ones.

Let us encourage the emigration of this class. Benighted Africa awaits those equipped to meet and vanquish, not the defenceless and unarmed whose bared breast would be a target for the sheltered enemies.

That the South would receive a great financial reverse from loss of Negro labor hardly admits of a doubt. However, we do not urge this as an argument against the emigration of the race, since the loss sustained would only be temporary and the way would be opened for the immigration to the South of a better class of white workmen, skilled and thrifty. This is what the South needs, especially now that we are so rapidly changing from an agricultural to a manufacturing section. We could afford a temporary loss to secure such permanent gain. If a practicable plan, within constitutional bounds could be hit upon, looking to the removal of the black race from our country and the objection of the ne-

gro himself be removed, it seems to us that the above argument, commonly argued against it would be ground enough for one favoring it.

This leads us to the question: "Would the Negro go?" However feasible a plan might be proposed would he consent? It seems to us from our own limited observation and from the opinions of those whose acquaintance with the negro warrant in speaking authoritatively, that this consent would not be forthcoming. They are not devoid of local love and pride. The negro's love of the old plantation is proverbial, wherever destiny may lead him, his heart is behind him, and his longing eyes are turned to the old home. Nothing but utter privation and despair and the promise of luxury and ease can turn him from his well grooved existence. All this applies, particularly to the old stock. However the rising generation of them—worse yet—attains manhood too fully impressed with their rights as freemen, and a hint as to their leaving their country, it is to be feared, would be met with insolence and disdain. It is not probable that he could be induced to emigrate. So that any governmental move in this direction requiring the expenditure of money, would not be practicable or advisable just now.

If amalgamation is improbable, extermination impossible and emigration unpracticable, what remains for the race? Simply this: Political rights equal, civil rights equal, social supremacy to the superior race. Let us continue as we have begun: accord them the rights guaranteed to them by the constitution, withhold

nothing which tends to their betterment as citizens, but above all, keep untarnished our American Society and pure and uncontaminated the Anglo-Saxon blood that courses our veins.

It is true, as before stated, that two races possessing equal civil and political rights, dwelling together in peace and concord is something unheard of. It is also true that history does not record the existence of another such government as now blesses sixty million American citizens. Yet this government has survived the fiercest antagonism of unrelenting foes, and through labyrinthian difficulties found its way to acknowledged supremacy among the nationalities of the world.

This government may make possible that which other and weaker ones have signally failed in. At any rate, let us hope so, and forgetting past differences which the war should have settled, let us, one and all, North, South, East and West strike hands for common good. Let the voice of the political *stumper*, whose recital of Southern outrage excites the brethren of the North against the brethren of the South, be silenced forever and the forked tongues of the venomous reptiles, who flaunt the "bloody shirt," for a pastime, cleave to the roofs of their filthy mouths.

It is time that the people of the South should cease to be oppressed and reviled for outrages upon a class for whose education they pay 95 per cent. of money expended, who build for them asylums and benevolent institutions and guard with paternal care their every interest.

There is coming an intellectual and moral awakening, an era of reform is upon us. Such is the decree of Heaven. The voice of the people was

heard on Nov. 4th and "the voice of the people is the voice of God."

S. M. BRINSON.

GILBERT STONE, THE MILLIONAIRE.

A prosperous banker was Gilbert Stone ;
And well was his name on Wall Street known,

For he knew when to sell and he knew when to buy,
And keen was his scent when a bargain was nigh.

He had risen up early and bartered till late
In stocks and "futures" and real estate,—

He'd acted the bull and he'd played the bear,
And from every "corner" had made his share,

Till, in his vault that was safe from fire,
Were government bonds, piled higher and higher,

And mortgages, too, on houses and land,
Whose interest came at a word's command,

And gold and silver and railroad stocks,
Well guarded behind his burglar-proof locks.

The more he got, the more he saved,
And the more he had, the more he craved ;

And many a broker the day had rued
When he'd pitted himself against Stone, the shrewd.

When they saw the tall man with iron-grey hair,
Men whispered, "that's Stone, the millionaire,"

And they raised their hats as by them he passed,
At the thought of the wealth that he had amassed.

There were plenty of men who were called his friends,
But he valued them less than his dividends;

And well they knew 'twere a useless task
From him, as a favor, a loan to ask.

Nobody loved him,—but what of that ?
He loved no one,—'twas tit for tat,

But he loved himself with a love so great,
That little he cared for their liking or hate.

"No brother's keeper am I," he would say,
As he locked up the gains of a fortunate day,

"What is it to me how their interests fare ?
My business it is for my own to care."

True, he had learned at his mother's knee
Of mercy and faith and charity,

And, "Be to others kind and true
As you would have them be to you,"

But the world had taught him that one was a fool
Who squared his life by the Golden Rule.

The golden rule that he made his boast
Was the one that brought him of gold the most,

And the God of his worship, the god of his lust,
On its brow bore the inscription "IN GOD WE TRUST."

In Wall street, his empire, his riches, a throne,
A king in the market was Gilbert Stone.

* * *

There came to the banker one evening late,
Borne over the wires, a tempting bait

To bid for a railroad in the West
Whose owners for money hard were pressed.

He was glad of the chance to add to his store;
He knew how to do it,—he'd done it before.

So he lost not an hour, and travelled all night,
And found himself in the early light,—

In the early light of a bright June day,
At a railroad junction, far away

From the city's bustle, and doomed to bide
For another train in the evening tide.

An axle was bent, and he'd missed his train ;
So he cursed his luck, for time was gain,

And he fretted sore that the train's delay
Would keep him there that summer day.

But sauntering down to the river's brink,
With nothing to do, he began to think

Of a little farm by that river's side,
In easy reach, by an hour's ride,

A farm where his early life he'd spent,
In simple comfort and sweet content;

Ere the lustre of gold and the city's ways
Had dazzled his sight in its eager gaze.

And, as he thought, he formed his plan,
Then straightway hired a horse and man,

And took the old familiar road
That lay close by where the river flowed.

Softly rippled the river along;
Clear was the note of the robin's song;

Sweet on the breeze was the rich perfume
Exhaled from the wild-grape's tiny bloom.

Fresh were the leaves whose dimpling shade
On the turf by the river's bank was laid.

With the simple faith of a trusting child,
June, the summer queen, looked and smiled

In the banker's face that was stern and hard
Where selfish greed had its beauty marred

There stirred, when nature thus appealed,
A thrill of emotion, long concealed

Far down in his soul near the fountains of tears,
And deep overlaid through the passing years.

Ah, the sweet, sad thrill, when we hear again
The sound of the same half-forgotten strain,

And think of the laughter with which it was sung,
Ere death called the singer and silenced his tongue !

Two score years had come and gone
Since, on another bright June morn,

He had kissed his mother a last good-bye,
And left the farm his fortune to try:

Alas for the change that the years had wrought
While he in the city had sold and bought ;

For many a care had left its trace
In many a line on his wrinkled face,

Till his look was hard and his eye was cold,
And cold and hard was his heart, they told ;

For, dealing with men, he had learned their guile,
And they knew the chill of his cynical smile.

Changed, too, was the valley through which he rode,
And changed was his childhood's humble abode.

The old gray cottage was standing, still,
Nestling beneath the brow of the hill :—

It had been so large to his boyish eyes,
How strangely it seemed to be dwarfed in size !

And just as of old were standing there
The trees of the orchard—apple and pear,

How was it that they seemed shrunken and small,
While he had grown to be stout and tall ?

At last, when he reached the outer gate,
He bade his man in the shade to wait,

Then turned and slowly onward strolled,
While backward the tide of his memory rolled,

As the sight of each object, distant or near,
Summoned the by-gone, vivid and clear,

And the mists that had gathered for many a day
Round his boyhood memories, floated away.

There was the porch, where, the day's work done,
His father had rested at set of sun ;

There, by the door, his mother had churned,
While he, at her side, his letters had learned ;

There was the well, where many a draught
Of cool, clear water his lips had quaffed.

How often beneath that old cherry tree
He had swung with his brother in boisterous glee ;

How often he'd gathered its ruby-red fruit,
Or sat, book in hand, on its gnarled root.

That morning beneath its sheltering shade,
With her flower-decked doll, sat a little maid,

Who, seeing the stranger by the well,
Ran into the house, her mother to tell.

The news to the door the house-wife brought
With enquiring look as to what he sought.

With softened mien did the banker explain
His wish to visit his birth-place again ;

And with unwonted courtesy,
He craved that he the room might see

Which his mother's presence had brightened and blessed,—
Where her baby boy she had oft caressed.

The housewife paused as if she knew
Not whether the story he told were true.

Little she knew of wealth's power to change,
And to her thought 'twas exceeding strange

That the well-dressed stranger, so fine and tall,
Her humble home should his birth-place call.

But, hushing suspicion, the banker she asked
To enter the house, and in he passed,

While the child clung close to her mother's side,
And the form of the stranger keenly eyed.

As he stood again on the bare, clean floor
Which his lighter step had pressed of yore,

Rude seemed the chamber and very small,
To the man whose home was a princely hall ;

And yet no scene in the crowded mart
Could have moved so deeply his selfish heart.

The men of his street would have felt surprise
Could they have beheld his moistened eyes.

'Twas as though an enchanter, in magical light,
Had brought the dead years again to his sight,

Or a long-dropped curtain before him raised
And revealed his own childhood again as he gazed.

'Twas as though his mother still were there,
And lovingly smiled from her cushioned chair ;—

Smiled on her son, yet wept as she smiled,
That the man had drifted so far from the child,—

And tenderly looked, but chidingly, too,
That he had been false when she had been true.

The form of his father again he could see,
With the open Bible upon his knee,

And a toil-worn hand seemed to rest on his head,
While the words of the Book were rev'rently read.

Before him appeared, as when once they played,
Or bared their young arms for their father's aid,

His brother, to whom he had help denied,
And who long ago, among strangers had died.

Another boy stood, with the supple grace
Of clustering curls and a ruddy face,—

Who basked in the warmth of a mother's love,
Who still believed in a heaven above.

The parents had long in the churchyard slept ;
The brother had died where no one wept ;

But, living, before himself he stood,
As he had been in his bright boyhood,—

For himself, yet another, this vision seemed
To the banker, standing as one who dreamed ;

And he thought of his life, his wealth, his sin,
As he saw himself as he once had been,

Something sweet and tenderly sad
Was evoked by his vision of Gilbert, the lad,

And beginning to reap what his manhood had sown
With bitterness sighed the banker, Stone,

For deep 'neath a cold heart's surface of snow
There is ever the warmth of a tender glow —

A spring that e'en selfishness may not congeal
Is the icy hardness that cannot feel,

While the sweet tears of sorrow he hastily dried,
The little maid stole from her mother's side,

And softly asked, with uplifted eye,
"Does something hurt you, that you should cry?"

He looked an answer, but could not tell
Of the strange sweet pain that he could not quell.

But he heeded an impulse's quick command,
And a bright gold eagle gleamed in her hand.

He marked her joy as she saw the gift,
And a gleam of sunshine fell through a rift

In the cloud of his sorrows; and, then, through the door,
He passed out again ere her thanks were o'er.

He looked at the trees and the arching sky,
Then, plucking a blossom, wondered why

Sky, trees and flowers should seem less bright
Than they once had been to his childhood's sight.

He strolled through the field to a moss-grown stile
O'erlooking the valley for many a mile,

And on his hands he bowed his head,
While, deeply moved, aloud he said,

"O glorious sun of these noon-day beams,
O bees and buttercups, glossy flowers,

"O rainbow hues on butterflies' wings,
O joy-laden song that the oriole sings,—

"Ye were all so bright in days gone by,
Oh say, is it ye that have changed, or I?

"For lost to the man is the innocent joy
That nature's gladness brought to the boy.

"As I balance my life on its ledger's page
And scan it over, from youth to age,

"I find that my loss is more than my gain,

And money and bonds do not lessen my pain.

"Alas, alas for the grievous mistake
Of living for self and for money's sake!

"I entered on life with an eager heart,
Learned the world's shrewd maxims and cunning art,

"And greedily grasped for the glittering prize
That wealth has seemed to my dazzled eyes.

"But now that the guerdon at last I hold,
Corrupt seems my silver and cankered my gold ;

"In the service of Mammon I've been but a slave,
And my master took from me far more than he gave;

"For now that I'm nearing life's farthest goal,
I find that for wealth I've been selling my soul.

"Thank God that even so late I've learned
How false are the riches for which I yearned.

"Men call me successful and print my name
In the list where money has purchased fame ;

"They flatter and envy, they flatter and hate,
As, guessing, my wealth they estimate ;

"They think that I'm happy;—I'd give it all,
Could I the vanished years recall;

"But I know that 'tis vain to wish them back,
Though my thoughts will linger upon their track,

"For the tomb of the by-gone is sealed fast,
And naught can undo a deed that is past.

"Ah, better I'd lived in the humble lot
Of my father's life in yon homely cot!

"Tis true I gained more in a single day,
When I made the 'corner' in grain last May,

"Than rewarded the labor of all his life,
As he battled with want in ceaseless strife;

"But he talked of something laid up on high,
A treasure that money, alas! can't buy,

"And 'tis said that none cumbered with riches great
Can pass into life through the narrow gate.

"At best, 'tis a little while, then I shall die;
So far, life's a failure; God help me, I'll try

"To heed the lesson this day has brought,
And not live the rest of my days for naught."

And for many a day has the banker blessed
The axle that hindered his way to the West;

And many others would bless it too,
If the course of his kindness they only knew;

For a tender influence hallows him yet,
And he knows that 'tis better to give than to get.

C. E. TAYLOR.

SOUTHERN LITERARY PORTRAITS.--No. 2.

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY.

In this sketch, it is our purpose to speak of him as the Southern Journalist of Progress and Orator of Good Will, which characterized him as "The Prophet of the New South," "The Oratorical Link Between Sections." The evidences of his busy life are met with daily in the throbbing hives of industry from the Potomac to Mexico. He was a man of the people, and in judging his actions, self interest must not be regarded as the motive which actuated him to devote his life to the Southern people. His continual declarations of the good feeling of our people towards their Northern brethren have unlocked the coffers of capitalists and spread on Southern hills the roaring furnaces and along the winding streams the hum of millions of spindles. Well might be written on the towering arch of Southern prosperity:

"Lector si monumentum requiris circumspice."—HENRY W. GRADY.

Samuel J. Randall says of him: "His great object in life was to break down sectionalism and bring the South to her full capabilities of development." What higher object could a Southerner have? What nobler theme could stir the soul of a true son of Dixie, than that plenty should stream from her borders and peace universal reign supreme. Wherever Henry Grady stood to proclaim the integrity of the Southern people with the

burning words of truth, he sealed his vow:

"My theme is progress, never tiring theme."

He first saw the light at Athens, Georgia, on April 24, 1850, where his father, William S. Grady, a native of North Carolina, had moved in 1846. His mother was formerly a Miss Gartrell, a woman of deep religious convictions and pure character. Throughout his boyhood Henry exhibited those traits of character which go to make up the man. His deep love for humanity was innate with him. Often when only a child he sent his mother many notes like this:

"Dear Mother: Please give this child something to eat. He looks hungry.
H. W. G."

At eleven he was considered the best read boy in Athens, having read all the books in his own large library, and exchanged with many whose libraries were fuller. He was indeed at that age quite well versed in English and American Literature. He was fond of Dickens and even in the rush of business he enjoyed a conversation on the characters of some one of his works, which he knew as the Eagle knows her home among the lofty crags. Victor Hugo was greatly admired by him and I might say his favorite of all novels was *Les Miserables*. Throughout all his writings runs the thrill of the story he learned from Jean Valjean. He would almost weep when he read

that tale of woe. The mighty deep of the soul was broken up when he beheld suffering humanity.

His educational advantages were good. He graduated from the University of Georgia in 1868 and from the University of Virginia soon afterwards. While at College he was not a close student, giving only enough time to his text books to justify his obtaining a degree. He was first in all athletic sports, and even when married he would snatch time from his "busy round of care" to play base ball on the hills of Atlanta or romp the streets with numbers of admiring children. The literary halls of the University of Virginia often rang with the sweet flowering voice of Henry Grady as he spoke, the Champion of debate. His best efforts at college were in the literary societies, and we might add here that he has placed a good example for the students of the present. The literary society has made many a young man who otherwise would have taken a back seat in life on account of timidity and lack of confidence in his powers.

"Impulsive youth in halls of fierce debate,
His counsels heed, his sp'rit emulate."

Both at the University of Georgia and at that of Virginia he was defeated for the honor of Anniversarian from his society, and although it seemed too great a blow for his youthful ambition, he mounted above the disappointment, showing himself superior to reverses. After his defeat at Athens he was chosen Commencement Orator, and his speech, *Castles in the Air*, was the sensation of the occasion.

Just after his return from the Uni-

versity of Virginia he married Miss Julia King, of Athens, his first love and faithful wife at death. His first work for the press was as correspondent of *The Atlanta Constitution*. The *nom de plume* used by him for his first article was "King Hans," a union of his name and Miss King's. Soon after this time he became editor of the *Rome Courier*, then the *Rome Daily Commercial*. It was as editor of the latter paper that he exhibited those qualities of a journalist which made him so popular at the South. He departed from the old line of journalism, making his *ideal* his *model*. The slow, almost unreadable sheet could not be tolerated by him; he filled his paper with bright flashes of genius and sparkles of wit. In the editor's chair he often dictated to two clerks, or wrote an editorial and carried on a spirited conversation at the same time. He seemed best pleased when the presses were waiting on him and he writing an editorial under high pressure.

From the beginning he proclaimed to the people the great resources of the South. With his great energy Rome could not contain him, and he came to Atlanta to become partner in and associate editor of the *Atlanta Capital*. This soon went under for want of means, and Henry Grady was left penniless. He could not sit quietly while the busy world moved on. He borrowed fifty dollars, gave half of it to his wife and determined to make fortune bow to him. He had been offered a position on the staff of the *Wilmington* (N. C.) *Star*, but it seemed he could look beyond the changing present into the dark future,

and going to New York he was employed as southern correspondent of the *New York Herald*. He also became a member of the *Atlanta Constitution* staff, as correspondent. Representing these two papers he went to Florida in 1876, during the "count" for President by which the people lost their choice and money won. There he displayed his great capacities in his letters and telegrams to the two papers, gaining a national reputation by the exactness and pointedness of his statements, by the vividness and power of his descriptions, by the boldness with which he painted the true colors of the great steal and the means used. He also "wrote up" the natural resources of the state, which was published in the *Constitution*. While in Florida he became intimately acquainted with Senator Brown, of Ga., of whom he afterwards spoke in the highest terms.

Grady was for five years Southern correspondent of the *New York Herald*. The way was now open, he had secured his desires but that was not all. He was tendered and accepted one-fourth interest in the *Atlanta Constitution* for which he paid twenty thousand dollars, the money having been loaned him by Cyrus W. Field for that purpose, and by his own skill and determined energy, in company with Evan P. Howell, one fourth interest in the paper was at the time of his death, worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A word in regard to the paper to which Grady devoted much of his time and talents.

It was born when the South was being torn by the horrors of reconstruction, and at the death of Grady, the

weekly edition had a circulation of one hundred and forty-six thousand, the largest of any weekly paper in America. It was not a paper of the city of Atlanta, not a paper of Georgia, but a paper of the South, for the South and by a man who was Southern to the end. It would be too much to say that the *Constitution* made Grady the man of a Nation, but it may be said that by his great work in the Editor's Sanctum was shown the power of the man who was ready to advance every interest of the South. As a newspaper man he had no equal; even the smallest details were carefully looked after by him. He did not believe that the editorial was the method of informing the people, but that the news should be given as received and only explained when necessary. He spared not money to advance his paper, at one time running special engines over the roads, at another, posting couriers at every voting place, in a widely scattered mountain Congressional district to bring in the returns. *The Constitution* is a monument to his zeal, and genius. And as an orator, he was the orator of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Throughout the North and South his powers were recognized and felt.

Wherever a section of country had united on exposition or celebration, Henry W. Grady was the chosen orator of the occasion. Whether at the North to speak to a prejudiced audience or among the farmers of the South his matchless eloquence was the crowning event which swept the wires and adorned the printed page. Of his great speeches we have re-

maining *in print* seven, all coming within three short years. The first entitled *The New South* at the Banquet of the New England Club at New York, where he proclaimed the honesty of the South, and advised for good will between the sections. Next at Dallas, Texas, on the *South and her Problems*, then at the Atlanta Exposition, on the *Political Dangers to the South*. At his *Alma matter* the University of Virginia he delivered his next grand speech at commencement 1889. His theme was *Centralization*, and the evils were pointed by him in words of living truth. We give a characteristic sentence, "We have paternalism run mad, and the Syndicate, the trust, the corporation—these are the eldest sons of the Republic, for whom the feudal right of primogeniture is revived, and who inherits the estate to the improvements of their brothers."

In June 1889 at Elberton, Georgia, he delivered his next speech, subject the *Farmers and the Citizens*, and here again he begs the people to be independent, to remember that "the danger of the day is Centralization, its solution diffusion," he eulogises the Farmers' Alliance and commends their efforts to promote the farming interest of the South by organization and opposition to monopolies formed for their impoverishment. His next two speeches were in Boston in Dec. 1889, only a few days before his death, one before the *Bay State Club* which was more a speech of courtesy than an oratorical production, or a discussion of vexed problems. And now we approach the crowing speech of his life, that speech which carried

conviction to Northern hearts with such a gentle manner as not to provoke criticism or abuse. This *grand model* was at the Boston Banquet, subject, the *Race Problem*. Upon this important question he showed his well-balanced judgment, and his views are in short: "The South deliberately says, leave this problem to my working out, I will solve it in calmness and deliberation, without passion or prejudice and with full regard for the unspeakable equities which it holds. Judge me rightly, but judge me by my works." Throughout all his writings and speeches runs this question, and always he says, "leave it to the South"

Of his writings the most noteworthy are *The Atheistic Wave Sweeping Over the Continent*; in this Grady shows himself "every whit" a Christian, battling for the advance of Christ's banner on earth, the supremacy of right over wrong, and true religion over Atheism. Also, *In Plain Black and White*, a reply to Mr. Cable on the negro question, published in the *Century Magazine* for April, 1885. He is wholly at home throughout the reply, evincing that knowledge of the subject which can only come from careful study. John Temple Graves says of him: "No pen has plowed such noble furrow in his country's fallow field since the wrist of Horace Greely rested, no eloquence has equalled his since Sargent Prentiss faded from the earth."

In the short space allowed we can only give the great deeds of Grady without comment. Besides his work in sanctum and on stage, he was leader in many public enterprises

which have left their mark for good upon the page of Southern history, and when the historian of the future shall write our history a new era should be marked from the *Age of Grady*. He was the prime mover in the great Piedmont Exposition; the man who told to hoarded gold the treasures of the Alabama iron fields; who published the great future of Florida as an orange growing State, before such an industry had been attempted, and was stigmatized as an unmindful enthusiast; it was he who made the Young Men's Christian Association of Atlanta a success; who bent his energies toward establishing and maintaining the Southern Chatauqua. Young man, follow in his footsteps,

"Do noble things, not dream all day long,
And so make life, death and the vast
Forever one grand sweet song."

As a man of charity he never lost an opportunity to make happy those who were sad, and comfort with the blessings of life those in distress. His deeds in Atlanta endeared him to the needy of that city. Many a cold and stormy night he went from house to house administering to the wants of the suffering. He was "generous to a fault," though discriminate in his beneficence, always striving to elevate when possible. His motto was, "For though I exclude idleness and pleasure I will never bar my doors against charity."

In this singular genius were combined the most prominent qualities of Georgia's three greatest men, Stephens, Toombs and Hill. He was without doubt the greatest man of this

republic at the time of his death. A true Christian, a true Democrat, a true Southerner! He was a member of the Methodist Church, and in him was a contradiction of the commonly accepted expression, "no editor of a secular journal can be a Christian." Of him we might say,

"So close is glory to our dust
So near is God to man."

His lesson of life was learned from the masses and his instructions gladly received by them. He fulfilled Dr. Johnson's idea of a scholar: "To talk in public, to think in solitude, to read and to hear, to inquire and to answer inquiries is the business of a scholar."

Not only in the South was he beloved, but in the North he was honored by press and people. *Often* tendered office he would *never* accept. He says in regard to office, "I think it has been the curse of the South that our young men have considered little else than political preferment worthy of an ambitious thought." He seemed not to care for riches, often sacrificing self interest to promote a public cause. "Who is a lover of riches or a lover of pleasure, or a lover of glory, cannot at the same time be a lover of men." When advice was needed, advice was given by him; none ever left Henry Grady's house to curse him, none ever left it hungry. His advice to the son of his partner on attaining his majority was, *never gamble—never drink—marry early*. He spoke from experience and gave to others the lesson by which he himself had profited. Well might man take for his model

"Him whose life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world *this was a man.*"

From the Boston banquet Grady came home in honor and to die. From severe cold contracted on his Northern trip, Henry Woodfin Grady died in Atlanta, Georgia, December 25, 1889. As the wires flashed the news over the lands it fell upon the ears of the American people "like a fire bell at night." On that bright Christmas morning when the Gate City buried her illustrious son the North wept and the South was draped in mourning,

the West and the East joined hands over the grave of the Chieftain who was a martyr to the Southern cause, not on battle's bloody plain but on the changeful arena of peace.

"Such was his doing who was brave for truth;
Such is the legacy he leaves to pride;
And, though the New South mourn her
fallen knight,
His soul and word move ever hand in hand
Adown the smiling valleys of Re-birth
That still shall bud and flower because of him,
And grow fair garlands for man's Brotherhood."

J. A. OATES, JR.

SHALL THEY VOTE?

For a long time I have read with interest articles published in the different magazines of our country, both for and against woman suffrage, and as this question is one in which we are all interested, I think it would be wise for us to consider it well, for I believe the time is coming when our fair, cultivated, refined, intelligent women will demand this privilege which they ought to have.

Go to the polls on election day, and every two minutes a large thick-lipped negro, who scarcely knows his name, and who knows not for whom or for what he is voting, puts in his vote and walks away contented, while the sweet, pure, educated and intelligent women of our land have to stay at home and be ruled by ignorant blacks.

It is said that women do not ask to be allowed to vote. Women are tim-

id by nature, and they know that if they were to ask to be allowed to vote they would be stamped as "fast." Now, the fact that they don't ask for the privilege of voting is no reason why they should be denied their rights. The negroes before the war did not ask to vote, because they were afraid, but they inwardly prayed that they might be allowed suffrage, and so it is with our women. They are praying secretly in their chambers that they may be allowed the exercise of their God-given rights. Some of you know, perhaps by experience, that woman's *no* proverbially means *yes*.

She knows more concerning the vast interests of the home than a man; yes, she even knows more about man than man himself does, and knowing these things better than the opposite sex, she would cast a vote

for the man who would look after the homes of our land and not for him who cares for nought save the almighty dollar.

What harm will it do to allow women to vote? They who are opposed to it say that it will corrupt her. It will not, because she may have a separate voting place, and even if the sexes voted together a man and his wife could go side by side to the ballot box, both cast a pure ballot and go away (instead of having their characters tarnished,) with a reputation as pure and spotless as the driven snow.

Women go to public speakings and are never insulted; but if they should be hundreds of strong arms would rise up and the mean, base offender would be severely punished for his barbarous act.

Again, who are disfranchised? Is it the gamblers, murderers, drunkards, thieves and criminals of all classes? No: but the refined, intelligent, cultured women of our land, who never knew a harsher word than the sweet and tender voice of a lover, or the noise of a prattling babe, and who never committed a graver sin than that of refusing the hand of a foolish dude who has spent his life and fortune in trying to cultivate a waxed moustache.

And another thing: men drunk with "bottled lightning," not knowing on which end they are standing, stagger up to the ballot box and vote for something they know nothing whatever of, while the modest, temperate, hard-working women of our country are denied a privilege which the constitution gives them.

Women are in some respects better

qualified to cast an intelligent vote than men, though at present they may not be generally so well educated, and if they are allowed to vote it will increase their intelligence; they will learn more of this cruel world and its ways. When a man gets married he ought to want a wife who knows something about politics as well as how to do up bangs and spend money, and while he runs for an office he will want a wife who keeps up with what is going on and one who can advise him in matters pertaining to his office. Now, in order to get our women well informed concerning the affairs of our government we will be compelled to allow them the privilege of voting.

Again, who are the men mainly opposed to this measure? It is the saloon keepers and well may they fear and tremble at woman suffrage for they are in deadly opposition to the liquor traffic. Women would cast a pure vote and men would be influenced to do the same. Those of the masculine gender, under such influence, would also organize temperance societies, the women would aid, and in a few years the whole world awakening from its reverie would cry: "Down, down with the saloons," and soon every vestige of this cursed trade would be blotted out of existence.

Until 1840 voting in England was very demoralizing. Bribery was practised to an alarming extent. Why is it so pure now? Why do we not hear of corruption at present. Why, because in that year they allowed women to vote. They have been voting ever since, and if it has proved a blessing

to that people there is no reason why it will not prove one to us, for we are of the same race. It has worked well for 14 years in Wyoming. People who have seen the effect of it say that it is a good thing. Indeed there is no reason why women who pay taxes should not vote as well as men who never pay any.

Every man who runs for an office is more or less connected with parties and political intrigue; corrupt whiskey rings and the bribery of free men. Women, on account of their purity, would have nothing whatever to do with such things. They would thereby counterbalance these evil tendencies, purify our politics, and cause men to vote for the man of merit rather than for the person who gives him a drink or pays him fifty cents.

And again there is not one intelligent man in all this land who does not despise the name of war. However much the men may hate it, there is not a maid in our land who does not hate it more than her father or brother. Allow women to vote and when the question of war comes up it will be decided in the negative. We will be free from wars and rumors of wars. The over taxed people of Eu-

rope will cease to flee from their native lands to this country; it will decrease immigration and thus destroy the greatest peril of our country. And women, knowing that "war will endless war still breed," will instill their peaceful ways into the hearts of men, who will in turn seek to obtain their rights by other means than by a resort to the bayonet.

When the water supply gave out in the West, and thousands of people with parched lips were crying for something to quench their thirst, women rushed to their rescue and saved them once and again. And later on when the outside world was awakened from its feastings and then convulsed in tears on account of the groans and moans of the famishing thousands of Dakota, our noble women contributed, some of them, the last cent they had and ran the risk of starving themselves for the comfort of the people of that State. And now nearly all men would turn a deaf ear to their claims and refuse to give our fair kind-hearted matrons and maidens the rights that are not denied to the blackest, most ignorant Negro Africa ever produced.

JAMES M. PARROTT.

THE WORK OF THE EDUCATION BOARD.

One of the primary objects of our convention is "to educate young men called of God to the work of the ministry and approved by the churches to which they belong."

To promote this object the Board of Education was established. It is its plan and purpose "to assist promising and indigent young ministers" in their effort to prepare themselves for the more efficient preaching of the Gospel. It does not give its aid indiscriminately. It does not aid *all* the young ministers who come to college nor is it in any way responsible for the conduct and character of all.

Each applicant for aid is required :

1. To present to the Board a license or certificate showing that he is approved by his church.
2. To relate his Christian experience and to give his reason for thinking that he is called of God to the work of the ministry.
3. To give his views of the doctrines of the Bible.
4. To pursue the course of study ordered by the Board, to remain at College as long as the Board may desire, and to enter into no engagement which will conflict with the foregoing obligations.
5. To obligate himself to refund in case he abandons the ministry all amounts expended in educating him.

Further, the Secretary of the Board, when a young man makes application for aid, writes to parties who know him well with a view to learning as much as possible about his character

and capacity. The mere fact that a young man has decided to preach is not enough. The Board tries to confine its aid to men who are already in the ministry; who have shown some fitness for the work; who have brains in their heads and the grace of God in their hearts. Extreme care and caution are used.

There are at present about sixty young men at Wake Forest preparing for the ministry. Thirty-five of these are receiving aid from the Board. It is not fair to put the blame and burden of the mistakes and indiscretions of all ministerial students on the Board. It is the desire and determination of the Board to help no unworthy man *and to retain no beneficiary longer than he carries the confidence of his fellow students.* We would like to keep this fact before the students and the Baptists throughout the State.

As a class young ministers stand as high in their studies as any students in College. The records of the keeper of the rolls show this. As speakers they compare favorably with any other class of students. In the recent elocution contest five out of the fourteen chosen competitors were beneficiaries. Of the six representatives for the next anniversary two are beneficiaries. Twenty-five of them are boarding themselves in clubs that their expenses may be as light as possible on the Board.

Most of them spend their vacations in revival meetings for which they receive very little compensation.

We think the Board of Education is commended by the results of its work in the past.

The growth and spread of Baptist principles in the State; the wonderful increase in the membership of the Baptist denomination; its great progress and power are in no small measure due to the lives and labors of men who have been aided by the Board. And Wake Forest College owes much to these preachers. No small part of its endowment was given by the poorly paid preachers who, under the promptings of gratitude, have returned to the college a part or all of the money received by them while here. We believe that four-fifths of our beneficiaries give back to

the College in dollars and cents more money than they receive. At the recent session of our Convention several hundred dollars of the amount raised were given by this class of men.

The wisdom of our beneficiary system has been clearly demonstrated. Its fruits may be seen in our progress and power as a denomination. Money given to the poor but pious and consecrated preacher in his efforts to fit himself for his divinely appointed work is not in the highest sense a gift to him as an individual; it is a contribution to the forces that uplift humanity, promote the interests of morality and advance the cause of religion.

J. B. CARLYLE.

PROPHETS AND THE SONS OF PROPHETS.

In the November issue of this journal appears an article under the above heading, the writer of which has overstepped the bounds of propriety and made assertions which are incorrect. It is not the purpose of this criticism to review the whole ground of his article, but to refer only to what he has said concerning the "sons of ministers," the class to which the writer happens to belong. But a few passing remarks.

There are young men here who are enabled to remain at college *only through the most strenuous efforts* and who *stand high in their classes*, but more may be said of them: they attract the admiration and confidence of

their fellow-students, and the utmost respect of all. This fact is not underestimated by the friends of the college, for in these young men is much hope.

As to the difference in the appearance of students on the campus, there may be some other reason than the mere difference in the cost of their clothes. It is often due to the manner in which they wear them. Some young men understand the use of a good whisk broom, a shoe-brush and a little blacking, buttons and button-holes, and even a needle and thread when it is necessary.

Now, the author of the article referred to, while it must have been un-

intentional on his part, certainly does injustice to the sons of ministers who attend the college, when he asserts of them, "They are the most worthless of students; they are the most profane, the haughtiest and the most intolerant of poverty of any; they spend more money unnecessarily than any other." But the injustice to them is o greater than to himself; for the facts do not sustain him.

The class of students, however, at which these epithets are hurled needs no defence when their daily course can be observed. The charges need no denial. Is it right that the many should be charged with the follies of the few? The best way to judge of the present is from the past, and here are the facts.

From a catalogue of the Alumni up to, and including, the class of '86, it has been observed that about one in twenty are ministers' sons. Of this number more than half are *ministers of the Gospel*, fifty of the per centage of whom wear the degree of D. D. Among these ministers' sons are T. H. Pritchard, Lewis Shuck, J. D. Hufham, Lansing Burrows, the Dixon brothers, L. R. Mills, and not least, J. H. Mills, *the Friend of Orphans*, and others, the examples of all of whom are worthy of imitation. Four out of ten of the faculty of the college, as given in last catalogue, are ministers' sons. This writer puts no discount upon the sons of other men, but wishes to show that in point of intellect, usefulness, morality, ministers' sons are not inferior.

That many students here are economical with their means is evident. They board in clubs at a cost of from

four to seven dollars per month, and some even board themselves at from two and a half to four dollars, while the regular price for board is nine dollars per month. This class of young men contains a large percentage of ministers' sons, and their course is sufficient to show that they are not profligate of money, intolerent of poverty, or haughty. *Why* ministers' sons receive their tuition free is not within the province of this writer to discuss. It is sufficient for him to know that the Board of Trustees of Wake Forest College is composed of thirty-seven of the wisest men in the denomination.

Again our author says. "If a minister is absolutely unable to pay his son's tuition—but the sons of no such ministers attend college—there might be more apparent reason for giving him his tuition free," &c.

A minister years ago, did much missionary work in this State. He finally assumed the pastoral care of country churches. The amount received from them was insufficient to support and educate his large family. He resorted to teaching as a supplementary means of support. During his teaching he gave away, in tuition, to ministerial students attending his school, twelve hundred dollars. He subscribed to the endowment fund of the college a sum equal to, or perhaps beyond, his means. He died: left almost no estate, and two of his sons are at college to-day paying their own way, tuition excepted, and feeling very grateful that that is given to them.

This much has been said to defend a class, not individuals, and to give the facts about which the writer of the former article was in error.

T. IVEY.

"PROPHETS AND THE SONS OF PROPHETS."—A CORRECTION.

We have just read in the last number of THE STUDENT an editorial, "Prophets and the Sons of Prophets." Owing to our personal friendship for the author, it is with reluctance that we take up our pen to reply, but we would be untrue to ourselves and to a large portion of our fellow-students were we to allow certain statements and insinuations used therein to pass unchallenged. Hence we have a few words to say by way of correction. We leave it to one more worthy than ourselves to speak in defense of the Board of Trustees and the Board of Education, and direct ourselves to some statements which more nearly concern the students. As to the Board referred to, we simply say: "By their fruits ye shall know them."

The writer jocularly uses the terms "pets of fortune" and "lords of the campus" in referring respectively to ministers and sons of ministers. We leave it to one of the "lords" aforesaid to take up the gauntlet in defense of the "sons of the prophets," while we, as one of the "pets," shall try to point out a few of the mistakes in reference to the "prophets."

In the first paragraph we find the following: "The ministerial students receive an amount sufficient to defray the expenses of board, washing and room rent." Afterwards we find this modified by the statement that "some are too honest to be lured by and too independent to take advantage of this tempting temptation." About sixty per cent of the ministe-

rial students receive this aid. Of this number, we suppose that fully seventy per cent. could not be here to-day but for this same assistance. But, "the ministerial student is the special pet of fortune," says the writer. "Needing no money to pay for his tuition, board, room-rent, or washing, he can devote all the money which he makes in the summer, or obtains otherwise, to the purpose of his own ease and comfort, or for the satisfaction of his pride, while his poor school-fellows must use their entire income for the defrayal of necessary expenses." We notice the writer says "he *can* devote." The question is, *does* he? We say he does not. Our writer seems to forget that after board, washing and room-rent are paid, there are other needs for money, besides "ease," "comfort" and "pride." Besides the needs mentioned, there must be fuel, lights, books, incidental, library, and chemistry fees, stationery, travelling and miscellaneous expenses of various kinds, besides clothing. These usually take not only all that a ministerial student can make in the summer, but also so much as to require all that he "obtains otherwise"—often by borrowing. May we not be allowed to suggest that not only is help afforded some of the ministerial students, but there are also two other aid funds from which the students in general may borrow and and thus receive aid during their college course? Both sets of students, ministers and non-ministers, if hon-

est, worthy fellows, find means for obtaining help. All of neither class do, as a matter of fact, obtain it. But of both classes, the number helped is all that can be accommodated.

As to the "financial premium on a call to the ministry," we would say that only a villain or unmitigated scoundrel would claim to be called of God to the ministry in order to take advantage of what help he might get from making such a claim. With such classes we are not dealing.

The fourth paragraph contains a very patent insinuation that the ministerial students do not take the stand in their classes that those "young men who are enabled to remain at college only by the most strenuous efforts" do, meaning we suppose those young men who, besides their innate abilities, have two aid funds to borrow from to pay their way through college. We have the record of the keeper of the college rolls that the young ministers stand as high in their classes as any young men here. This is further shown by the fact that about the two highest averages in Scholarship received here since the war, were both received by ministerial students. We account for this as does an editor, from the fact that they are "enabled to remain at college, only by the most strenuous efforts."

"They are thus enabled to become arrogant, haughty, and supercilious." If the writer here means to express just so much and no more than the words say, that is, that they are "enabled" to become thus, we have no objections to the statement. It may stand for what it is worth. But if he here insinuates that they *do* be-

come thus—which the words might easily be understood to mean—we take square issue, and appeal to the students of every class, the faculty, and the citizens of the Hill, as to whether that is the case.

"The ministerial students as a class wear better clothes than the average college students." The writer here divides the students into ministers and non-ministers and then draws a comparison between them as to matters of dress. We feel sure that some of our dudish sophomores will resent that insult upon the person of our unfortunate editor, and then woe to him! We smile at the comparison. We have in mind now three new ministerial students who occur to us, who are curiosities in their way, one with a beleagured old "seer sucker" and the other two with each a faded old cut-away that had seen their best days long before their owners ever thought of coming to Wake Forest. And then those "shed water" hats! Verily, they have introduced a new era into the checkered life of the gay and festive college student. No longer any necessity of traveling with an umbrella and running the danger of having it stolen—the "shed water" does all that. If you draw a comparison in dress, the advantage is all the other way. We have known of instances, however, where their friends have given clothing to young ministerial students here. Besides that, some few have churches and must of course appear well in the pulpit, and are now wearing for every day what served them a short time back for better occasions. But as a class they stand a poor show. As far as

neatness in dress all may go, whoever they may be. Beyond that point, none at this place do go.

"Some of them (i. e., ministers) seem to think it disgraceful to engage in any manual labor whatever." Then follows the illustration of the ministerial student and his remark about cutting wood. This is mentioned as if it were only one of many and as if it were the way that all the ministers do—none of them cutting their own wood. There are at present fifty-seven ministerial students here. The present writer has taken the pains to canvass this list and has either seen personally or found out about each one. Of this number, all but four, or ninety-three per cent., cut their own wood. Of this four, one is a Senior, whose room mate refuses to help buy an axe, and also refuses to help cut the wood if he buys it. Hence he finds it cheaper, for only one year, to hire his part of the wood cut, about three cords at 40 cents a cord—he paying half—than to buy an axe at a dollar and do all the cutting himself. Of this same four, two others do most of the cutting themselves, but as they both have churches where they preach regularly, requiring part of their time in the preparation of sermons, they sometimes hire a load cut up, as they room together, never paying for it in cash however, but with old clothes, hats, or such articles. That leaves the final one about whom our writer made the statement. When we state that the one referred to rooms in a room with four, using only one fireplace, and that this room uses wood from the same wood-pile with another room of four, and that the other seven

hire their parts cut, finding it cheaper it will readily be seen why the one referred to does not cut his own wood. Besides the "obliging remark" was not meant seriously, but was spoken in jest. The incident escaped his memory until of late he has found himself used as an illustration of how "some" of the ministerial students "seem to think it disgraceful to engage in any manual labor whatever." We are of the opinion that if they engage in manual labor, that proves conclusively that they do not think it disgraceful. As to the student referred to, we would like to state that up to this year—that is, two years previously—he has paid his own way by money earned by himself. This session he has been *partly* helped by the Board of Education, not drawing, however, all the money coming to him. So far from being extravagant, he paid his way here last year, and has to show by his receipts that all his expenses, including over \$20.00 for travelling, did not exceed \$145.00.

As to the statement that the ministerial student "certainly has a much better chance of making money before going to college and during the vacations of his college course than the generality of college students," we have this much to say. Before coming to college, all boys are on a par, one having as good a chance for money-making as another, the brighter boy of course being more successful. After coming to college and during vacations, selling books, teaching, and working on the farm are chances alike to all. Most of the students—ministers and others—do one of these. Necessarily the ministers have the

advantage of the other in the matter of preaching. One man we know who preached twice a day for weeks in succession this last vacation, came back broken down, and has been sick for about two weeks of late. We are not prepared to say that that caused his sickness, but we are firmly of the opinion that if he had rested as he should have done, and come back stronger, that he would not have been taken as he was. Others we know who averaged nearly a sermon a day for the whole summer. Many came back in September as hard worked as they had left in June, having known no such thing as a vacation. We do not think we are far from the truth when we say that every ministerial student at Wake Forest College did work of some kind this past summer. One made over \$200.00, not by preaching, but by curing tobacco—a thing which any other one might have done, who had understood the work.

Surely our writer has made a mistake when he intimates that the young ministers here use their money for the purposes of their own ease and comfort, or for the satisfaction of their pride, or that they are arrogant, haughty, and supercilious, or when he says that they wear better clothes than their fellows, or when he flings it into their faces that some of them seem to think it disgraceful to engage in any manual labor¹ whatever. On the other hand, we have never known such a spirit of self-denial as is per-

vading them now. Two have been boarding themselves, doing their own cooking, such as it was. Of all on the Board, twenty-five, or over seventy per cent, board in clubs at a reduced rate. Of all receiving aid, *not a man* has yet drawn his full amount. Since coming here we have known one noble fellow who in one winter season cut as much as twelve cords of oak wood for a professor. Not only while in college do they try to do their duty, but in the Summer they work as they best can, and with little mercy to themselves, for the cause of others. Let us remember that "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble" are called, but that there are poor boys from the farms whom God has called to a grand work in life. Let us not underestimate that work. Who knows upon what shores of unknown results the waves thus set in motion may some day strike? Who knows but that from their efforts a Calvin may come, a Washington spring, or from among the lowly, some hero step forth to prove his kinship with his Maker? Let us not cry down such men, but forgiving what we see in them faulty—for we are but human—let's extend a helping hand, offer a heart pulsating with honest love, remembering the words of the poet:

"Would you make men trustworthy? Trust them.
Would you make them true? Believe them.
We win by tenderness—we conquer by forgiveness."

JUNIUS W. MILLARD.

EDITORIAL.

A REJOINDER.

In the last issue of the *STUDENT* we had a short editorial in which we pointed out some objections to giving ministerial students too much aid, and wherein we protested against giving any class of students their tuition on account of the circumstances of their birth. Our article was not an attack on the Board of Education; we dealt in generalities; we put in our protest against our ministers becoming more parasitical and less self-reliant.

Prof. Carlyle's article is not written in reply to anything we said, and we shall not consider it as such. The two articles on "Prophets and the Sons of Prophets" are replies to our article, and while we have not space to make an extended rejoinder, we shall say a few words in justice to ourselves.

We pointed out as an objection to the system of giving a minister his board and washing, in addition to his tuition, that it would admit of the possibility of their becoming arrogant, etc. While we did not make that assertion of our ministers, yet we and many students and others fear that a few are so. As to ministers' dressing better, on the average, than other college students, though we are aware that the clothes of a few are a suggestion of great humility, yet, on the whole, we cannot distrust the evidence of our own eyes. About some *seeming* to think it disgraceful to engage in manual labor, we will say that we

did not make that statement before comparing our observations with those of many others. All students have not the same chance of making money while in college. Ministers often have churches which pay them good salaries. In vacation profitable situations are very hard to obtain, but a minister usually makes some money by preaching at this season of the year. Selling books is getting to be such a disreputable business that few will engage in it; in many sections no one but a preacher can make a success of it. In complimenting those ministers who pay their own way at college we did not intend to calumniate others.

Now, about ministers' sons. We spoke of them as a class. We meant to say that many more sons of ministers than other students, in proportion to numbers, are liable to the charges which we made against them. This for those who cannot understand English. Some sons of ministers candidly admit the truth of our statements. Though about one in ten of our students has been a minister's son, yet only one in twenty of our alumni is so—a strong confirmation. Another confirmation is the fact that last year twenty per cent. of the sons of ministers were expelled.

R. L. PASCHAL.

IN THE READING ROOM.

The human mind is capable of the most wonderful cultivation; the power of cultivation is given unto man, hence

his duty to do so. In infancy the mind is a blank, clean sheet, no hand has ever written on it, no finger touched it, there only exists the divine gift of instinct.

Each human being is presented with this book whose leaves are as white as the purest snow, and on this is to be written simply what the individual wills. Man makes his own mind by the proper use of nutritive food. "There is nothing noble in the world but man, there is nothing noble in man but mind."

Reading is the most popular food; proper reading is the proper food; the hard, painstaking study of one book, of one page of that book is worth more than volumes of matter simply *read*. Reading is worthy of nothing; it is only the study of what you read that is nutritive.

The pine-apple is nothing to the eye, 'tis sweet only when tasted. Ruby lips may be a pleasure to the eye, but the deep, true feeling of pleasure is felt only when the electric current is discharged by the union of the osculatory organ.

I strolled into the reading room the other day and fell "a musing and beholding." Numbers were seated in chairs in an indolent, nonchalant manner, not reminding one of "Shakespeare and his friends." They seemed to be overcome by that dull languor, ennui, that comes over one just after a hearty dinner and makes one long for the shades of an eastern palm tree, and, like the wandering Arab, take a refreshing siesta under its cooling boughs. With characteristic indolence we placed ourself in the midst of this congregated mass and

promptly proceeded to deposit ourself on the table, when the sour-visaged despot of that sacred realm promptly proceeded to issue an edict for our removal.

One youthful frequenter of this most pleasant spot of the Hill said the task of standing on his feet long enough to read an article was more than he could bear, and that he often thought that the children of Israel would have been more cruelly punished if they had had to stand in the Wake Forest Reading Rooms on their feet and read, than by being compelled to make brick without straw in Egypt. It has always been a matter of interest to us whether the youths of Athens stood in their reading-rooms and read from the faded leaves of papyrus and parchment, and if they ever grew weary of the lectures of Socrates at the Academy and reported sick and were excused when they ought to have been demerited.* In fact if they had a Faculty, for it is the prevailing opinion that we could dispense with the Faculty entirely.

But I was speaking of the Reading Room. Very little beneficial reading is done; boys fly from paper to paper like the busy bee, but unlike the busy bee they do not gather honey from each and every flower. They dash up to a paper as if they were going to devour it. The *News and Observer* is crowded for three minutes every day, as if it contained some sensational story—or their own names. Read Capt. Ashe's editorials well, and you will gain the most valuable information.

Every young minister ought to read the *Recorder*. It contains great mines

of information as to "where all the brethren are and those who called to see us." The "preacher boys" must always visit the editor and get their names in the paper. Every body should read it to find out how the brethren are at Hopewell, Mt. Zion and Pisgah. Occasionally you will find a long letter to "Dear Bro. B.," from some good sister in Israel, telling of what great things the Lord has done for them in turning men from their wicked ways, that a season of spiritual revival is in progress, that the wicked is forsaking his ways and the ungodly his thoughts. Every young minister should read it. There you will find strains of oratory from contributors found in no other place—such as "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," and "Zion's wails are made to resound with the shouts of new-born souls." Every minister ought to use these phrases in every sermon.

The *Progressive Farmer* should be read, for it will enable you to grow rich; will remedy every defect in the present system of government; teach you when to cut grass, how to bridle trusts and combines, make peas, plant cabbage, &c., and even in that you will hear the praise of friends sung as vehemently as in any other.

Puck has fallen into disfavor. He committed a heinous crime. He cartooned "uncle" DeWitt Talmage on his journey in the Holy Land; and now the kingdom of heaven is become violent that Puck should have laughed at the old brother's folly for baptising in the Jordan as did John the Baptist, though the bed of the river had changed many miles; and for

bringing home a veritable ram's horn used by some wide-mouthed priest of Joshua's troopers around the walls of Jericho. Little did Joshua ever think that he would furnish Mrs. Talmage with a dinner horn to call Mr. Talmage home to dinner.

The *N. Y. Herald* has fallen into disuse. It is read no longer. Base ball is quiet. The men have doffed the "canvass jacket." Poe has quit the field, King talks no more, and McKlung is not "called for" to rush. As the editors would say it is consigned to "innocuous desuetude." It will revive as foot-ball does.

There are other papers that we would like to notice but space forbids. We will reserve them for a more convenient season. There is one especially. The local editor of that paper displays towering genius for flashy head-lines when his friends succeed. To mention the name of Wake Forest he thinks would doom him to eternal damnation, that a special battallion of dark angels would be summoned to convey him across the dark river Styx into the Plutonian darkness beyond. We have no enmity toward him. 'It is our heart's desire and prayer to God that Israel may yet be saved.'

E. W. S.

ITS REPUTATION.

Wake Forest College has a reputation. It is a big reputation. This reputation has already spread over the State, and promises soon to become almost national. Probably the supporters of this college are not aware of it, probably the Board of Trustees have not heard of it, and

possibly the authors of this reputation do not know it, but nevertheless it is a large and growing reputation, known by experience to every conductor, engineer and brakeman on the Raleigh & Gaston R. R., to every one that has passed through here, and to many others by hearsay.

It is a grand thing to know that we can make such a reputation. It is a great era in the annals of education, and will greatly increase the confidence of the Trustees and the Faculty in the course they have pursued.

Yes, gentlemen of the Board of Trustees; yes, gentlemen of the Faculty, it is a grand time, a great point in the history of colleges, in the history of educational institutes, when it becomes possible for such a small body of students to make such a reputation. When the supporters of this college learn the good news, no doubt their contribution to the Endowment will be doubled, and others will be carried away in the blaze of enthusiasm. The Endowment ought, with the aid of this reputation, to be able to reach an immense sum in a few years. Possibly Congress will be influenced to make an appropriation. It would only be the deserved reward of merit.

We are proud to say that no other college in the State has such a reputation; possibly no college in the South. We know no other institution of any kind in the State that at all approaches it, except the State Penitentiary. We do not have to work much to keep this reputation growing. The following are some directions that should be followed. They are intended for those who are

so unfortunate as not to know how to behave at the train so as to make it evident that they have been reared in good society.

It is necessary to be at the depot twenty-five minutes before train time. Talk as loud as possible and quiz every one in order to show the refinement and training of your character. If there are any passengers it is good form to ask them where they are going and what a ticket costs. If they have any trunks it is absolutely indispensable to examine the checks to see if they are paper or brass, then to sit on the trunk to see if it is good solid workmanship. The effect can be heightened by asking what it costs and where he got it.

Above all never let the interest die out.

It displays good taste for every one to be smoking a cigarette or better still a pipe that has a very strong odor. The next thing in order is for the whole crowd to yell out, "Train's coming."

Be sure when it has stopped to crowd up to the steps so as to make it next to impossible for any one to get off. However if a lady succeeds in descending, give your neighbors a shove so as almost to knock her down.

But we forgot to say that as soon as she appears at the door of the coach two or three should yell out, "Where did you get that hat?" or some other equivocally polite greeting.

While this is going on another division of the crowd is attending to the passengers. A dozen or so must necessarily show that they are not city toughs, but have come from the inmost recesses of the country, by

crowding on the platform and staring at anything and everything, and also one or two should walk slowly down the aisle. It is proper for these moreover to be the ugliest present, and each must have on a flannel shirt with a dingy scarf. It is better, if one can afford it, to have tennis shoes, but on no account must he ever have his shoes blacked.

During this time it is necessary for the crowd outside to be kept busy. Each one must parade up and down beside the coaches, stare fixedly and with an idiotic expression at every window, meanwhile keeping up a running fire of loud remarks about the ladies on the train, and if there are not enough ladies he can throw in side remarks about some man's nose, mouth etc. If any one goes on the train to see a friend be sure to yell at him, ask him what he's doing in there, who is she, and other questions which will be suggested by the bearing and politeness of each one. Give a parting yell to the train as it starts off and then go in a noisy mob to the post-office to plague the postmaster as much as possible.

The Faculty used to prohibit students from going to the train without permission, but fortunately they have perceived their mistake and the broad field open to build up a great reputation for the college. They ought to be commended for thus voluntarily giving up their old foggy ideas and recognizing the modern progressive spirit which animates the youth of the present day. It is to be hoped that at some future time the regulations in regard to gambling, profanity, and intoxication will be rescinded.

There are also some who are trying to keep up this reputation on the Hill as well as abroad, that are at every gathering of any kind. All these stamp on the floor in rhythmic time to the tread of the belated comer.

As soon as the audience commences to disperse these rush out, light cigarettes and stand close before the door, modestly staring, in a fixed, gentleman-like way, at every lady that comes out. They also make pleasing allusions to some one's nose and compliment his or her neat appearance. This must be done in a voice loud enough to be heard all over the campus. But this is what might well be called extra or parallel work.

All these should be commended for their industry and the earnest prosecution of that work for which they are so well fitted and which will train them up to be dignified, refined and intelligent gentlemen. It would be nothing but right if the Faculty should present them with a memorial, or something of the kind, in praise of their hearty efforts to promote the welfare of this college, or at least give them a vacation and present them with enough money to take them home.

ROBERT BRUCE WHITE.

AN IGNORANT CRITICISM.

We once observed on a roadside a large and beautiful sign-board which some mischievous boys had defaced with mud. One thing was certain; those boys had soiled their hands as well as the board. There are larger boys who seem to delight in throwing

mud at somebody's *character* or *opinions*; and every time this spirit is exemplified the thought comes swift as light, that *somebody's* hand is *soiled*. The *Christian Cynosure*, in discussing "Gladstone and Bible Cosmogony," says: "Of late, scientists have renewed attacks on the first books of the Bible. It is a cheap way to gain notoriety. * * *. So these scientists are simply denying the declaration that 'all Scripture is given by inspiration.' Mr. Gladstone has lately met these theorists in his usually masterful manner. We think even he concedes too much to the pretentious scientists. * * *. And if the Darwin's and Huxley's were a thousand times more numerous than they are, the objectors would still be a lean and contemptible minority of disorganizers and anarchists." And again, in speaking of the "Assyrian Discoveries," "These inscriptions, though imperfect, human, and traditional, blow to the winds the doctrines of modern science that the world was developed, not created by divine power."

Why use the broad term *scientists*, in criticising those who attack "the first books of the Bible," why the epithet "*pretentious* scientists," and why a "*lean and contemptible minority of disorganizers and anarchists*"? We venture that the writer of this article does not know what Darwin and Huxley wrote about, much less the deep and hidden streams that scientists have sounded. The suicide walks silently the voiceless paths that never tell their secret. The visions that haunt his mind like "frescoed dreams on flickering walls of fire," we have not seen. Behind the outward show

of jollity and life and the eyes' sometimes haggard look, what storms of love and hate rage within—what waves of doubt and fear lash upon the shores that blossom with the love of life, before the will is forced to yield to the wild design, we cannot know. And if we judge we wrong the dead. So he who judges science without the knowledge of science, does it wrong. And he also wrongs himself and the cause he advocates.

There are those who seem to think they are bold and uncompromising in proportion to their reckless statements. Gladstone is truly great, but so are Huxley and Darwin. That theology and science are in conflict at some points, we do not doubt; but that truth and nature are in conflict never, we are equally certain. Science has not found the way to Truth, absolute, complete, and marked it here and there with dogma, but is *only seeking*; and with him who labors in these fields and finds or thinks he finds a truth, we have no quarrel. And it is not an unpardonable sin to say that theology may be wrong in some particulars. Theology is not inspired. It is only a system of interpretation. It must always adapt itself to the wider knowledge of the time as, indeed, it has been doing through the ages. "The True, the Good, the Beautiful are here but relative, but hints of the absolute forever beyond; for man follows a growing ideal." Follow the Bible and it becomes to you, in your own mind's development, a growing ideal. Forms and shadows fade, but the spirit, the deeper meaning, ever new, feeds the growing life.

Follow your own faith through its transitions of doubt to a faith that is stronger and better, as it approximates nearer and nearer to the real divinity, the broader, loftier, holier, tenderer, loving humanity of the living Messiah, and you find the growing ideal nearing the reality of the perfect Unseen. Modern science does not claim that God did not create the world, but only attempts to understand the process of the creation. He created it by a process of development; he is still creating; the process of development continues. Law is but the manifestation of God. God is unchangeable. As He works to-day so he must have worked in some mysterious way in the long, long ago. So the scientist seeks to know God by interpreting known laws, seeks to know *how* he formed the world and developed life, by observing the processes that are still in operation. He reads the history of the past backwards towards the title page to find its author. Through the strangely written facts that Time has half worn out, he plods. He finds the pictures of many ghastly forms that walked the haunted isles of the infant world. Whence the *germs* of life, 'tis true, he has not found. Whether they ebbed and flowed by the silent sea of the long ago for many million voiceless years or sprang forth at a bound like the brave Wattawamat, he does not know. But is it wrong, is it hurtful to religion, does it contradict the Bible, to watch the development of these germs as we now see them, to suppose that God worked by the same changeless law which we now observe, in the creation when the world was young and

light first broke upon the darkness; when life first breathed the happy air and sense first felt sensation and thought first burst the bounds of body? *How* does the Infinite work? is the scientist's question.

Who would not trim his lamp by "the light of the torch which Science carries with a strong and forward beckoning hand?" Would that Jerusalem would quit stoning the prophets and putting guilty words in guileless mouths!

From the ripe yet vigorous age of that eminent man, Mr. Gladstone, we could expect no such narrow statements as those we have quoted above from his would be eulogizer, who says that "it would take a hundred Huxleys to make one Gladstone." May Mr. Gladstone, the great statesman, whose active life drives doubt from the door, and Mr. Huxley, the great thinker and scientist, who feels how little he really knows, both find—

"Sleep after toil and port after stormy sea."

J. L. K.

PREPARATION OF THE TEXT BOOKS.

We used to think it a great misfortune that there are so many text books on the same subject, so that one school uses one, and another a different one. But when we came to teach certain subjects in which only one text book had been made, we changed our opinion. Uniformity of text books would be a good thing, but excellence of text books is a much better thing. When there is only one book, it is generally a very poor one; where there are many, they must be good, or they will not be used.

There are many points that go to make up excellence in a text book. The book which is intrinsically best may not be the best for every teacher. Prejudices, or training, or idiosyncrasies, may prevent his being in full sympathy with the best book, and unless he has such sympathy for the book, his teaching of it will be a failure.

The book must also be suited to the class. Many a time the book which pleases the teacher on a first examination will not be a success in the hands of the pupils. We remember once being greatly interested in the first reading of a book on United States History, and we thought it the very book for our classes. But on actual trial, it was found to be difficult and uninteresting to the student.

Not every one who is thorough master of the subject can make a good text book. We remember some text books prepared by men whose reputation for scholarship is world-wide, which are greatly surpassed in adaptability to class room use by books prepared by men of less note.

The man who makes a successful text book must be able to appreciate the circumstances of students for whom he writes. He must know, either from memory of his own studies or from careful observation of the studies of others, the difficulties met by the student and be prepared to help him over them. Hence the man who has long taught only advanced classes, sometimes fails to make a good text-book for beginners.

Much depends on the manner of presentation of the subject. The style

is a very important matter, and the quality of style of greatest importance is clearness. The student needs to give all his time and energy to the acquisition of the subject matter, without stopping to puzzle over the meaning of a definition or explanation. Some very scholarly text-books, seem to us be defective just at this point. It is hard to understand what the book means.

Much also depends upon the order and arrangement of subjects. In an exhaustive treatise, the order should be logical, and the classification of related subjects should be as complete and clear and striking as possible. But in a book for beginners this logical order must yield to other considerations. For example, in a book for beginners in Greek or Latin, the logical order would be to treat each part of speech separately, and so to reserve the conjugation of the verb to its proper place, and then to give it complete. But experience shows that it is much better to present a part of the verb at the very beginning, while other parts had better be reserved till almost the last of the beginners' book. So in the order and arrangement of other subjects.

Finally, the mechanical make up of a book is no small matter for the student. A fair, open, and attractive page goes far in giving the student interest in his lesson. We remember once to have bought some cheap editions of standard poets, on coarse paper, in small, unattractive type. It was the dearest purchase of books we ever made. A book of poetry ought to be pretty in appearance, as well as contain pretty or sublime sentiment.

So it is much better for the student to have text-books printed on good paper, with open type of good size, and attractively bound. It is hard enough at best to keep our minds on

our books, and we should not add to the difficulty by making them unattractive to the eye.

G. W. G.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

R. L. PASCHAL, EDITOR.

It had been the intention of the editors of the *STUDENT* to publish each month an article on some Southern literary character. In our first issue we gave an article on Edgar Allen Poe, but owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding we failed to obtain one last month for publication. This month we print an article on Henry Grady. Later on, papers on Sidney Lanier, Paul Hamilton Hayne, Father Ryan, Charles Gayarré, John Esten Cooke and others will appear. We believe that a brighter day is dawning for Southern Literature, and we think that the study of those of our own authors who would give lustre to any literary galaxy would be profitable and pleasing, before we turn to greet the rising suns of a more glorious day for Southern Literature.

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We thank our Exchanges for the many kind words of appreciative criticism about our magazine, its contributions and editorials. After reading such kind notices we can go to our work with more cheerful hearts and more ready hands.

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In this month there is held at Asheville an Interstate Immigration Con-

vention of the Southern States, and it is probable that all of the Southern States will be represented. By some this is considered as an important step toward the future progress of our land. Outside of a few big speeches and a fluent expression of good-will and other things of like nature we do not expect very much good to result from it. We all like to see our States creditably represented by nice exhibits at expositions, etc., and this Convention might take some steps or recommend some means of having our states exhibited in no mean manner before the eyes of the world. But as for this "immigration," it is becoming rather tiring to most people to hear so much talk about it. We have had a surfeit of such stuff a long time. As for us, we do not care for any increase of our population by any immigration unless we are sure that such an accession would be the means of increasing the happiness of those already here. Much foreign immigration would never do that, and we are not sure that all domestic immigration would. A certain class of decent, honest, God-fearing men will always be welcome, but we do not want the scum of other states, and

such is the general character of our people that the wicked and designing do not find it a very congenial place for them. We would rather see our state become gradually more densely populated by natural increase of our present peace-loving, law-abiding population than to see it invaded by a foreign host, the result of whose intermingling with us no one can foresee. And, like Bill Arp, we want our neighbors near enough to hear our dinner-horn blow, but not close enough to hear our family quarrels.

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The Indians of the West are causing serious alarm to the war authorities. A large part of the standing army has been ordered to the vicinity of the reservations for the purpose of overawing the red warriors, and preventing any outrages which they may be disposed to make on the settlements. The Indians claim that some months ago a Messiah appeared to some tribes and promised the restoration of our entire country to them and a return to their former state of glory. The world will turn over and spill out all the pale faces when the warriors will quietly resume their possession. Many wonderful miracles are told of this wonderful Messiah. Comrades are seen who have been dead many years. They are now holding dances, weird and wonderful ghost dances, a new dance introduced by their Messiah, and, though it is said that he is of a peaceful nature, they are liable to break out in open hostilities at any time. Our present Indian population is 250,000 and they, though greatly scattered, occupy in all 182,250 square

miles, an aggregate out of which over three North Carolinas could be carved.

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Congress convened on Monday, Dec. 1. The message of the President is unusually long; he still advocates the principles his party set forth as Republicanism in the last campaign—the McKinley Bill, the Lodge Bill, etc. We hope Congress will go to work and do as much good as possible in this short session, though perhaps the less they do the better it will be for the country.

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The New York *World* has been sold for \$3,500,000 to George W. Childs and another party. It is probable that in political tone it will become Republican. Later advices state that this rumor is false.

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THE BAPTIST STATE CONVENTION.
—We did not tire of the ever-varying views from the car window. The trees were beautiful. The spreading forests were more like some vast and ever-widening flower-garden, as marshalled flags of red and gold floated over hill and vale with

“Billowy verdures rippling slow
As the long, languid underflow
Of some star-tranced, voluptuous Southern
ocean.”

Nature in her sweetest mood robbed us of the pessimism of the cloistered study, and with Whittier we could say:

“O painter of the fields and flowers,
We own thy wise design
Whereby these humble hands of ours
May share the work of thine,”

The location of the convention was

beautiful, pleasant, delightful; the entertainment superb, the speeches excellent, the work active and aggressive, and the girls just too pretty for anything. We did not know that we could be so proud of the Baptists of North Carolina. Among the ablest speeches was that of Dr. Taylor for the endowment of Wake Forest College. He was unwell, but as we listened to the yearnings of his heart struggling for expression, we felt, and we do not believe our feelings deceived us, that he was the greatest man on the floor of the Convention—in judgment seldom erring, in thought profound, in religion devoted and sincere, in financial and executive ability far-sighted, and in every way deserving the confidence of all the people. With such a man as our servant and our leader, can we not come to his aid, every one of us, and

lift the burden from his heart? In this, the most hopeful and promising, and therefore the most responsible period in the history of the College, let us have at once, if possible, and by all means by the first of March, the \$50,000, and then the young men with all the gallantry of the Old South and energy of the New, shall endow and equip the Baptist Female University.

When we left we were handed a box of refreshments which contained enough of the most savory things that woman's hand was ever taught to make, to satisfy the appetites of a dozen hungry preachers, and at dinner time while good humor passed merrily around, it was given up that the editor of THE STUDENT stayed at the best place in Shelby.

J. L. K.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

J. L. KESLER, EDITOR.

Oh, a wonderful stream is the River Time,
 As it flows through the realm of Tears,
 With its faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
 And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
 As it blends with the ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow!
 And the summers like buds between;
 And the year in the sheaf—so they come and go
 On the River's breast with its ebb and flow,
 As they glide in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical Isle up the River Time,
 Where the softest of airs are playing;
 There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
 And a voice as sweet as the vesper chime,
 And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this Isle is the Long Ago,
 And we bury our treasures there;
 There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
 They are heaps of dust, but we loved them so!
 There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
 And a part of an infant's prayer;
 There's a harp unswept and a lute without strings,
 There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
 And the garments she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fiery shore
 By the mirage is lifted in air;
 And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
 Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
 When the wind down the River is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye be the blessed Isle
 All the day of our life till night,
 And when evening comes with its beautiful smile,
 And our eyes are closing in slumber awhile,
 May that "GREENWOOD" of soul be in sight.

This little poem by Benj. F. Taylor presents a beautiful picture with just a touch of sadness. To each, no doubt, these lines will present a *different* picture; for reading poetry is much like facing a mirror,—the mirror is unchanged, but the image reflected corresponds to the figure before it. So, in reading, sometimes, we miss the picture or the passion of the poet, but see instead our own image, our own mind's reflection. Benj. F. Taylor was editor for a long time of the

Chicago *Evening Journal*, is the author of a number of books, and while he is remembered on account of his prose writings rather than poetry, still in his "Sheaves of Rhyme," published some years ago, there are touches that suggest a possible genius. Let us clip a few other lines:—

"Like a foundling in slumber, the summer-day lay
 On the crimsoning threshold of evn,
 And we thought that the glow through the azure-arched way
 Was a glimpse of the coming of Heaven.
 There together we sat by the beautiful stream—
 We had nothing to do but to love and to dream
 In the days that have gone on before.

* * * * *

Oh, how sweetly she spoke, ere she uttered a word,
 With that blush, partly hers, partly even's;
 And a tone like the dream of a song we once heard,
 As she whispered: 'This way is not heaven's;
 For the river that runs by the realm of the blest
 Has no song on its ripple, no star on its breast;
 Oh! *that* river is nothing like this;
 For it glides on in shadow, beyond the world's west,
 Till it breaks into beauty and bliss.'

I am lingering still, but I linger alone,
 On the banks of the beautiful river;
 'Tis the twin of that day, but the wave where it shone
 Bears the willow-tree's shadow forever."

The *Independent*, of Oct. 30, has somewhat to say of Alfred Austin and his new book, "English Lyrics." The review begins: "Alfred Austin's poetry is genuine song and genuinely English; it suggests the fecundity of English nature and the masculine force of English life. The present volume opens with a bit of delightful optimism:

"My manhood keeps the dew of youth,
 And what I have I give;
 Being right glad that I was born
 And thankful that I live."

We respond to that sentiment, &c." So do *we* respond to that *sentiment*. But it strikes us as commonplace. It

reveals no trace of creative imagination, invention, or excellent beauty. We shall have to change our idea of poetry before we can call this 'genuine song.' The other quotations, while exhibiting a spirit of patriotism, show very little of the poet's *art*, less of his fancy, and almost nothing at all of his passion. The following is by far the best that was quoted:

"Along the trenches of the deep,
Unflinching faces shine,
And Britain's stalwart sailors keep
The bastions of the brine."

Ocean itself from strand to strand
Our citadel shall be;
And, though the world together band
Not all the legions of the land
Shall ever wrest from England's hand
The sceptre of the sea."

Mr. Austin has been mentioned as a possible successor of Tennyson as Poet Laureate. But while Tennyson himself has nominated Lord Lytton, and they tell us that Swinburne is practically out of the race for moral and political reasons, yet it seems to us that Swinburne is the only poet in England who can adorn and add lustre to the crown which has been worn so long and so gracefully by the hermit of the Isle of Wight. If Browning is the most original and vigorous of the Victorian poets, and Tennyson the greatest artist, Swinburne possesses higher dramatic power and more of the poet's passion. Lacking the polish and art of Tennyson, the harshness of Browning, with a melody and cadence all his own—"like nothing modern, but recalling the cadences, fire and action of England's great dramatic period," he brings his verses,

"Full of the sunset, and sad, if at all, with the fulness of joy."

As a wind sets in with the autumn that blows from the region of stories—
Blows with a perfume of songs and of memories, beloved from a boy "

"Souls are built as temples are--
Every little helps the much;
Every careful, careless touch
Adds a charm or leaves a scar "

Rev. James A. Weston, of Hickory, N. C., has been in Philadelphia for sometime superintending the publication of his new book, "Historical Doubts as to the Execution of Marshal Ney." Mr. Weston has been at work on this book for several years and from what we have heard, we presume that he devotes the first part of the book to proving that Marshal Ney was not executed, and in the last part identifies him with P. S. Ney, who taught school for a long time in Western North Carolina. Whether he makes out his case or not, P. S. Ney will be regarded by all who knew anything of his character, his habits, or cast of mind, as one of the most remarkable men who ever lived in the State. Choosing an humble place, but wielding there an almost boundless influence, he left the impress of his genius and his strong individuality upon every one who met him, but especially upon his pupils who, to this day, almost worship his memory. He was a man brilliant in conversation when he conversed at all, polite as a Frenchman, but he captured you simply by his presence; you felt that he was great before a word was spoken. He spoke French fluently, and there can be no doubt that he was in the campaigns of Napoleon. He often spoke of the officers in terms of praise or censure, but of Marshal Ney he was silent, except once when he was asked for his opinion, when he simply

said, 'We'll let him await the verdict of history.' About P. S. Ney we shall have more to say sometime in the future. Mr. Weston's book will be sold by subscription. The price is \$3 and \$5, according to binding.

The following lines from Cardinal Newman's 'A Voice from Afar' comes to us with peculiar sweetness:

"Weep not for me:
Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom
The stream of love that circles home,
Light hearts and free!
Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty sends,
Nor miss my face, dear friends!

I still am near;
Watching the smiles I prized on earth;
Your converse mild, your pleasant mirth.
Now too, I hear
Of whispered sounds the tale complete,
Low prayers and music sweet."

The *Seminary Magazine*, published monthly at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky., is now in its third volume. We think every minister, especially, should take it to keep in touch with the Seminary. In the November number there are contributions on Elective Grace, by Rev. Geo. A. Lofton, D. D., Pictures, by Prof. T. M. Hawes, Two Horners, by Rev. E. C. Dargan, D. D., Lessons from the Life of Noah, by T. T. Martin, The Preacher's Tongue, by Dr. Broadus, From Leipzig to London in Twenty Minutes, by Rev. J. O'B. Lowry, D. D., From Judaism to Christianity, an interesting account of the early life and conversion of Sigmund Ragowsky, a Jewish Rabbi, who is now a Baptist preacher and at the Seminary. This will be continued in next number. The price of the *Magazine* is one dollar per year. Write to M. L. Kesler, business manager.

The Russian poet, Alexei Platsch-schejew (don't ask us how to pronounce it), who was celebrated with great pomp a few years ago at St. Petersburg, has suddenly become a millionaire. He was condemned to death for conspiracy in 1849; the sentence was moderated by the Czar to deprivation of rights as noble, was restored by Alexander II. for bravery in the Caucasus in 1856, and now the death of a kinsman leaves him a millionaire.

Madison J. Cawein, of Louisville, Ky., is but twenty-five years old, spends twelve hours a day in a counting room, and yet "seizing one hour in the morning," says the *Current Literature*, "to express what is in his heart; he has already made a name in American letters."

Jerome K. Jerome is called the idol of the hour, yet once he could scarcely find a publisher. He was told that his writing was but rubbish. "Hosannah" and "crucify him" in the world of letters as well as in religion are fearfully close together, but fortunately the order is reversed and "hosannah" comes last in the case of Mr. Jerome. He is called "The English Mark Twain."

Prof. John H. Hewitt, who died recently in Baltimore, was once Poe's rival in the contest for the prizes offered for the best prose tale and best poem. Poe won the prize for the best prose tale with "A Manuscript Found in a Bottle," and Hewitt the prize for the best poem with "The Song of the Wind."

IN THE COLLEGE WORLD.

E. W. SIKES, EDITOR.

The whole of Europe has not so many colleges as the State of Ohio.

Harvard was founded in 1648, Yale in 1701, Columbia in 1739, Princeton in 1746, and Dartmouth in 1760.

Before a student can obtain his degree at Johns Hopkins he must stand an examination on gymnastics.

Yale's new gymnasium cost \$100,000. The cost of athletics at Harvard last year averaged \$25.00 for each student.

The finest college building in America is at Syracuse University. The cost was \$700,000, and all donated by one man.

The University of Michigan has the largest attendance of any institution in America. There have already registered nearly 2,500.

The German Universities' "newish" are called foxes. There is no doubt a dearth of fowls in the communities around them.

In Germany a student's matriculation card admits him at half price to all theatres, and takes him free to all art galleries, and shields him from arrest.

The Methodists propose to erect a National University in Washington City. The site has already been selected, and it is intended to raise \$2,000,000 endowment.

Bates College, Me., suspended the class of '92 for performing the forbid-

den ceremonies of the "Burial of Analytics." The young ladies of the class—be it said to their praise—went into voluntary suspension till general pardon was granted.

The President of Williams College is a very practical prohibitionist. Recently the town of Williamston granted license for two bar-rooms, but when the time came for them to open, none opened, for the President had bought the two licenses.

Yale students are supplied with 1,200,000 cigarettes every month by one firm in New Haven. The use of tobacco in any form is forbidden by the University of San Jose, Cal.; applicants who use it are denied admission. At Harvard for fifty years no smoker has graduated with first honor.

A student of Missouri University having been informed that asbestos was indestructible by fire wanted to be buried in a sheet of it.

Out of 38,054 alumni from 58 colleges and universities since 1825, 9 per cent. became physicians, 10 per cent. lawyers, and 21 per cent. ministers.

The colleges of Ohio are contemplating organizing a Inter-Collegiate Press Association.—*Ex.*

We heartily concur in this. We wish the editors of the college journals in North Carolina could assemble together and discuss that vexed

problem and still unsettled one of what is the function of a college magazine. We feel a hesitancy in criticising a magazine, because there is no standard by which to be guided.

Harvard places the crimson colored banner o'er the blue of Yale by a score of 12 to 6. Yale seems to be losing her prestige in foot ball circles. For years she was the champion, but last year Princeton succeeded in depriving her of her laurels. The game on the 22nd was a very stubborn game. Yale fought hard but all in vain. This is the first time that Harvard has made much of a show in the "canvas jacket" compared with the other colléges. Athletics at Harvard have been somewhat declining for years, but with this victory new life will be brought and she will be heard from again. Princeton and Harvard cannot agree on terms, as Princeton persistently refuses to play only on her own grounds.

Foot Ball ought to be revived. Athletics must become a part of the curriculum of a progressive institution. Wake Forest pretends to be progressive. Foot Ball is distinctly a College game. The live institutions of the land prove it. The University of North Carolina and Wake Forest forbid their teams to leave the college to play ball. We have received challenges to play at University of Virginia, and in Washington City, within the last few days. We have no team, because we are forbidden to play inter-collegiate games. The complaints made against the game were the remonstrances of sentimental philanthropists. The life, the cheer and the

interest that it produced in college affairs are arguments in its favor. We hope that when Trinity goes to Durham the three institutions which will then be so closely situated, will form a league and play on their own grounds.

A chair of social science and political economy has been endowed for Union College. Thos. Armstrong, of Plattsburg, N. Y., gave \$100,000 in valuables ready for that purpose. May the day soon come when Wake Forest College shall have such a chair, with some able man to fill it.

With the hope that it may console some poor mortal, we clip the following from the "Book of Lamentations":

"The class cometh and the class passeth away, but Calculus endureth forever.

"The Geometry bringeth pain, and Analysis greât sorrow, but behold the Caculus destroyeth utterly.

"The Calculus is a letter book, but out of it come the vexations of life.

"The good student laboreth into the 12th hour and the evil student seeketh the beer-shebang and dwelleth in the tents of the wine merchant, and behold they are equally cast into utter darkness.

"Rich raiment rejoiceth the heart, and many sheckels make the face to shine, but the solving of a formula is more to be desired than gold—yea, much fine gold.

"Remember thy professor in the days of thy youth, that thou mayest be solid on Examinations."—*Ex.*

To our exchanges we extend thanks for our many clippings. This department will be prepared mostly by gleanings from others. E. W. S.

In the Class Room.

ALUMNI EDITOR.

THE SCIENCE NOTES of the Alumni Editor of THE STUDENT have made a very interesting department. It is proposed by the present Alumni Editor, with the help of the members of the Faculty in charge of Chairs of Science, to continue these notes, and add to them notes from other departments of class-room work. Frequent contributions are expected from all the members of the Faculty.

The Queen of Spain is said to hear the music of the opera in her own room by telephone.

The smallest insect known is one-ninetieth of an inch long and has a name of six syllables.

Just after the war Harkness' First and Second Latin Books and Harkness' First Greek Book were among the very best books for beginners. But in the years that have passed these books have been rather left behind in the march of improvement. This is especially true in Latin, where more than half a dozen easy books for beginners have successfully competed for public favor. But Prof. Harkness, not to be outdone, again enters the field with a new book, "An Easy Method for Beginners in Latin." It seems to have the right name. No book can enable the student to gain a knowledge of the first principles of Latin without faithful and patient study. But this book seems to do as much as any book can do to smooth the rough places and to enable the be-

ginner gradually and surely to master the difficulties. The method is for the most part inductive. The first lesson presents the third person singular of the present tense of three verbs of the First Conjugation, and the nominative and accusative singular of nouns of the First Declension. With these numerous sentences are made, of Latin to be turned into English, and English into Latin. The second lesson adds the plurals of these three forms, with sentences. Thus the work is presented gradually, and the student can have no excuse but laziness or inattention for not learning Latin. A unique feature of the book is the large number of fine cuts, illustrating Roman manners and customs. We have not space to mention several other striking features. The book is published by the American Book Company.

CAN CONSUMPTION BE CURED?
Dr. Koch, the German physician, who has been trying for years to find a remedy for this dread disease, claims that he has, in a measure, succeeded. He does not claim that his treatment will restore the lungs, already wasted away by the disease, but that if the remedy is applied in time it will arrest the wasting of the lungs and effectually cure the disease in its early stages. The remedy is described as "inoculation with an attenuated tubercular bacillus." The details have not yet been published, but some marked

cures are said to have been wrought. Whether they are permanent cures time must determine, as the trials cover a period of only six months. Many physicians and other scientific men are going over to make investigations. One by one human ills are overcome by human skill.

Students of Cicero will be glad to learn that a new edition of *CICERO'S SELECT LETTERS* has just been published by Eldredge and Bro., of Philadelphia, edited by Dr. A. P. Montague, Professor of Latin in Columbian University, Washington, D. C. Out of the great mass of available material, he has selected 51 of the most interesting letters, prefaced them by a very interesting and instructive Introduction, adding just such notes as the student needs. The great difficulty to the student in reading Cicero's Letters arises from his ignorance of their historic setting. This Dr. Montague supplies, giving the historical circumstances under which each letter was written, explaining the historical allusions, and prefixed to the notes on each letter, he gives a brief "Argument" of the thought of the letter. It need not detract from the value of the book to know that the editor is of good old Virginia Baptist stock, be-

ing a grandson of the elder Andrew Broaddus of blessed memory.

The mechanical execution of the book is up to the high standard of the Chase & Stuart series of Latin Texts, of which it forms a part. We are glad to see such books, and glad to see our Southern Baptist teachers joining in the work of preparing text books.

FROST'S GREEK PRIMER is the little hand-book used with the Sub-Junior Greek class. While not put up strictly on the inductive plan it draws largely on that method, and, as it seems, with decided gain. The other points that may be mentioned in its favor are its select vocabulary, its rational use of the grammar, its improved order of development, and its copious and varied exercises. It may at first put more work on the teacher than the ordinary beginner's book, but, with the supplementary work that should always be done by the teacher, it must prove a livelier book for the student, arousing more enthusiasm and enkindling a more healthful and fruitful spirit of enquiry.

Already the class are beginning to read easy Greek in connected discourse, and in a shorter time than is usually required will be able to take up the Anabasis. W. B. R.

AMONG EXCHANGES.

E. W. SIKES, EDITOR.

The *University Carolinian* is a very neatly prepared journal. The contents are mostly of a college nature. While we heartily admit that that is one of the chief functions of a college magazine, still we believe that the literary should predominate. We read all the articles with a *critical* mind, but could not find it in our heart to speak only in praise. The article on the study of English Literature pleased us highly. In every institution English literature should have a prominent place. Very little, outside of the mental training, does a student get from the original classics. There is so much drudgery in "digging out" a translation, that we are worried and in no humor to appreciate the style. Very few students who have taken the entire course in Latin and Greek ever impress us with the fact that they have been in the forum with Cicero, or wandered with blind Homer along Sio's rocky isle.

In the October number there is a short article on "Webster's eloquence in his reply to Hayne. Judging from this article Hayne was completely demolished. The writer praises Webster in choice phrases, but leaves Hayne all alone. In our opinion he was not so overcome as our friend would have it appear.

We are surprised at an article of this kind coming from a state famous for patriotism and steadfastness to her children. Let him who deserves the crown wear it. Honor to whom hon-

or is due. Though others may say that Webster won the palm, let us not help them crow, but guard with jealous eye the memory of our eloquent orators, bequeathed to us by them. Let us not fail when opportunity presents itself to keep their garlands fresh. We have read Hayne's reply to Webster and find in it the true fire and spark. The man who made that reply is still worthy to have his name by the side of the great Webster.

In *The Vanderbilt Observer* we find many articles of real worth. The *Popularity of Foreign Languages* contains much thought and shows evidence of a familiarity with the literature of France and Germany. The contributions are unusually interesting for a college journal. There is no "gush." We find less sophomoric eloquence and a purer style of English than in most of our magazines.

We sympathize with the author of "A Day with the Census Takers." Stonewall Jackson receives a glowing tribute from one of his admirers. We thank the author for writing on a Southern man. But his conclusions are unwarrantable. His reasoning is *non sequitur*. He thinks that the star of the confederacy went down solely on account of Jackson's lamentable death. Jackson has laurels enough without depriving the other chivalric leaders of theirs. Do not over-praise. The *Observer* comes nearer our idea of a college magazine than any we have seen.

The North Carolina Teacher seems to think "all further efforts of Baptists should be to endow the Female College." Though we heartily agree and pray anxiously for a female college of a high grade, we do not agree with it that no further effort should be made for Wake Forest. If any institution needs more money it is Wake Forest. True, she has been very liberally endowed, but there is room for so much more. A chair of History must by all means be founded, a Biological Laboratory we must have, that department is too crowded. We must bear in mind that Wake Forest College represents the great Baptist denomination of North Carolina: that it is a progressive institution, that year by year its work is widening and its influence for good is incalculable. Every boy will and ought to go where he can receive the most advantageous instruction regardless of denomination. If Wake Forest College fails to offer the inducements of other colleges then we say go to the other colleges. The possibilities that lie before W. F. C. are too grand to say halt.

The University of Virginia Magazine, Richmond Messenger, and Washington and Lee Journal have failed to come to our table yet. Former

editors have spoken so very highly of these periodicals that we anxiously wait their arrival.

The Free Lance is very punctual in its arrival. Judging from the reading matter concerning the wealth of that institution, it ought to have a large magazine. We do not believe that the magazine does justice in appearance to the institution.

The Columbia College Spectator is a medium through which the students give the world the benefit of their muse, jokes and college athletics in general. The last issue bemoans the fact that although their college is the compeer of Princeton, Harvard and Yale, they cannot put a foot-ball team in the field that can do any brilliant work.

The Kentucky Tablet furnishes us with good reading, the contributions being very commendable. It has changed its dress to yellow; and we do not think that it has improved its appearance. A magazine of its high tone deserves a better dress, though we admit that dress does not make the man.

We have a poor opinion of a man who does not subscribe for his college paper.—*Ex*

ALUMNI NOTES.

J. L. KESLER, EDITOR.

A SKETCH OF THE STUDENTS AND EDITORS.—We regret that the beginning of this sketch in our last issue was jumbled into the midst of Alumni Notes, with no sub-head to point it out. This was not our fault. We wrote the sub-head plainly, and directed the sketch to be put last under Alumni Notes. The printer makes us say that the editor who took charge of THE STUDENT in September '82, graduated in '82, and that Mr. Briggs took the place of Mr. Marshall in March, '82, when both dates should be '83.

We have learned since the last issue that Rev. W. B. Pope has moved from Olympia to Great Falls, Montana, a city of 4,000 inhabitants, overlooking the Falls of the Upper Missouri. He is laboring under the American Baptist Home Mission Society.

In September, '84, THE STUDENT appeared with the following editors: Phi.—E. Ward, senior; J. B. Pruitt, associate; H. B. Conrad, business manager. Eu.—A. T. Robertson, senior; W. C. Allen, associate; W. W. Holding, business manager, all of whom graduated in '85.

Mr. Ward has been preaching and teaching at Meridian, Texas. We have not heard from him, but suppose he is still there.

J. B. Pruitt, who was at the Louisville Seminary last year, is preaching at Onancock, Va., and we hear that he is doing well.

H. B. Conrad died a few weeks after graduation.

A. T. Robertson graduated valedictorian of his class, led his classes at the Seminary, and is now assistant Professor of Greek and Homiletics in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. We have just read his inaugural address, delivered October 3d, 1890; on Preaching and Scholarship. It is an able address, pointed and sensible. It is published by the Baptist Book Concern, Louisville, Ky.; 10 cents per single copy, \$6 per 100.

W. C. Allen is Principal of Vine Hill Academy, Scotland Neck, N. C. His school is flourishing, and he is deservedly popular.

W. W. Holding was salutatorian of his class, taught school, was in the life insurance business for a while, but deciding that Wake Forest is the best place in the world to live, he has gone to merchandising in the firm of Holding & Brewer, where you will find him ready to give you a bargain.

In October, '85, the first issue comes out, setting a precedent, which has since been followed, to begin with October and end with July. Editors: Phi.—E. H. McCullers, senior; J. Stewart, associate; E. P. Ellington, business manager. Eu.—O. F. Thompson, senior; R. H. Whitehead, associate; J. E. Vann, business manager, all graduating in '86.

Mr. McCullers is now a practicing physician at Clayton, N. C., where he

has a good practice and very fair success. He is a growing man.

Mr. Stewart is a rising lawyer in Mocksville, N. C. We presume that he has already passed his "seven years famine" since he took unto himself a wife last June. We suppose it is not too late for THE STUDENT to offer its congratulations.

E. P. Ellington preached for some time till his voice failed him, but is now teaching at Madison, Rockingham county, N. C., and has recently so far recovered as to begin preaching again.

O. F. Thompson was teacher for sometime at Forest City, but we hear that "Jumbo" has gone over into Buncombe "to teach the young idea how to shoot." We wish him much success.

R. H. Whitehead studied medicine at the University of Virginia, after graduating here, and is said to have been the finest student that had been there for twenty years. He is now Professor of the Medical School of the University of North Carolina, and practicing physician of Chapel Hill.

J. E. Vann is practicing law in Winton, and is doing good business.

In December, '85, J. W. Watson took the place of Mr. McCullers. He is preaching in Mt. Zion Association. His post office is Rigsbee's Store.

In October, '86, we find the following names as editors: Phi.—J. J. Lane, senior, J. M. Brinson, associate, E. F. Tatum, business manager. Eu.—W. P. Stradley, senior; F. H. Manning, associate; L. R. Pruett, business manager. These all graduated in '87.

Mr. Lane is farming in South Carolina. We almost envy him his lot; for the farmer, of all men can—

"Besilent and safe; silence never betrays you."

Mr. Brinson is practicing law at Colorado Springs. We clip the following from the *News and Observer*: "*The Evening Mail* of Colorado Springs brings us a fine account of an eloquent and patriotic address delivered in Colorado by Mr. J. M. Brinson, who is a Wake Forest man, of the class of 1887. The speech was very highly applauded."

Mr. Tatum is in Shanghai, China, doing his duty, choosing "to be nameless in noble deeds." "We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow." As the loom of life moves on and the shuttles fly briskly to and fro, may the thread never snap till the pattern shall be complete and his life's work shall be finished.

Mr. Stradley is attending the Law School at Nashville, Tennessee. He was a fine student, an eloquent speaker, was valedictorian of his class, and we predict for him a bright future in his chosen profession of the law.

Mr. Manning is teacher in the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Asylum at Colorado Springs. The important position which he occupies speaks well for him as a man of talent and ability.

Mr. Pruett is preaching in the growing town of Mt. Airy. He has won for himself the reputation of being a strong, earnest preacher. He has an important field and a great work before him.

THE STUDENT comes out Oct. '87, with the following editors: Eu.—J. W. Lynch, senior; F. B. Hendren, associate; M. L. Kesler, business

manager. Phi.—G. C. Thompson, senior; D. T. Winston, associate; R. B. Lineberry, business manager, all graduating in '88.

Mr. Lynch attended the Louisville Seminary for a short time after graduation, but left on account of his health, to take charge of a church in Danville, Ky., where he is the idol of his people. He is no ordinary preacher.

Mr. Hendren is teaching school at Dillsboro, Jackson Co., N. C., where the blue dizzy mountains "stretch breathless and far." He has quite a literary cast of mind, and the STUDENT would be glad to welcome a contribution from him.

Mr. Kesler is at the Louisville Theological Seminary and will finish his course this year. The following is clipped from the *Seminary Magazine*. "Hereafter four new letters of the alphabet will be needed to address a communication to brother M. L. Kesler. These letters are Prof., * * *. For the benefit of any who may be skeptical on this point, we will state that he has stepped out from the lower ranks and entered the illustrious professional fraternity. He is in charge of the preparatory department of Greek in the Seminary, and, from all accounts, the students in that department are to be congratulated."

Mr. Thompson was valedictorian of his class, was a drummer for some time after graduation, but is now teaching in Louisburg. He is having good success.

Mr. Winston is Prof. of Mathematics in Baylor University, Texas, with a salary of \$1,600. We heard that he had resigned his position, but we hardly think "Davie" would resign so

lucrative a place unless the boys could not work their math., then may-be he might—have to—work it himself.

Mr. Lineberry is still teaching at Sanford. He is a man of ability, energy and moral worth. He acts upon the principle that "one grand business of life is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand."

M. L. Kesler resigned and was succeeded as business manager in Nov., '87, by J. J. Farris, who is editor of the *High Point Enterprise*. He left college in his Junior year.

In Oct., '88, the following appear as editors: Eu.—H. A. Foushee, senior; S. D. Swaim, associate; H. M. Shaw, business manager. Phi.—C. G. Wells, senior; T. S. Sprinkle, associate; R. E. L. Yates, business manager—the whole staff graduating in '89—Mr. Foushee taking the valedictory and Mr. Yates the salutatory.

Mr. Foushee is teaching in Durham Graded School. He paid us a visit at Senior Speaking; he has many friends here who are always glad to see him. "The measure of one's success is often conditioned and determined by his surroundings," but Mr. Foushee, in our opinion, would succeed anywhere.

Mr. Swaim, who taught in the early fall at Jonesville, N. C., is now teaching near Mt. Nebo. He has been devoting most of his time to preaching; his health is good, and he has a strong influence in that part of the State.

Mr. Shaw has abandoned the law, which he devoted himself to so assiduously the last year he was here at college, and is studying medicine at the University of Va.

Since writing the above we have heard that Mr. Shaw has not gone to the University of Va. as he had intended.

Mr. Wells, who was one of the best editors in the history of THE STUDENT, decided to preach after leaving college, went to the Seminary one year, and is now preaching very acceptably to the people of High Point, N. C.

Mr. Sprinkle, as we all know, after graduating returned to take charge of our Gymnasium. The Gymnasium is not less important than the other departments of college work, so that he occupies a position no less responsible than the other members of the faculty.

Mr. Yates is farming near Raleigh. He is every inch a man. Wake county has no better.

At the beginning of this year Prof. Poteat resigned his position as Alumni Editor, and Prof. Carlyle was elected in his place. Prof. Poteat did more than any other to start THE STUDENT, wrote the first contribution that appeared in its columns, is the most scholarly, the most accurate, the most versatile genius that has been connected with it in any way, (the present editors excepted, of course).

Of Prof. Carlyle's literary attainments and poetic skill the readers of THE STUDENT are well acquainted. He is a natural linguist and is a favorite with the boys who are in his classes.

In October, '89, THE STUDENT makes its appearance with the following editors: Eu.—J. B. Spilman, senior; G. W. Ward, associate; J. H. Nowell, business manager, term of

office to expire with the beginning of Spring Term. Phi.—J. O. Atkinson, senior; J. E. White, associate; S. M. Brinson, business manager during the Spring Term. In February, '90. Prof. C. E. Brewer takes the place of Prof. Carlyle, who resigned his position as Alumni Editor on account of his pressing work as secretary of the Board of Education.

Mr. Spilman is teaching in Raleigh, as was noticed in the October number, and Mr. Ward is teaching very successfully in Elizabeth City. Mr. Nowell is reading law under Maj. J. W. Moore, author of Moore's History of North Carolina. Observe that with this volume of THE STUDENT there is a change from two business managers to one, whose term of office begins with the middle of one session and continues to the middle of the next.

Mr. Atkinson is Professor in Elon College, as we noticed in a former issue, and Mr. White is teaching at Wrendale, Edgecombe county. Mr. J. A. Hollomon takes the place of Mr. Spilman, who resigned in the spring term on account of his health. He has chosen journalism as his profession and is connected with the *Raleigh Intelligencer*. Mr. Brinson is still here, ready to receive your subscription, insert an advertisement for you, or receive your dues on THE STUDENT and return a receipt for the same. This brings us up to the present, and we, the present staff, can only hope *someday* to be worthy to be mentioned along with the men who have preceded us. To recapitulate. Excepting the Alumni editors, who, of course, were professors, of the editors there are sixteen preach-

ers, two of whom are also professors, fourteen teachers in high schools, six professors, five lawyers, five physicians, three farmers, four journalists, one of whom is deceased, three farmers, two foreign missionaries, one merchant, one who died soon after graduation.

'May endless ages cherish your fame
Embalmed in their echoes of song.'

'86. Mr. H. A. Chapell was elected surveyor of Wake county in the last election. He is worthy of the confidence of the people, and worth always wins. "Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

'87. Mr. E. J. Justice, of Rutherfordton, who is a rising lawyer, is to be married Thursday, December 4th, to Miss Lila Davis Cutlar, daughter of the distinguished lawyer, Du Brutz Cutlar, of Wilmington, N. C. THE STUDENT makes its profoundest bow and offers its congratulations. "We wish you all the joy that you can wish."

'87. Prof. Carlyle is to be married to Miss Dora Dunn, of Tennessee, Tuesday, Dec. 23. We are glad that the bachelor Professors are learning

that it is not good to be alone. Miss Dunn is a beautiful and accomplished young lady, and THE STUDENT congratulates Prof. Carlyle.

'89. Mr. F. L. Merritt, who made such a telling speech in the Democratic Convention of Wake county last fall and came very near being nominated for the Legislature on the strength of it, is now teaching at Bayboro, N. C.

'89. Mr. M. L. Rickman is preaching at Stephenville and Corvallis, Montana. *The Recorder* says that these are situated in one of the richest and most beautiful valleys of the State, and that he has not only the confidence of those in his field but of the Baptists of the State.

'90. In our last issue we made a serious mistake in saying that Mr. C. P. Crudup is at home. He is at Louisville clerking in a drug store.

'90. We learn that Mr. J. F. Mitchell is clerking for B. W. Ballard & Co., Franklinton, N. C. He was liked by all while here at school, and we hope he will not take offence at our brief remarks of pleasantry at his expense in the last issue.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

R. B. WHITE, EDITOR.

Turkey!

Where is that Turkey now?

Several boys left the Hill to spend Thanksgiving.

Some brag of the luck they had hunting.

Some have not much to say, but we can see the happy "love-light" shining in their eyes.

But others look as if their "name was Dennis" and they swear they never had a girl.

Still all, except the latter, enjoyed the occasion to the utmost.

Those who remained tell us of the magnificent turkeys that decked the Thanksgiving tables.

The Hill has been enlivened of late by an unusually large number of visitors. Our only regret is that there are too many males.

And still they come, not as visitors but to remain as residents; but we say "let 'em come."

"Why, how are you, George? Bless your sweet soul, I am glad to see you!"

Would it be advisable to change the name of our orchestra to *Tipsy-chorean Serenading Club*.

Tell you what's a fact: we had one great big glorious time Senior Speaking. You bet we did.

We haven't seen so many boys

"dressed in their best suits of clothes" since the Fresh. Immigration.

"There is no place like home," thinks the college boy as Christmas approaches, "except—er—er—that little parlor just across the street.

The most popular song at present should be:

"We'll work till Christmas comes,
And then we'll all go home."

We are indebted to Mr. O. H. Dockery, Jr., for the splendid account of Senior Speaking below.

Foot ball has again been revived, and there are promises of some games in the near future.

Prof. Mills lectured Thursday night Dec. 4th, on the Climate of North Carolina. It was a very interesting and instructive lecture.

Prof. Greene has been on a trip to Fayetteville in the interest of the Endowment Fund. This college must be the foremost in the South.

1st Freshy, (as he watches the foot ball game), "Why don't they kick the ball?"

2nd Freshy (ditto), "Oh, you see they haven't but one ball and they are afraid they will burst it."

We all had the pleasure of seeing Mr. E. E. Hilliard on the hill the 3rd inst. He is editor of the *Scotland Neck Democrat* and is known far and near as a man of ability.

The following appeared on the chapel black board some mornings ago, headed, a Lesson in Ethics. "Why is the board of Trustees like a moral Judgment?" Because it requires a moral faculty.

The account of the Elocution contest was omitted by the printer of last issue and we hope it will not be too late for us to announce that all the performances were creditable to Wake Forest College and that Mr. Irving Hardesty was worthy of the medal he received. The T. S. Club made music for the occasion.

There have been some important changes in the residences on the Hill. It resembled a huge game of "Puss in the Corner." Pastor Gwaltney took Dr. Edwards', Dr. Edwards moved to Mr. Wingate's, Mr. Wingate changed to his old home which has of late been occupied by Mr. W. M. Dickson, and Mr. Dickson takes charge of what has heretofore been called the Riddick house but which will hereafter be known as the Dickson House, Jr. Mr. Riddick moves to his country residence.

Mr. S. W. Brewer and family will also soon move to Raleigh and Mr. R. L. Brewer will take charge of his boarding house. We are all sorry to lose both Mr. Brewer and Mr. Riddick. They have both been on the hill a long time and have won the respect of every one. Our best wishes attend each in whatever enterprise he enters.

In our last it was said that possibly the families of Prof. Lanneau and of Pastor Gwaltney would soon be here.

It was no false prophecy. They are here. We had waited in hopeful expectancy and we were fully rewarded. There are two young ladies in each family that are sweet. Well, to tell the truth, we haven't yet found out exactly, but we know they are *sweet*-six-teen, and there are others who if they have not yet reached the receiving age are still sweet.

An amusing joke was played on one of the boys just before Senior Speaking. For convenience we will call one Big *S* and the other Little *s*. Little *s* had been imploring Big *S*. to send an invitation to some young ladies in Raleigh, and at last Big *S* consented. After due time a letter came from the ladies addressed to both, regretting their inability to attend. But Big *S* got it and to revenge himself on Little *s* successfully imitated the letter but to the effect that said young ladies would come such and such a day.

Little *s* was overjoyed and the auspicious day found him at the depot dressed like McGinty. But no young ladies came, and when the joke was discovered he left on the train to escape the fun.

ADVISERS.—Some weeks ago the faculty adopted a plan which has yielded good results in other institutions. It may be briefly stated as follows: The presiding officer at the beginning of the college term is to assign each student to some member of the faculty who becomes that student's "adviser" in all matters pertaining to his college life and work. Of course any member of the faculty is accessible to any student who seeks

his counsel, the purpose of this new system being simply to make it the duty and business of each professor to serve a certain number of students in this capacity. Each student will be welcomed at the opening of the session by one who is competent to advise him as to the scope and method of his work and to follow him, not as a watchful mentor, but rather as a friend ready to help him in any matter that concerns him.—*W. L. Poteat.*

The Hill had two distinguished visitors December 5th, in Rev. J. L. Black, D. D., and Mr. L. B. Ely from William-Jewel College, Missouri. Dr. Black is the Educational Agent of William-Jewel and Mr. Ely is the Financial Agent. They were shown over the buildings and were much pleased with our arrangements. We hope they will come again whenever possible.

SENIOR SPEAKING.—On Friday evening, November 21st, the students and people of Wake Forest and vicinity assembled in the Memorial Hall to attend Senior Speaking. The weather was very propitious, and quite a large number were present to hear the scared Seniors "spread themselves."

This is an occasion, which though not to be compared with Anniversary, yet coming as it does about the middle of the fall term, is looked forward to with pleasure, and enjoyed by all.

Until last year there were given four Senior Speakings a year, but since the institution of Class Day on Monday night of Commencement, this number has been reduced to two.

The speakers on the occasion to

which we refer were five in number, who entertained the audience about one hour and a half. We will mention them in the order in which they spoke, and give a brief synopsis of each speech.

After a few appropriate remarks Prof. Poteat introduced as the first speaker of the evening Mr. B. W. Spillman, Weldon, N. C., who discussed the *Sub-Treasury Plan*.

He began by speaking of a meeting in St. Louis, on Dec. 16, 1889, in which the farmers of America were sitting in council. This organization was the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union. The speaker in an admirable manner proceeded to show the conditions and necessities which led to the organization of the farmers and laborers—a class of men who have been slow to organize and to assert their rights, and a class to whose petitions a deaf ear has long been turned. They have at last realized the situation and their own condition, and are coming to free themselves from the clutches of monopolists and class legislation. The features, purpose and good of the *Sub-Treasury Plan*—the measure dearest to the hearts of all true alliance men and the motto inscribed upon their banner—were clearly defined and explained.

Had his hearers been honest tillers of the soil, Mr. Spillman's efforts would have received more than passing applause and consideration.

The next speaker was Mr. C. B. Williams, Shiloh, N. C. Subject: *Carolina in the Van.*

This gentleman adopted for his speech a plan quite different from

many we have heard on the same subject. Instead of pitching in, school-boy style, and "spouting out" the glories of the Old North State in a general and indefinite, and we might say very antiquated and worn-out manner, he introduces a group of six characters, a young man, and a lady; an honest, uncouth, but courteous old gentleman, a Confederate soldier, a philanthropist, and a young lawyer. Each one in his own way, sings the praise of Carolina. The youth opens the discourse with manly expressions of pride in having such a state for his home—midway between the frozen regions of the North, and the burning suns of the Tropics. The young lady presents our wonderful natural advantages and resources and praises the beauty and loyalty of our women. The old soldier tells of her glory and victories in war, the philanthropist her greatness in peace. The lawyer names her illustrious sons who have attained eminence in the legislative halls and on the bench. Mr. Williams treated his subject in a novel and agreeable manner.

The third speaker of the occasion was Mr. R. B. White, Apex, N. C. Subject: *Chivalry*.

From this subject one would naturally expect an excellent speech, and in this expectation we can safely say that the audience was not in the least disappointed.

The speaker traced the progress of Chivalry from its beginning away back in the dark ages. He told how at the death of Charlemagne, Feudalism overran Europe. When it seemed that the last lingering rays of personal

liberty had been forever extinguished in the dark and gloomy night of Baronial oppression and tyranny; when all was chaos, confusion and war; when all law had been trampled under foot and "might made right"—then it was that knight-errantry, inspired with the spirit of CHIVALRY, came to the rescue of oppressed humanity. This same spirit, led on by false and fanatical religious zeal, brought on the Crusades and their results. The speaker closed with paying a glowing tribute to the greatest embodiment of modern *Chivalry*—Robert E. Lee and the boys in gray.

At the close of his speech Mr. White was presented with a large *beet*, by which we suppose the donor meant that he *beat*. This was a very ingenious way of paying a high compliment.

The next speaker introduced was Mr. W. O. Howard, Tarboro, N. C. Subject: *Our Southern Ancestors*.

He prefaced by referring to our beautiful God-blessed Southland, so productive of noble men and inspiring of noble deeds. Greeks and Romans may have felt proud of their ancestry, and *civis Romanus* may have been the coveted title of the Ancient World, but to be an American citizen is the proudest name of which one can boast. Our Southern grand-sires seeking freedom came to this favored clime and laid the foundations of a government which by its influence and power was destined to free mankind from despotism. He paid glowing tributes to the hallowed memories of Washington and Jefferson, to the signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, and to our great

Southern statesmen and patriots. He told our glory in battle—how the Southern soldier in the Revolutionary, in 1812, in the Mexican and in our civil war, had proven himself worthy of the most sacred trust.

The last speaker of the evening was Mr. J. L. Kesler, Statesville, N. C., whose theme was, *That Boy*.

He begins by stating that in what he should say he would not attempt to be either profound or original. It may not have been the intention of the speaker, but he gave us a speech which combined these two qualities to a high degree. His was the most philosophical speech of the occasion. He described a lovely home scene—the vine-clad cottage, the beautiful yard filled with flowers, the loving mother, the sober, industrious father; but the life, the light, the joy of that household is the baby boy. He followed the career of this youth from the time when he would run away and go fishing, or chase the rabbits, and chunk the birds, until he passed his boyhood days, and reached the age of manhood and the period of grave responsibility. He illustrated in his life the triumph of thrift, industry, and a purpose in life, over indolence and dreams of greatness; of soberness and integrity over intemperance and rascality. The speaker

showed in language clear and convincing the superiority of a self-made man, and true manly worth, over the special pet of fortune, who depends for greatness upon the deeds of his aristocratic ancestors.

We could by no means do justice to this speech in so brief a sketch. One should have heard it to appreciate it fully.

A report of the last Senior Speaking would be by no means complete, without mentioning in the highest expressions of praise the excellent music which was furnished on the occasion by the *Terpsicorean Serenading Club* of the Hill. We have some musical talent here of which we can justly feel proud, and why pay \$100 for an inferior band next anniversary?

If the superior quality of the music and the unusual number and beauty of the "fair sex" present are to be taken into consideration, last Senior Speaking was the most successful that we have attended. The almost unanimous verdict of all the boys, is that the social gathering in the Society Halls, adorned by the very agreeable presence of several good additions to our social circles, together with the charming "old force," was the most enjoyable we have ever had at Senior Speaking.

THE
WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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VOL. X.]

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[No. 4.

TWILIGHT.

Faint glimmering throws their golden glow
Over the dim-lighted waves of the cloud-painted west;
Now with half-seeming frown, now with sun-tinted gown,
They circling smile and throw kisses awhile,
Till sweet blushing Twilight bares her soft-breathing breast.

The music-laden breeze brings a song from the seas;
The world is half encircled in the fair golden light;
The crimsoning wave takes the gloom from the grave,
While the beauty of the skies and the low happy sighs
Are courting the caresses of the dreamy dawn of night.

Oh, come to my arms, fair angel!—thy charms
Wake the raptures of love and hope's passionate prayer!
May the angels repeat thy hallowed retreat,
Where flow the happy streams that are lighted with the gleams
Of those eyes full of dreams, so entrancingly fair!

* * * * *

Still the winds softly blow their murmurings sweet and low
Over the vanishing waves of my heart's lonely Isle;
And when the sentinels of day fold their tents far away,
In the trees' muffled song evening's spirit-voices throng,
And whispering, "IT IS HEAVEN," light the world with a smile.

Though my pleading is vain, though she will not remain,
 Yet a glimpse of her tresses on the cloud-fringes sleep;
 Now the Gates swing ajar, and here and there is a star,
 The prints of golden feet to that happy retreat
 Where the paths are all peace and none "wearily weep."

J. L. K.

DR. CALVIN JONES.

BY C. E. TAYLOR.

For many years such brief histories of the College as have appeared in catalogues, newspapers and THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, have contained the statement that in August, 1832, a farm of 615 acres was purchased from Dr. Calvin Jones by the Baptist State Convention as a site for their new college. The chairman of the committee that made the purchase was the eminent William Hooper. The choice of the location was made, however, by Elder John Purefoy, the father of Elder James S. Purefoy.

The dwelling-house of Dr. Jones originally stood on the site of the dormitory building. When the latter was erected the dwelling was moved out of the campus. For many years it has been the home of the family of the late Elder W. T. Walters. The College well, the great elm which overshadows it, and the oaks around the dormitory building were among the belongings of the old-fashioned home of a North Carolina country gentleman.

Doctor Montague, who died a few years ago at Wake Forest, knew Dr. Calvin Jones intimately and has often spoken to me about him. He represented him as a man of high character, of large general culture, and of

public spirit. For some years a school for young ladies was conducted at Dr. Jones' home, and an aged lady who was educated there has told the writer that the Episcopal Bishop would make his annual visitation to the school for the purpose of confirmation.

Last July there appeared in *The Evening Democrat*, of Memphis, Tenn., an extended account of the opening of the Bolivar Asylum, and, among other addresses, one from Judge Sneed, of Memphis, in which he refers to the late Calvin Jones, on whose farm the institution was located.

It is a remarkable coincidence that two great public institutions, one in North Carolina and the other in Tennessee, should be located on tracts of land which had been, successively, the homes of the same man.

An extract from Judge Sneed's address, portraying as it does the character of the man whose home was once among the oaks of our campus, is worthy of reproduction here.

"In conclusion, fellow-citizens of Hardeman, allow me to indulge in a reminiscence of the long ago, which you, at least, will appreciate. Fifty years is a long lapse of life to look back upon. But standing here upon

the play ground of my youth, and contemplating the changes that time and progress have wrought, I can but contrast the picture this spot presented fifty years ago with its appearance to-day. That was a long time ago for a man looking so young and having no wrinkles on his heart, to have been in his 'teens.' I am, indeed, older than I seem, but—

"Time has laid his hand
Upon my heart gently—not smiting it—
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp to deaden its vibrations."

"Yonder stood a cottage which was the abiding place of hospitality, charity and all the golden virtues which decorate the higher christian life. It was the home of filial affection and parental tenderness—the common resort of the most elegant and cultured society—a place from which no poor man was ever turned comfortless away; the happy homestead of a happy household. The grand old master of that house has long since passed over the river, and his gentle and loving wife now sleeps by his side. In life, both were loved and honored for all the graces that adorn human character and win human respect and admiration. In death, both are remembered by the rich and the poor as examples of all that was noble, philosophic, gentle and humane. Though long since retired from public employment, and enjoying with ample wealth around him the *otium cum dignitate* of the typical Southern planter, he had, in earlier life, filled high positions among his countrymen—a major-general in the war of 1812, a great journalist

and a physician of pre-eminent ability.

"I was for a long period of my student life an inmate of that cottage and treated as one of the children of the family. A thousand years of life's changes and revolutions could never efface the impressions I then received of the moral and intellectual character of the grand old man. He had been a deep student of science, history and philosophy. His mind was a treasure-house of knowledge, gathered from books, from foreign travel, and from his close fellowship with the great men and statesmen of the country. And yet, with a splendid capacity for the higher achievements of statecraft, he cared not for the tinsel of rank or the prestige of office, but preferred in his late years to tarry beneath his own happy roof tree—to watch the development of his children; to educate them in virtuous principles; to do his duty well as a neighbor, a friend, a philanthropist, and to enjoy through the lengthening shadows of a useful life the sweet companionship of his loving wife. He was what Carlyle would call 'one of those noble, silent men—scattered here and there—silently thinking, silently working, whom no morning newspaper makes mention of—the salt of the whole earth. Blessed and blessed forever is the country where they most abound.' And yet he was my Gamaliel, my oracle, from whom any docile youth could learn 'the wisdom of the wise, the strength that nerves the strong, and the grace that gathers around the noble.'

"In broad philanthropy and char-

ity, in learning and culture, I thought him the greatest man I ever saw, and in Roman virtue, severity of morals and dignity of character, the most august and admirable.

"I particularly remember his tender sympathies for that unfortunate class whose reasons were overthrown and his theories upon the treatment of mental diseases. And now, as I look upon the splendid pile which has taken the place of that happy homestead, and reflect upon the noble and Christly purposes to which it is to-day dedicated, I can but think if that grand old man, with all his tender solicitude for a better and holier treatment of the mind diseased, could revisit the ground on which his happy homestead stood, and see the changes for himself, he would rejoice that things are just as they are. All honor to the memory of Gen. Calvin Jones."

In order to remove any doubt as to whether the General Jones, so eloquently portrayed by the speaker, was identical with the Doctor Jones whose name is connected with the traditions of the Wake Forest neighborhood and with the cradle-days of the college itself, I wrote to Judge Sneed, and received the following courteous reply:

MEMPHIS, TENN., Aug. 24, '90.

Prest. C. E. Taylor,

Wake Forest College:

DEAR SIR: Your note of recent date, addressed to Busilyn, my home post office, near this city, came duly to hand. The "Genl. Jones," to whom allusion was made in my remarks at the dedication of the Asylum at

Bolivar, is the identical "Dr. Calvin Jones" to whom you refer. He was an eminent physician in his earlier years, but we always knew him here as "General Jones." I have often heard him speak of Wake Forest as a former home, but I did not know of the interesting coincidence to which you refer, until your letter advised me thereof. He was in the service of the U. S. in the war of 1812 as Major General of North Carolina troops, and hence the title of "General," which, with most of his friends, seems to have overshadowed the professional title. He was a friend of my grandfather, the late Chief Justice Taylor, at Raleigh, and of my father also, the late Major Junius Sneed, of Salisbury, who (with the late Judge Badger) was one of his aids-de-camp during the British war.

Very truly yours,

JOHN L. T. SNEED.

No fact or incident which pertains in any wise to the history of a great institution is unimportant. We should gather up, while it is still possible, every crumb of reliable information. By so doing we shall give due honor to those who have gone before us and secure the gratitude of those who will follow us. Very much that survives in the memories of only a very few would be of general interest to our contemporaries and of great value to the future annalist. Why should not THE STUDENT seek for and publish such contributions of the older Alumni as would embody their memories of College life from 1834 to 1850?

ROMANISM AND STATE EDUCATION.

"I am fully aware that my subject has been often and ably discussed, but error is hydra-headed and must be met, though the only weapons at hand be old. Truth, though the dust of centuries be upon it, is to me more attractive than the false glitter of mere novelty" and blinded fancy. The history of the world has been one continued scene of conflicts and struggles. The restless, impulsive, yet wicked nature of man has ever led to scenes of blood. Might, not right, has until very recent times been the supreme arbiter in human affairs. After man had spent forty centuries in well nigh fruitless efforts, the Star of Bethlehem shone forth in the midst of this dense darkness, but notwithstanding the fact that the source of human freedom and happiness burst forth in the clear fountain amid Judea's picturesque hills, it was destined to sink from human vision when commingled with the mighty currents of corruption that poured in from either side. At the close of the second century the future looked hopeful, but alas! the "Great Dragon of the Pit" was soon to come forth to destroy the last vestige of Roman and Grecian civilizations, which stood like towering light-houses in the midst of the great sea of time, and for fifteen centuries to hover, like the dark pall of death, over human hope. Catholicism fettered civilization, and as the ages rolled on men slept submissive in their chains of ignorance.

But during all this time human liberty was not dead. Could the mountain fastnesses of Europe speak, they would tell us of other scenes. It was only after the world had become sick with iniquity, that Martin Luther, with a commission from the skies, could sound the bugle-note that awoke the world from the long sleep of the ages. Though he stood like a prophet upon the Mount of Time, still it was only through scenes of blood that liberty, the eternal right of man, should sit upon her rightful throne. The struggle was waged hot and furious throughout all Europe, but it was beyond the seas, where the simple "Children of the Hills" roamed in the solitudes, where the air was not rent with the sighs and groans of the persecuted, and where the elements were not blackened by the fumes of corruption, that the utopian dreams of the past were to be realized. The sounding of the first gun at Bunker's Hill was the prelude that lead to that great Declaration, the sheet-anchor of civilization. For the first time in the history of the world had freedom of speech and freedom of conscience been proclaimed to man. Thus the noble old ship of state, with the noblest crew on deck that ever took chart and compass in hand, was launched upon an untried sea by her noble master-builders who crown the galaxy of human greatness. And although Æolus, with his transverse spear, has struck the mountain cave,

and the furious storms of dissension, external and internal, have dashed her hither and thither, still Neptune-like she has overridden them all and is now apparently sailing smoothly on. Still within all is not well. In addition to all the evils incident to men and nations, Catholicism, the great enemy of freedom of thought and action, like a parasite, is sapping the life-blood from the nation. True, there are some humane qualities in catholicism, but when compared with its evils they sink into utter insignificance. True, they claim reform, but only read the Pope's anathemas hurled against American institutions, and you will learn that his fiat against human freedom, like the laws of the Medes and the Persians, never change; and although an innocent Daniel clad in white raiment stand before him, still he would hurl him into the lion's den to gratify his fiendish desire for temporal power.

One of the greatest achievements of American freedom was the separation of church and State, the union of which is incompatible with republican government. The temporal scepter armed with the power to bind the human heart has been the bane of humanity. And although Romanism has been shorn of its temporal power, from its very nature it is anxiously longing to regain its lost estate. Hence they say America is the only hope of Roman supremacy, and like the hungry lion as he bounds upon his helpless victim of prey, she has beneath her bloody paw ever crushed the buddings of freedom and now is crouched ready to bound upon us at

any unguarded moment. What is the meaning of that 10,000,000 who have landed at Castle Garden, feigning their obedience to American freedom, as they passed the great Statue of American Liberty on Bedlow's Island, upon whose summit the Goddess of Liberty bears aloft the torch of civilization? It means an influx of Catholicism and in the near future Catholic rule. The cesspools of the ignorance of European Catholicism are being emptied out upon us. Still we seem to be oblivious of the fact, and why? Because they now hold us at bay—the balance of power is almost in their hands, and like the ponderous serpent coiled about the human body, they are crushing the very bones of freedom, and still for fear of its deadly fangs we dare not give a single shriek. Ignorance is the great bulwark of their power. Yes, truly does the Pope say, "ignorance is the mother of devotion." The Catholic youth is secluded from Protestant civilization. Threatened with the horrid, devil-conceived anathema of excommunication which, like a great Chinese wall, fences them in and dooms them to walk in the time-worn, blood-stained tracks of their fathers, they are not even missionary ground, save for infidels and malcontents. Even in our own land we find in the Catholic church that same restless, seething element that is the terror of all Europe, ready to hurl the bolt of destruction at our free institutions. To the Roman church, enlightenment means apostasy, hence their bitter opposition to public education. I do not call in question the Catholic's faith,

nor impugn him with improper motives any further than facts will go, but briefly to discuss, in conclusion, the educational phase of Catholicism in America. First, let us lay down a few undeniable truths which are necessary to a true civilization. 1. Separation of church and State; 2. Freedom of thought and action; 3. The free use of the Bible; 4. A government by the people and for the people; 5. The enlightenment of the masses. The pontiff and all his prelates, even his poor benighted subjects, would fight against every one of these principles to the bitter end. The union of Church and State in some sense are as essential to the existence of the Roman church as their separation is to that of a republican government. Freedom of thought and action have never been allowed under any Catholic rule and they are allowed in America; hence their antagonism to our school system. The free use of the Bible, with the Pope, means excommunication, which means the dark region of Hades; hence they are shut up from the fountain of light and this is done in America. So the very corner stone of our civilization is removed. The government of the Catholics is not for the many, but for the few, a government by the few for the few—the pontiffs and prelates, who revel in luxury and ease. Their education is only a confirmation in Catholicism and instead of broadening their horizon, wraps them securely and contentedly in the folds of ignorance. [If Edmund Burke, in his day, could say that education was the chief defense of the nation, how much more

can a free American say the same!] No father has the right to educate his child in principles antagonistic to the government. The government interferes with Anarchists, Socialists and Mormons when they band together for malicious ends, but the Catholics, who teach allegiance to Rome and the Pope, are let go free. Inasmuch as the perpetuity of our institutions depends upon an intelligent vote, it is the duty of every citizen of the republic, because he enjoys its protection, to aid in dispelling the dark clouds of ignorance that enshroud the land and are a direct menace to freedom. Certain it is that an enormous proportion of our criminals have had all the religious and secular training given by the church in Italy, Ireland, and in our own country. Hence what an amazing effrontery is displayed by the Catholic traducers of the moral tone of our schools and upon investigation, far from true are their clamors. The government's first duty is to educate its citizens. for as one has said: "Parsimony in education is prodigality in crime."

The power of Greece was not during the glorious days of Demosthenes, but during the age of Pericles.

It was education that gave Prussia the powers over the ignorant Catholic millions of France in 1870.

Go where you may and wherever you find ignorance you will find superstition, misery and oppression. Go where you will and wherever you find enlightenment you will find freedom and public education or the result of them. But nowhere in the world do you find the masses enlightened under

Catholic rule. It is true they feign loyalty, but go where you will, South America, Mexico or Canada, which was once Protestant, and learn our fate unless there is a change; and to-day if they were called upon to decide upon a question between America and Rome, they make bold to say they would side with Rome. The great Catholic Congress at Baltimore in '89 declared its loyalty, but in less than two months there went unrebuked throughout the Catholic press of America the charge that the government was a confederation of tyrants because it would not pay them their quota of money to run their parochial schools. They claim the right of sectarian instruction in their schools, but when the United States grants to that church the right of parochial schools, just then we assent to the union of Church and State and turn our backs upon the Bible upon which is built modern civilization. The duty of the church is to teach obedience to the Bible and the laws of God, and there is no other sect that dares teach temporal law but the Catholics, hence the propriety of legislating against the temporal power of the church, and furthermore, if we do not, we say that temporal power cannot exist separate from the church.

Our government or any other, transgresses its rights when it grants to any set of people the right to bind the consciences of their fellow men. Although such a people may be a numerical element in a free government, still they cannot be a constituent element of it.

The Bible is the heritage of every

child borned into the world, and the very moment civilization denies the child that right it sins against high Heaven, and a sin-avenging God will pour out his wrath upon such a people. No young man trained in the parochial schools, though the noblest Anglo-Saxon blood courses his veins, is prepared to become a true American citizen. They often attempt to meet this by saying they have furnished true American citizens. True, but they did not represent Catholicism in its ignorance, because true Catholicism cannot tolerate civil and religious freedom. Bishop Gilmore said in 1873: "We are Catholic first and citizens next."

The Pope in his encyclical of 1889 declared it a sin to sacrifice the rights of the Catholic Church in order to show respect to any earthly law. Shall we let our laws and liberties go to gratify the Catholics, or because they term it persecution? Indeed, to term the legislation of a civil government against the temporal power of Catholicism persecution, is to accuse the government of persecution because it punishes treason.

No, to the Catholic there is no government but his church. The social feature of the common schools can not be dispensed with. Here all meet on a common level and imbibe common views. Every man, woman and child, share alike the benefits of the government and it is their duty to share its common weals and woes. We have no favored class. But when you educate the children according to sects then society will be stratified and instead of enduring and brooking

the venom of the Catholics, it will be a gigantic struggle between the sects and the results will inevitably be Catholic predominancy. Go to Canada, where, through the Catholics, the school fund is divided and behold the condition of society. It is in a turmoil and the Catholic children are shut up from civilization and very soon the public school system of Canada must go. So it will be with us. Why should we send missionaries to Rome and at the same time lay deep and immovable the foundations of heathenism in our own midst?

The common place plea is often urged: "If Protestantism is right it will prevail." The spirit of freedom has ever been imbedded deep in the human breast and received its great guide book more than 1800 years ago, but where has it been during the dark ages? Beneath the iron heel of the Roman tyrant. Truly, is eternal vigilance the price of liberty. We admit that some Catholics did fight manfully for our independence, but hear the testimony of Lafayette, that noble, frank Catholic, the mention of whose name sends a thrill of joy through every grateful American heart: "If American freedom is ever destroyed, it will be at the hands of the Roman clergy," and may we not apprehend that the day is not far distant.

This government was founded and fostered by the Protestant world, there being only one Catholic who signed the constitution, and as all the rest he agreed to abide by the laws of the government. The Catholic has no right to ask such legislation

when he knows as well as we that it is contrary to the very genius of our government. Tell me not that I impugn him wrongfully when I accuse him of disloyalty! Our constitution, the noblest piece of human mechanism—that constitution which is founded upon the principles of true civilization, and which is the consummation of the hopes and struggles of man, gives a man the right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, but as in the United States, where the majority would have to suffer and the minority would not be benefitted, to say nothing of the principle involved, no man has the right to ask the state to legislate to suit his conception of church government, so long as that state clings to the principles of justice and right, and when we grant the Catholics their requests, we ignore those eternal principles upon which our government was founded and has flourished. The government deals with its subjects mentally and morally, and it is its duty to provide for them with this view. Religion is beyond its pale. Public liberal education, the great torch-light that has led the world's foot-steps from the dark midnight of ignorance, has shorn Catholicism of its power, and now with that ruthless hand dyed in the blood, dripping with the gore of the martyrs of liberty, Catholicism would tear this great luminary from the sky of human hope, and again enshroud the world in the gusting clouds of human ignorance.

We are not to consult the interests of the 10,000,000 native and foreign born Catholics, but the principles of

freedom, the interests of the 50,000,000 free-born Protestants, the future welfare of man, his civilization and happiness. We nursed it in its infancy, but in its power it is ready to turn and rend us. It has once paved its way to power through seas of blood, and now it swears eternal vengeance upon us if we do not legislate to suit them. Well has it been said that catholicism is loyal only in weakness. The plea is, they have a right to their opinion. So think the anarchists, so think the Mormons. Bear in mind, we do not deny them the right to worship God, but we do deny them the right to intrude their religion upon temporal power. It is not persecution for a nation to defend its rights. We do not propose to fight them with their own fire, but upon the same principles that our fathers, under the leadership of a kind Providence, were led to victory, let us guard those rights and liberties won. Shall we allow to exist in our midst that power that could instigate a St. Augustine and St. Bartholomew? I believe in religious freedom, not religious tyranny. "History repeats itself." The only criterion by which to judge the future is the past. The Rome of to-day is the Rome of 500 years ago. The Pope is still infallible. (?) The lion has not been changed to a lamb. Hence to-day the Pope boasts that he controls all the civilized world except Russia and the United States. Is it possible that we are not aware of the danger that is impending? Behold the wrecks along the shores of time. The moan of every wave is but a groan of the oppressed. Under the

garb of religion this great arch-enemy of freedom comes and claims his opinion, which opinion is the child of the dark age and the synonym of oppression and misery. Shall we, under this delusive plea, let this great vampire fan us to sleep with his huge wings while he sucks the very life-blood from religious freedom? The government has nothing to do with her religion, but it is its duty to take from her hand the sword which has usurped control of the world and corrupted religion. The sword in the hand of the church is a thing God never designed, for religion is love, hence the temporal and spiritual power united is the greatest instrument the Powers of Darkness have ever had on earth. Although the Pope has been deprived of his temporal power, still he controls nearly all Europe and America except the United States.

The Catholic, since the world has burst from his fetters, has ever come to civilization, as a wolf in sheep's clothing, and it is our duty to guard against him.

As the reaction of Catholicism has spread over Europe in nearly every nation, they have either gained control of the public schools or abolished them. The Pope's motto is to rule by reason or deception if possible, by force if necessary. What does it mean that only a few years ago they attempted to poison Dr. A. C. Dixon simply because he exposed their fallacies in a free land? Here in the very noon-day glow of the civilization of the nineteenth century, what does it mean that only a few weeks

ago Diaz was securely locked in a Cuban dungeon? What does it mean that no missionary is allowed to enter Ecuador, S. A. Tell me not that civilization can tame an uncaged lion. It is said that freedom is indigenous to American soil, but alas! all America is under the command of Rome except the United States, and they are 10,000,000 strong here. As they become stronger they become more threatening (and if while Protestantism is in the van it does not check this evil, according to the principles of republican government, much less by fate, we will be compelled to submit to their rule.) We have a rich legacy transmitted to us for safe keeping, bought at the price of blood—a glorious land, the asylum of the oppressed, the refuge of the persecuted. The poor oppressed Catholic comes here fleeing persecution and oppression, but owing to his training and the threats of his mother church he is the willing tool of the Catholics, hence it is the duty of the American to make his children free, and if we do not unborn generations will rise up only to heap curses upon our memory. But still the very monster that gulped down every vestige of civilization for fifteen hundred years has followed her refugees and is now in our midst yearning for ours. What could be more illiberal than to grant it the very thing for which so many have struggled so nobly? Tell me not that the Catholics of America have forgotten the Pope and his horrid decrees, or else why is it that they cling so closely to those relics of their mother church. Granting that

they do not desire to overthrow our government, they are reaching for the reins of power, and by granting them their separate parochial schools, we are putting in their hands the means (and they work by any subservient means) by which they are controlling Europe to-day. We are bidding come those dens of ignorance and vice which are marring European civilization. We are bidding come and sustaining the mother of infidelity and agnosticism.

They keep their commissioners covertly stationed at Washington reaching for every cent from the government possible. Three fourths of all the money donated by the government for education is swooped by the Catholic church and spent to forward their cause. Again, I would say to deny the government the right, much less the duty, to legislate in temporal affairs for the good of its subjects, is to deny the right of the reign of law. The same principles that brought the temporal power to exist independent of the church, will sustain it if adhered to. There is a sentiment prevalent that for the government to legislate against Catholicism will create a sympathy in its favor. Evil flourishes of its own accord, but truth and justice must be sought. The thousands of nameless graves that dot the hillsides of Europe and America tell what liberty has cost. The few that stand by the right God will honor and crown victorious. That aggressive spirit that characterized the reformers, to the detriment of freedom, is fast declining. There is no standstill in the

progress of civilization, it must either advance or it will deteriorate, and therefore, in the name of right and justice, my hand, heart and vote shall ever go to prohibit or abolish parochial schools in America, for either they must go or the temple of American freedom will go. It is either the abolition of the parochial schools or the reign of the church. If American freedom must go, I would rather a thousand times that it be dashed down the cataract and be no more, than for its noble sons to perish in the stagnant, slimy cesspools of Catholicism. By resting supinely silent we are forging our own chains, building our own inquisition and bidding go that priceless freedom which has ever been our boast. From the revered shades of our ancestors who rocked the cradle of the nation in its infancy, I hear the cry: "Keep that noble inheritance which we have committed to you holy and undefiled," as they see this mighty giant struggling Sampson-like at the pillars of State. With Catholics to the North of us, with Catholics to the South of us, and with Catholics in our midst, there is a mightier conflict before us than that of Quebec. That was a struggle between Catholic France and Protestant England, but the crisis is at hand and we are confronted with a struggle between Catholicism and Protestant-

ism—a struggle between religious and political liberty—the right of every American child to see the light of civilization, and the reign of the church. There is the only place left on earth for Protestantism to flourish undefiled, and for us to yield any point to this ghost of the past is a reflection upon modern civilization. There is no Eden without its serpent, and shall we stand aloof and see the mother of liberty led away by this tempter's delusive snares? In conclusion, I will not pause to speak of our Anglo-Saxon blood which broke the tyrant's chains and let the world go free, as the hope of the same, but apart from that, of the responsibility that has been placed upon us by providence, stationed as we are in the fore-front of the struggle of the ages, with the bannered hopes of the race in one hand, and the sword of liberty, by whose sharp edge alone they can be realized, in the other, we should not be indifferent, but it is a duty imposed unsought and, as God lives, it is our duty to carry it out. The common schools of this country are the recruiting grounds and disciplinary camps of the great armies of civilization, freedom and progress, whose victories have been and will be still more renowned than those of war.

JAS. LONG.

FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

A little more than a century ago the people of the American colonies tired of the oppression of a ruthless king, imbued with a spirit of liberty and freedom, burst asunder fetters of British tyranny, threw off the yoke of British oppression and declared to the world that the people were sovereign, that government and authority are prerogatives of the people and not the decrees of a heartless potentate. Then were the people indeed free; the labor of all classes inured to their own benefit, no class was denied representation in the legislative assemblies or ignored in the administration of justice. But in the course of time great and radical changes have taken place. In the march of material progress the farmer and the laborer have been relegated to the rear; with the rapid increase of national wealth they have grown poorer. As new industries have sprang up their returns for labor have decreased. As civilization has advanced, their condition has become more alarming. Containing ninety-seven per cent. of the population they represent only twenty-five per cent. of the national wealth and are burdened with seventy five per cent. of the taxes.

"The voice of the farmer once so dominant in politics and was such a patent factor in shaping the Republic is hushed. His seat in the Senate chamber is occupied by political agitators and partisan leaders. The influence of money through professional lobbyists is felt even in the White

House. The dollar threatens to become the 'Czar of America.'"

Trusts and corporations control the courts, rule legislatures and are sapping the very life of the nation by exacting tribute from the entire population. The number of farmers is decreasing. The broad cotton fields of the South and the fertile plains of the West, once the peaceful abodes of a happy, contented, prosperous people, are being deserted for the towns and cities; old homesteads are under mortgage, and its owner has become a tenant.

Such have been the injustice toward the farmer that in the closing years of the nineteenth century confronted with the question whether he shall hold that lofty position his fathers held or whether he shall degenerate into a serf and a slave. Such a picture as this is enough to make the most sanguine heart quake and tremble for the permanency of American institutions. Deprive the farmers of the country, the "bone and sinew of nation," of their homes and you destroy the bulwark of the nation. Let them become tenants and you undermine the foundation of the temple of freedom. Reduce them to serfs and our boasted civilization will be a thing of the past. Let the agricultural interests, the most important of all and which sustain such close and vital relations to all, be neglected and you sound the death knell of all the industrial interests of the country.

But there is still hope that equality

will be restored. Behind the cloud the sun is still shining. The Goddess of Liberty is not ready to take her flight to other climes. The people still have their homes and the altars of their fathers. The fire of patriotism that animated their breasts and urged them to deeds of valor and bravery has not ceased to burn in their own.

Recent actions of the people indicate the dawning of better things to come. Within the last few years has been inaugurated a movement which has swept like a tidal wave across the country and which but foreshadows an oncoming revolution in the social, political and financial status of the country.

Downtrodden and oppressed by iniquitous laws culminating in the infamous acts of the last Congress, the toiling masses have aroused from their slumbers to a sense of their obligation to themselves, their country and their posterity, and are moving forward under the unfurled banner of the Farmers' Alliance upon which is inscribed, "Equal rights to all and special privileges to none," to the goal of assured victory.

It is not our purpose to vindicate the actions of the farmers in their entirety. That they have made mistakes and have even gone to extremes in some instances no one will deny. That some of their avowed leaders seem to be striving for self aggrandizement is evident to the casual observer. But the end and aim of the Alliance, as set forth in its "declaration of purposes" cannot fail to meet the approval of every lover of liberty or believer in the sovereignty of the

people. It is an organized protest against wanton taxes and unjust legislation; a movement of the people in defense of liberty and of their inalienable rights which have been seriously threatened by a combined effort of other classes of society. Its organization resulted from the force of circumstances. The people have yielded to the promise of relief until they had all but lost their homes, their liberties—their all—and in these extreme circumstances were compelled to strike a blow for freedom.

Whatever may be said against this movement, it cannot be doubted but that it will bring about results conducive to the perpetuation of our free institutions.

Aside from the beneficent results of the Alliance in reducing the enormous profits of merchants, in urging wiser and more efficient methods of farming and in reiterating their demands for relief, by far the most important is in view of its relations to the social and political fabric.

In the first place, this movement has put the masses to thinking, and when they do that they take a step toward freedom. The public mind has been in thralldom, the people have been but fit tools for shrewd politicians; but the slumbering brains of the masses are being aroused to activity. Never before have the masses been so thoroughly interested in the public weal. Never before were they better informed on the issues of the day as in the recent elections, and its result is proverbial. They refused to listen to the harangues of demagogues and office-seekers. The operative turned a

deaf ear to the bid of the capitalist for his vote, and as a free and intelligent American citizen formed his own opinions and acted accordingly. In such acts lie the safety of the Republic. It is not the few, however wise or virtuous, who can best determine questions of practical government, but the voice of the people. Our government has proved a grand success, not so much from what the leaders as from what the masses have done. The average voter is the true representative of our institutions. He may not be highly educated, but he has a fund of common sense upon which he may draw in the settlement of these questions. As an eminent writer has said, orthodox democratic theory assumes that every man has or ought to have thought out for himself of what the country needs; of what principles ought to be applied in governing it, and of the men to whose hands the government should be entrusted. And the effort of the Alliance is in this direction.

The power of independent thought in a government like ours cannot be too often declared or too sacredly guarded.

And independent thinking has magnified the importance of exercising the rights of citizenship. Prior to the organization of the Alliance farmers as a class were indifferent in performing this high duty. All law making was transferred to those they deemed more competent than they, and they devoted their time and talent to amassing wealth. They seemed have the idea that God had foreordained that they should till the soil

and *learned* men should have charge of the affairs of government; that He in His inscrutable wisdom would in some mysterious way so operate on the hearts of law-makers as to constrain them to guard their liberties and protect their rights.

But they are now realizing that this is a duty laid upon them; that they are directly or indirectly responsible for the kind of government they have, be it good or bad; that voting means more than placing a ticket in a box; that the ballot is no plaything, but the mighty weapon with which they must fight out the great battles of political strife; that it is the only instrument by which they can lift themselves from the calamitous condition into to which they have unconsciously fallen.

They are learning that it is a solemn responsibility resting upon them as citizens of a free country, and whoever fails to exercise it aright is derelict in duty; has proven false to his country and is faithless to himself, his family and his posterity. This movement has given a new impetus to the education of the people. As is set forth in their declaration of purposes they are laboring for the education of the toiling masses in the responsible duties of citizenship, in the science of true economic government, and in the principles of civil and religious liberty. Its aims and purposes are placed before the bar of public opinion, and if they are extravagant as some allege, they will be rejected, but out of the clashing of ideas in the discussion of principles and systems will spring new ideas, new principles and methods such as

are suited to the new era that is dawning upon our country. It is calculated to engrave upon the hearts of the people an ardent love for their country and give them a deep and abiding faith in our form of government, give them new aspirations, and aid them to a higher and a nobler destiny; in a word, to develop American citizens who "know their rights and dare maintain them." Never before in the history of the nation were so many engaged in the study of political economy and the principles that underlie popular government.

Besides the enlightenment of the present generation upon the issues before them, the necessity of education to conduct their movement to the desired end and the importance of the educated citizen is being pressed home to the people, the public school system is taking on new life, and a demand for longer and better schools is made. Let this demand be repeated until sufficient appropriations shall be given to inaugurate a system that will afford to the American youth such a training that shall culminate in that wonderful specimen of moral, intellectual and civic manhood which is the genuine growth of American institutions.

Again, sections of the country which too long have been estranged to each other are becoming to see that their interests are one and are being united in a common brotherhood, striving for a common end, the progress of our country and the advancement of civilization. The people are beginning to realize that relief can be found only in a united effort against a com-

mon enemy. They are trampling down the civil war sectionalism and demolishing the chinese wall of protection erected by capitalists for their special interests.

Across the narrow chasms of sectional prejudice they now strike hands and take a united stand against the powers that have well nigh reduced them to serfs. With one accord they are endeavoring to restore the government founded by their fathers; one that is free and equal; that responds to the will of the people; that will insure them the fruits of their labor instead of being drawn off into the coffers of millionaires and to feed the insatiable greed of trusts and combines. At this grand consummation all will rejoice.

Too long has this been a mere subterfuge resorted to by demagogues for personal ends. Politicians are seeking to check this movement with the cry that the "good old parties" are in danger of disruption. What if they are destroyed? What allegiance do the people owe to any party, which is not based upon the principles of democracy? Why should they adhere to any party, if by so doing they do not enjoy the blessings of liberty and the general good is not promoted. The old parties as they are to-day may be in danger of disruption, but the principle of democratic government still lives in the hearts of the American people. In the adheence to right and justice the people on the 4th of last November, divested their minds of party affiliations and declared in unmistakable tones against wrongs that have been

heaped upon them. And in future campaigns the party whose platform voices the sentiments of the people, be it Republican or Democratic, is the one to which will be committed the administration of this great government.

If this movement shall only succeed in turning the public mind to the necessity of the farmers' demand for equal rights and the importance of exercising the rights of citizenship

in all its ramifications, and unite all sections under a consolidated government, many of its mistakes will be atoned for and it will prove itself a great development of the nation's life. With the farmers assured of their homes; secure of the future, contented and prosperous, all other classes will prosper and the whole country will be blessed.

R. G. KENDRICK.

SOME THINGS IN WHICH NORTH CAROLINA LEADS.

It is related that a Boston Yankee, boasting of the leading stand taken by that "mighty" metropolis, began somewhat in this wise:

"In the days of the Nebula Hypothesis, matter, by the 'concatenation of circuitous circumstances,' came together with its nucleus directly beneath the spot upon which Boston now stands. The first man was developed from monkeys, evolutionized from protozoans, created in Boston mud. Cæsar invaded Gaul and Britain, thinking that, somewhere in the dim beyond, he would find Boston. Demosthenes and Cicero stirred the souls of their fellow citizens by glowing themes of Boston. Boston still glimmered through the darkness of the Middle Ages. Galileo turned his first telescope northeastward, fondly hoping that he might see Boston. Diogenes, when death overtook him, was rolling his tub toward Boston. Boston is the centre of gravity. In short, Boston is the 'Hub of the Universe.'"

True, this is only a humorous jumble, and none the less true is Massachusetts a grand old State, a leader in enterprise, a "land of rocks and ideas," and its Boston the fashion-forming Paris of America. Its greatness is perhaps due to climate, and to the circumstances under which it has been developed. It may stand first in vim. But North Carolina—the home of the "freest of the free"—with her natural excellencies, her historic lustre, and the irreproachable soul of her citizens, is assuredly good enough for us.

The "modest old Tar Heel State," if she would, would not need to deal in such vain imaginings in announcing her leading features, and it is not the object of this paper to do so. Real facts, as material, can be brought to bear in plenty. The few here given are not especially the most important, but such as could be gathered without greater expenditure of time and labor.

To make a long matter short, it

might be simply stated that North Carolina stands first in more things than any other State in the Union.

In natural features, indented as her eastern shore is, she has more coast line, more fishing ground than any other State, and her fisheries are the most important on the South Atlantic Coast. While on her western plateau, she has clustered together quite a number of the loftiest mountains to be found in the United States east of the Rockies—Mitchell's Peak piercing the sky at a height of 6,711 feet above the sea level. And in this region, the pleasure seekers of America, in great numbers, are found, during the summer months, enjoying scenery not excelled by Switzerland, and climate rivalled only by Italy and France.

In healthfulness she stands in advance. Statistics show her death rate to be far below the average for the States.

The State, being protected by its mountain range on the west from the terrible blizzards sweeping down from the north-west, and the destructive cyclones whirling northward up the Mississippi basin, is freer from violent weather, and sloping as it does from mountain to sea, has a greater variety, and as a State, *better* climate than any other spot of its size under the sun. Its winters correspond to some of the Northern States on the west, while on the east, off the mouth of the Cape Fear is an island on which a frost is unknown.

Owing to its gradual decline and the more equal distribution of its rain fall, it has a greater amount of avail-

able water power than is found in any other State. Prof. Kerr, State Geologist, in his report of January, 1881, states the amount to be 3,500,000 horse power, and distributed over the entire area of the State, with the exception of a few seaboard Counties—an amount exceeding that of all the steam engines of Great Britain or of the United States.

In the vegetable kingdom she stands first in variety. It is confidently assumed by Curtis that the actual number of plants, indigenous to the State, exceeds 5,000 species, besides those naturalized. Of trees she has 128 kinds, including from the *Palmetto* to the *Mountain Dog*—the tropics to the borders of the Arctic Ocean—and about twice that many shrubs. There are more species of *oaks* in this State than in all the States north of us, and only one less than in all the Southern States east of the Mississippi, (Curtis) there being nineteen of the twenty-two species found in the United States. Of many other classes of trees and plants all are found.

Quantity is not all. Of the twenty kinds of timber used in the New York ship yards, nearly every one is found here; and of such size and quality that New York and Maine, the dock yards of America, do not deem it condescending to obtain their masts and spars from our forests.

Some of the most beautiful flowers that now adorn the gardens of Europe and America were first discovered here.

At least, two plants are peculiar to this State: *Dionæa Muscipula*, or Venus' Fly Trap, so noted for the ex-

traordinary irritability of its leaves, closing quickly at the touch—a native only of the sandy Savannas of Eastern North Carolina. The plant *Shortia* belonging to the *Heath Family*, is found only in the high mountain region about the source of the Swannannoa River.

According to Humbolt, several of the most popular grapes have originated here, such as the *Catawba*, the *Isabella* and the *Scuppernong*. *Timothy Grass*, one of the best hays known, was discovered on Boyd's Neck, Perquimons county.

Of the *crops* of the whole world, all, with a remarkably small minority of exceptions, can be grown in this State. She leads in the production of *sweet potatoes*; her *apples* are unsurpassed; her *cotton*, in quality, is excelled only by the South Sea Islands; and Cuba alone, of all the world, is able, by its ablest effort, to rival the product of her "Bright Tobacco Belt."

North Carolina leads her sisters in variety of medicinal plants and the largest Botanical Depot in the world is in the city of Statesville, Iredell county.

Three thousand eight hundred and fifty different industries are carried on in this State—with two exceptions a greater number than is found in any other. She was the first to make "*Tar, Pitch and Turpentine*" a specialty, and for many years, if not today, was the principal source of supply of naval stores for America. The crop of 1870 was estimated at \$8,000,000.

The manufacture of the *pine leaf*

into a material to be used in the fine arts, &c., and the process of obtaining the medical oil, *Pinoleum*, is, so far as is known, pursued nowhere in the world save at Cronly Station, 17 miles from Wilmington.

Durham, N. C., has the largest tobacco factory known.

But of all her natural resources, she perhaps takes the most decided lead in her *mineral* wealth. She stands foremost of all the world in variety and in the number of minerals peculiar to her. Six hundred known minerals are found within her borders. She leads in variety of *quartz*—thirty having peculiar and rare modifications, not found outside the State. *Nine* of the entire list of real gems have been found, and of the minerals which constitute these gems, all but one are found, and it is predicted that that will soon be brought to light. We have a decided majority of the semi-gems. The largest crystal of *Ruby Corundum* known (20x7 in.) was found in Macon county. The corundum mines in the chrysolite ledges of the mountain region are the chief source of supply of corundum in the United States and Europe. These mines have added to the catalogue a large number of rare minerals, some of them new to science. Among the new are *Chromite*, *Lesleyite*, *Wilcoxite*, and *Eulsagerite*. Mr. Hidden, while exploring the State in search of minerals needed by Edison, reports several as peculiar. Among them are, *Nagyagite*—occurs only in North Carolina and Hungary; the beautiful, brilliant and transparent *Octahedrite*—found in no other locality in United

States except in Smithfield, R. I., where the crystals are very small and rare; and here alone is *Xenotime* discovered outside the Norway locality. But of more importance, the *Hiddenite*, which was recognized from the first as a gem of the highest rank, now the rarest of gems—found in no spot on earth save in the eastern edge of Alexander county.

Our *Flexible Sand Stone* is found in no place elsewhere, except sparingly in Brazil. *Samarskite* seems to be found only in Mitchell County. From this mineral Smith, the man who first described the Hiddenite announces a new *chemical element*, mosandium. Also two other new elements, *Philipium* and *Dicipium* have recently been discovered in this State.

In twenty-nine counties *gold* is found. Prior to the acquisition of California, we had in Rowan county, the richest gold mine known in the United States. In 1799 a nugget was found in Cabarrus weighing 28 pounds.

In *Mica* North Carolina excels, both in quantity and the size of plates, some of which have been four feet in diameter. The Counties Mitchell, Yancey, Macon, Jackson, Haywood, and Buncombe form the region which furnishes the bulk of this mineral to the world's market.

Our *Iron Ores* exist in enormous quantities, are of the highest grade, and are in great demand, even at the Bessamer Furnaces of Pennsylvania.

North Carolina contains the only workable *Tin mine* in America.

The *Kaolin*, which was the first mineral export from the New World to the Old, was taken from this State.

Somewhere between the years 1584 and 1586 our coast was the scene of the *first efforts* of the English to colonize in America, various attempts having been made during that time by Raleigh. The colony on Roanoke Island having failed, he next landed further north, about the mouth of the James River, in Virginia, and accomplished a settlement.

Dare county is the birth place of Virginia Dare, the first white child born in America.

Through Col. John Ashe, Speaker of the House of Commons of 1765, *North Carolinians* were the first to inform the English that the Stamp Act would be resisted to the last extremity. And they kept their word. They marched down to the Stamp Ship and so frightened the Captain that he did not attempt to land their stamped paper. Next day they took the Stamp Master from Gov. Tryon, escorted him to the market place and there made him swear never to attempt to execute the duties of his office. This was done openly—not at night and in the disguise of Indians, as was the case in that "Boston tea party" nine years later, upon which some histories dwell in such lengthy and glowing terms. On May 16, 1771, in the battle of Alamance, four years before the affair at Lexington, was poured out the first blood of the Revolution in resistance to British tyranny. The citizens of Mecklenburg, on May 20, 1775, absolved all allegiance to the British crown full thirteen months before this was done at Philadelphia; and long in advance of all others in America were the in-

structions of delegates for independence agreed upon by the Provincial Congress convened at Halifax, April 12, 1776. The Old North State was first invaded, and if not victorious at Alamance, the first victory of the Revolution was won at Moore's Creek Bridge, N. C., by Caswell and Lillington, both North Carolinians.

On the formation of the Federal Union, North Carolina, having had abundant and long experience of usurpation and misgovernment, did not make haste to enter the new compact, but moved with slow and cautious steps, and with Rhode Island, was the last State to adopt the constitution. At the breaking out of the Civil war, strongly averse to secession, she sought by every means to avert the conflict—remaining unmoved till all the surrounding states had seceded—still moving with caution she was forced into the struggle last of all the Southern States.

If she was deliberate on this occasion, yet, she was at least the first of all the States to suffer, for the first martyr to the Southern cause was seen in the shed blood of private Henry Wyatt, of Edgecombe, slain at Big Bethel, June 10, 1861.

But once in the struggle, she took part with a vengeance. She contributed more largely to the commissary of the Confederate army than any other state. She sent into the field a larger number of troops than any other of the Southern states, and if the word *native* is used, the entire union can be included, for out of the six hundred and twenty-five thousand in the Southern army, North Carolina

furnished more than one hundred and twenty-five thousand of them—a greater number than she had voters when the war began. And did these “boys” of hers fight? She lost more men in battle, by a goodly number, than any of her sisters—her soldiers playing a conspicuous part in all the battles from Bull Run to Petersburg; and it is with certainty supposed that the *last man* to fall at Appomattox was one Dr. Shaw, a North Carolinian.

Since the war her progress has been unprecedented.

The first public manifestation of interest taken in behalf of industry by the negro, was seen in the establishment of the Annual Colored State Fair at Raleigh.

“North Carolina had her Flora McDonald,” her Jackson of the war of 1812, who with Harrison of Virginia, all will admit gained the most laurels, and many others equally great.

She has furnished more Secretaries of the Navy than any other State.

The finest pulpit orator, the man who, as such, is attracting the most attention in America, is Rev. Thomas Dixon, of New York City. He was raised in Cleveland county, N. C.

Most of our inventions have been lost to those who devised them, for until recently, we had no foundries or machine shops in which they could be made and no trade centres by which they could be put upon the market, but, though unsung, our “short, vivid, and broken gleams of inventive genius” prove that, in those fields also, we stand in the first

rank. John Gill of New Berne is the inventor of the revolver, which has revolutionized the tactics of the world. Richard Jordan Gatling of Hertford County N. C., invented that terrible gun which bears his name. Dr. Clements of Salisbury, is the true inventor of the telegraph, which has made almost instantaneous the intercourse between the most distant nations of the earth, and Rev. Baylus Cade, who devised the means of communicating the telegram with a moving train, lives at Raleigh and is an editor of *The Progressive Farmer* associated with Col. L. L. Polk of that city, who is an inventor of a diphtheria cure and President of the National Farmers' Alliance. The great cigarette machine and the best peanut thresher are the inventions of North Carolina boys.

"And her bright-eyed daughters, none can fairer be." This we not only claim, but we challenge the world to produce fairer, braver, more sacrificing, more inspiring than they they were in war—lovelier, nobler, gentler than they are in peace. And, "in the preserved beauty and perfection of God's Temple of civilization, when humanity shall throng its portals, the ranks of beautiful, brave womanhood shall open, and womanhood, still lovely, pass to lay on the altar the first and richest sacrifice," then the men, inspired to nobler ends, and citizens of a leading state, leading the lists of noble principles, as now, will shout, "*Our women always first.*"

IRVING HARDESTY.

THE UGLY LITTLE DUCK.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

A duck had built her nest underneath the large leaves of a burdock. While hatching her eggs, she did not receive many visits, for the other ducks preferred to swim in the ditches rather than to come under the burdocks to chat with her. Finally, the eggs began to hatch out, one after another, except a large one, which resisted much longer than the others. At last it pipped in its turn, and out of it there came a large, ugly little duck.

"What a big duckling," said the old

duck. "It does not resemble any of us. This is surely a turkey. That will, however, be very easy to find out. If he cannot go into the water it will be clear that he is not a duck."

The next day the weather was magnificent; the sun beamed down upon the green burdocks. The mother of the ducks went with her whole family to the pond. Splash! and she jumped into the water. Each one of the little ones plunged in after her, and the water closed over their heads, but

soon they reappeared, and swam around with rapidity. Their legs beat the water at full speed, and they all enjoyed their bath, especially the large, gray duckling.

"This is not a turkey," said the mother duck. "A turkey does not use his legs so skillfully, nor does he hold himself so straight. Besides he is *my* child, and he is not so ugly when you look at him closely. Now you come on with me; I am going to carry you into society and present you in the court of the ducks. Be sure and stay by my side so that no one will walk over you, and keep an eye on the cat."

They all entered the yard of the ducks. What a noise some of them were making! Two families were quarreling over the head of a fish, and the result at last was that the cat ran away with it.

"You see how things go on in society," said the old duck while sharpening her bill, for she also would have liked very well to have had the fish head herself.

While she was showing them the fashionable manner of moving their legs, and of bowing, an old duck jumped on the big duckling and bit him on the neck.

"Let him alone," said the mother. "He hasn't done any harm."

"I know it," said the duck, "but he is so big and ugly, that he ought to be beaten."

"You have some pretty children," said an old duck, the largest and most distinguished in the yard. "They are all very nice except this one here;

he is very ugly. I wish you would make him over."

"That is impossible," said the mother. "He is not pretty, it is true, but he has such a good disposition, and he swims to perfection. He remained too long in the egg this is the reason that he is not well formed. Nevertheless he is a duck, and therefore beauty is not of much importance to him. Now, my children, make yourselves at home."

But the poor duckling on account of his ugliness was bitten, pushed and tormented not only by the ducks, but also by the chickens. "He is too large," they all would say. And the cock who had come into the world with a loud voice and spurs, and for these reasons thought he was a king, puffed up like a ship with all her sails spread, red up to his very eyes, and rushed at him with great fury. The poor duckling did not know whether to stand still or run; he was so sad at being so ugly, and being kicked about by everybody.

From day to day, things grew from bad to worse. He was chased everywhere; his sisters even had a spite against him, the ducks bit him, the chickens fought him, and the good old woman who fed them, would kick him with her foot. Finally he determined to escape, and so he took his flight over the hedge. The little birds in the bushes flew away from fright. "It is all because I am so ugly," thought the duckling. Nevertheless he shut his eyes, and continued his journey.

Towards evening he arrived at a miserable little peasant cabin, so old

and dilapidated that it did not know on which side to fall, and so it remained standing. The storm blew so hard about the duckling that he was obliged to stop; he found a hole which enabled him to enter. There lived here an old woman who had a cat and a hen. The cat, which she called her little son, knew how to round up his back and purr. He also knew how to strike sparks, provided one rubbed his back the wrong way. The hen, having very short legs, was called "duck legs." She laid excellent eggs, and the good old woman loved her as a daughter.

On the next morning the presence of the duckling being noticed, the cat began to growl, and the hen to cackle, but the old woman who was near-sighted, thinking that it was a large duck that had gone astray, wished to keep it to have some duck eggs. She waited three weeks, but the eggs did not appear. In this house the cat was the master, and the hen the mistress; but the duckling allowed himself to think that one might have another opinion, and this made the hen mad.

"Do you know how to lay eggs?" asked she.

"No."

"Oh well then you had better keep silent."

The cat questioned him in his turn: "Do you know how to bow up your back? Can you purr and strike sparks?"

"No."

"Then you have no business to express an opinion when sensible people are talking."

Then the duckling lay down sorrowfully in a corner, but all at once a gust of fresh air and the warm rays of the sun penetrated the room, and this gave him such a great desire to swim in the pond that he decided to speak of it to the hen; but she was amazingly astonished and said: "You have such foolish ideas, because you have nothing to do. Go to laying eggs, and these silly thoughts will leave you."

"It is nevertheless very nice to swim in the water," said the little duck. "What happiness it is to dive to the bottom and to feel the water close over your head."

"That must be a great pleasure, indeed," replied the hen. I believe that you have become a fool. Ask the cat, who is the most sensible person I know of, whether he likes to plunge and swim in the water. Ask our old mistress herself; no one in the world has had more experience than she. Do you think that she has any desire to swim and feel the water close over her head?"

"You do not understand me," said the duckling.

"I do not understand you, but who in the world could understand you? Do you think you are wiser than the cat and our mistress? Don't be so conceited on account of your knowledge, but rather thank heaven for what little you have and pray for more. You have been admitted into a very warm house, and have found a very distinguished company, and now you make yourself unbearable by your wise remarks. It is not a pleasure to live with you. Perhaps I

say to you some disagreeable things, but it is by this that one may know his true friends. Take my advice and try to lay eggs."

"I believe it would be better for me to go out into the world," replied the duckling.

"Do as you please," said the hen. Then the duckling went away to swim and dive in the water; but all the animals and birds ran away from him on account of his ugliness.

The autumn came; then the winter; the leaves of the trees all fell, and the winds scattered them. It was very cold, and the dark, heavy clouds passed over, charged with hail and snow. What a hard winter for the poor, unhappy little duck! It would be very sad to recount all the sufferings which he endured during this terrible winter.

But one day the sun began to regain its splendor and warmth. The birds began to sing. All nature was rejoicing in the beautiful spring time. The duckling having recovered his vigor, flew far away, and came into a large garden on the banks of a lovely lake, where the grass was just beginning to put forth, and the apple trees were in full bloom. Soon he saw three beautiful white swans come out of the woods flapping their wings and swimming on the lake.

"I am going to meet those beautiful birds," said the duckling to himself. They will kill me, who am so ugly, for daring to approach them; but I should rather be killed by them than to be bitten by the ducks, beaten by chickens, kicked about by the servants, and to suffer the miseries of the winter." He rushed into the water and swam toward the swans. They perceived him, and swam toward him with their feathers ruffled.

"Kill me," said the poor little thing, and extending his head upon the surface of the water, he awaited death.

But what did he see in the clear water? He beheld his own likeness under him. He was not an ugly duckling, but a swan, the most beautiful of birds. The large swans swam around him, and caressed him with their beaks. The children upon the bank admired him, thought him the most beautiful of the four swans, and threw him crumbs of bread and cake.

What a wonderful transformation! But he was not haughty. A good heart never becomes so. The apple trees seemed to incline their flowery branches toward him, and the sun gave out a light that was warm and beneficent! This was the first day of a long life of happiness, which began for the ugly little duck of former times.

O. H. DOCKERY, JR.

EDITORIAL.

'90—'91.

We were standing on the steps waiting for the dawn of the new year and the burial of the old. Silence reigned supreme throughout the city. Only occasionally a fire cracker could be heard as some small boy finished up the stock of fireworks that had gladdened his heart as he surreptitiously peeped into his stocking before the rising sun had heralded the anniversary of the birth of our Savior. All was silence; the young were awaiting the birth of the new year with a solemnness and awe strange and unaccustomed; the middle-aged were wondering what would happen between this and the next new year, while those whose locks were white and silvered with the snows of long gone years were thinking of the time when they were young and gay and noted not the rapid successive birth and death of years.

Then were those times considered most enjoyable which fled by quickest, but ah, now! how swiftly the seconds run into minutes, hours, days, months and years, and finally the silver cord is loosed and the golden bowl is broken and the head bent with its three score years and ten bows still lower before the dread touch of him who "knocks with impartiality alike at the mansions of kings and the hovels of the poor."

That old quotation, familiar, yet

wondrously beautiful, unbidden and naturally rises to one's lips:

"'Tis midnight's holy hour and silence now
like a gentle spirit
Is brooding o'er a still and pulseless world."

But this silence does not last long, for from far away comes the sweet solemn tones of a single bell as, with its mournful cadences rising and falling through the starlit air, it tolls its elegiac march for the wearied steps of the departing year. Tolling, sadly, sweetly tolling, while its echoing chimes rise up to the sky, above the trees, above the housetops, above the church steeples, its tremulous tones float ever upward mourning for the old year soon to be lost. Soon it will have ended its course and have laid down beside the goal in obedience to Father Time. Soon will have passed a year that will be remembered long centuries to come. Many wonderful things have happened in its course.

Where was I twelve months ago? How well I remember it. How many happy hours were the outcome of that night. And my thoughts slowly wander through the days as they merged into months, past hours of toil and hours of laughter, past hours of joy and hours of grief till they come to a time of sorrow where they go slower and slower over every detail and event which are firmly fixed in my mind, and then wander into idle

and bitter dreams of what might have been.

But it is almost twelve now and the strokes of the bell become slower and fainter. The year is dying. The year is dying. The year that twelve months ago stood strong and vigorous beside the palsied and wearied form of last year waiting till the last labored breath had left the body before beginning his journey, now worn-out and tired, too, is slowly lapsing into the past to be remembered or forgotten according to the events that occurred in its course.

Fainter and fainter grows the tolling, slower and slower till one can almost feel the approaching death of the year, and after one long tremulous clang silence reigns, only to be broken by the mad merry clamor of the other bells as they ring out their joyful pæan to the new year. The cannon boom saluting, the fog horn adds its unearthly screech to the gen-

eral clamor, and the hoarse whistles of the steamboats give a grewsome welcome.

One is gone, another has started its round. What will it bring forth? No one knows. That it will bring joy to some we doubt not, that it will be the bearer of grief and sorrow to others we doubt not. But life is what we make it. To be happy one need not be rich, one need not be fortunate, one need not be free from care and anxiety. And let us live while we live. The old year is past and buried; let us also bury all the sad things that happened during its course; let us throw away the ghostly memories of unhappy days and think only of the glorious gladsome new year. What is time? Is it real? Can we control its ever hastening flight? Then why shall we mourn for that which we cannot change?

Dum spiro, sperabo.

R. B. WHITE.

THE PAST YEAR.

When a certain definite period of time which are epochs in history have passed, it is well for us to review that period with the greatest care and to consider well the history of times so recent and on that account all the more important to us and then to draw lessons from which we can derive personal benefits, and in the knowledge of light so recent may make better and more intelligent resolutions for future guidance. First

we shall speak of a few of the most important events which have taken place in our own land and then we shall speak a few words of matters of general importance which have transpired elsewhere.

To Americans, the most important events of the year were the acts of the Federal Congress. The Republicans having a majority in both branches of the national legislature and the Administration being Repub-

lican also, that party was in a condition to enact any legislation which might be suggested to them as sound policy or which they thought would be of benefit to the country; and in a startling and remarkable manner did they make use of their power. In the lower House they made innovations on established rules and custom which made it easy to legislate without deliberate discussion and placed in the hands of one man power greater than is held or ever was held by any other American citizen. That branch of the national legislature passed some laws which were very repulsive to the American people and were repudiated by many leading Republicans. The McKinley Bill being concurred in by the Senate and signed by the President became a law; this increased taxes already enormous; the House passed another measure known as the Lodge Election Bill, The Force Bill, etc., not yet concurred in by the Senate which has excited much comment and bitter criticism. With these two measures the Republican party went to the people for endorsement and these pet measures were repudiated in no uncertain manner by the people at the November election when the Democrats swept the country by an immense majority.

One of the most important factors in this election was an order of organized farmers, the Farmers' Alliance, which has rapidly risen to importance in the consideration of their numbers. In a national convention at St. Louis, November 1889 it had formulated demands for legislation such as was conceived to be for the inter-

ests of the farmers. One of these demands in the shape of a bill was introduced into the Senate, and became known as the Sub-Treasury Bill. It excited bitter opposition and the discussion of this and other measures did much to stir up a people, already aroused, to a true sense of their condition. The farmer may demand too radical legislation, but something is certainly wrong which it is the design of the Alliance to remedy.

Every American has cause to be thankful that the blessings of peace and liberty have been assured to him; that our people are prosperous and happy; that we have no unpleasant relations with other nations—blessings so common that we do not rightly appreciate them.

Brazil one of our sister American States, has thrown off the yoke of the King and adopted a constitution insuring republican institutions to her liberty-loving people. Mr. Gladstone is certainly right in saying: "The American constitution is, so far as I can see, the most wonderful work ever struck off by the brain and purpose of man," yet the constitution of Brazil as submitted to the representatives of the people, Nov. 15, 1890 is a very wonderful work and will insure the Brazilian much more happiness and prosperity than he has enjoyed in the past and is evidently modeled after our own. The new republic has been recognized by all the leading countries, her ships have appeared in our harbors and the hopes of all are with the young democracy of the South in its early struggles.

Though no war-like demonstrations

have been made by any of the European powers, France and Germany have been watching each other with jealous eyes. Germany has suffered the loss of the withdrawal of two of her most important men to private life; these men were Bismarck, the shrewd statesman, and Von Moltke, the great general to whom Germany is indebted for the successful prosecution of the war of 1870, and one of the greatest since Napoleon disappeared from the battlefields of Europe.

Russia has been extending her boundaries and strengthening her power in the East. One of the most notable events of the year was the return of Stanly from the heart of Africa with Emin Pasha, for the sake of whose rescue he had undertaken, two years before, an expedition daring in its nature and which has proved gratifying in its results. It is to be hoped that much good both to the benighted inhabitants of "darkest Africa" and to the world in general will be the result of this expedition.

A medical discovery, which promises to be more important than any made since Jenner discovered a means of lessening the ravages of small-pox in the last century, has been announced by a Dr. Koch, of Berlin. It is a cure for consumption by means of inoculation with a lymph which has had many trials, and as in every case reported it has proved successful, it is perhaps a sure remedy for this dread disease.

It is to be regretted that the latter part of the year has been rendered gloomy to England and Ireland by the conduct of some of the leaders of one of the great political parties of the United Kingdom. We fear that the disgrace of one of her leaders may prevent the down-trodden people of Ireland from obtaining their rights for many years to come. The disgrace of Parnell should cause every one upon whom a public trust is imposed, and all others too, to look around them and to avoid discreetly everything which might bring shame to themselves, and calamity to those a great share of whose highest prosperity is dependent upon their virtues.

Upon the whole the American people have much reason to be happy: bountiful harvests have rewarded the labors of the farmers, and when compared with the want and lack occasioned by the failure of the crops the preceding year, we find additional causes for great gratitude; we have internal peace; we are distressed by no foreign dissensions. Let us pray that in after years we may be spared any great calamity, and that, as in past years, a kind Providence may continue to bestow the blessings of peace and happiness vouchsafed by the word of God to the virtuous, and by our Constitution to those obedient to its requirements.

R. L. PASCHAL.

A THEORY—PONYING—SOCIABLES.

THE ETHER-ATOM THEORY.—The latest theory of matter, though not entirely new, is, that the many elements which chemists have discovered, if they could be reduced to their simplest form, would ultimately be found to be only different forms of one original element, one substance, which fills all space and out of which all the various forms of matter have been evolved simply by the arrangement and structure into which these atoms arewoven. This idea could be illustrated in carbon, graphite, and diamond; these are strikingly unlike in appearance and in many of their external qualities, but identical in composition. The difference, they tell us, is due to the difference of structure and arrangement of particles. So the theorists would have us believe that all matter, though unlike in form and properties, so far as we have been able to observe, is yet identical in the essential substance of which it is composed; that all matter when reduced to the ultimate atom, will be resolved into imponderable ether—that substance which is altogether unknowable through the senses, which no one has ever felt, tasted, heard, smelled, or even seen, and which, indeed, we have but dimly thought about. It seems to most of us half-spiritlike in its nature, the unseen, the imponderable, the medium betwixt nothing and something; concealing itself, yet bearing on its unseen plumes the light with which we

see, and on its frozen wings that beat the icy waves of space, it brings warmth and joy and life; and the energy of the sun thus borne is hoarded up in fuel of wood and coal to warm the hearth and move the wheels on which the millions wait; it makes the clouds that feed the streams that turn half the spindles of the world; it feeds the poor, fills the coffers of the rich, and makes the world blossom into beauty. This is the errand of ether; it is the messenger that waits on sun and moon and stars, and light and heat are its messages; but we had not dreamed that this intangible substance, which the senses have never discovered—itsself still unperceived—should be the type and essence of all we perceive through the senses as really existing. The atoms, according to this theory, are circular whirls of ether that behave themselves somewhat like curling smoke, or, perhaps, more like phosphine rings as they rise when the phosphine is liberated under water.

That *properties* of bodies may be explained by supposing matter to be collections of vortex rings of a perfect fluid filling the universe, though more fundamental than other theories, still does not explain *matter*, since the fluid itself is a kind of refined matter. Mr. Thompson says in his essay on the Motion of Vortex Rings: "The vortex ring obviously possesses many of the qualities essential to a molecule that has to be the basis of

a dynamical theory of gases. It is indestructible and indivisible; the strength of the vortex ring and the volume of fluid composing it remain forever unaltered; and if any vortex ring be knotted, or if two vortex rings be linked together in any way, they will forever retain the same kind of beknottedness or linking." When the vortex ring is free from other vortices it moves rapidly in a straight line and so possesses kinetic energy. It also has a vibratile motion around its circular form.

It seems to us that there is room for limitless speculation within this little world, the ether-atom, in its ceaseless activity. It may explain some things in science which have been hitherto mysterious; but it will be as hard perhaps, for us to explain this *little world* as the *larger world* which it itself helps to explain. However, it is never but one step from what we know to what we do not know—from our wisdom to our ignorance.

We are very fond of theories, especially when they reconcile some seeming contradiction, or make of discord rhythm, harmony, music; but pardon us if we say that this one, in the vastness of its assumption, reminds us just a little of another, which we once heard of, and which we shall now proceed to give you. If we never heard of it we dreamed it, and if we fill in where our memory fails us, you will be none the wiser. So this is the way the story runs: Each snow-flake is peopled, is a little world for millions of tiny men who live out their little lives, die, and are buried; have

their storms of love and hate and death; nations rise and fall; new continents are discovered; new cities built and old ones crumble; generation after generation rises, struggles, dies; they have their infant wars, victories, defeats; their joys, their sorrows, their theories about the creation of this little white world; the rise and progress of intellect, and evolution of life, the final consummation and dissolution of fading forms of time and matter; they have their bloodless fights of tongue and pen; write their little histories of vanished races and dire exploits of the olden time, and hand them down to the fairer and wiser; all this and more while the tiny snowflake on driven winds is winging its feathery flight from clouds so dark to earth so white with the drifting snow—and behold it strikes—and amid the crash of worlds the cries of these infant men are lost upon the shrieks of the strident air. But still the snow drifts on, and men tread it ruthlessly under foot and think not of them.

PONYING.—About using translations in preparing daily recitations we are not fully prepared to speak. Whether it is ever best for one to have his mathematical problems solved for him, leaving memory rather than calculation as the main work of the student, is exceedingly questionable; but never having used anything of the kind ourselves we are not prepared to speak from experience. Perhaps one to whom the "mark" furnishes the highest incentive to study and whose goal is the valedic-

tory, could more easily obtain these by using translations, more commonly called "*ponies*," in preparing his lessons for an easy and glib recitation. But one whose aim is solid attainment, who uses his studies as intellectual hygienics and as mental gymnastics, can never be satisfied to be a parasite, to lean upon others, besides he loses the pleasure of making discoveries for himself. He fails to develop self-reliance. He becomes afraid to depend upon his own resources. He perhaps may develop memory, but the discriminating, the reasoning powers of the mind, and the accurate judgment, he fails entirely to cultivate. What good can come of memorizing mathematics? We think there are cases in which "*ponies*" *might* be used to advantage; but *practically* in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they defeat the true end of education. If we were seeking knowledge instead of mind-training we might reverse our decision; but so long as mind-training is the chief end and not the amount of practical knowledge, we cannot but believe that "*ponies*" are hurtful to the best and highest mental culture.

But this is not the line of thought we intended to take when we took up our pen. Examinations are here, but we do not wish to write about examinations. They have been exalted too much in the past, but the tendency now is to go to the other extreme and dispense with them altogether. We would prefer to say, make it harder to graduate, let the degree mean something; for it must be admitted that in America degrees have been bestowed

so carelessly where they are not deserved that they have become almost meaningless.

We wish to say just a word about ponying on examination. We are glad that we do not know of one here now who has done a thing so cowardly and so dastardly. But if we hear of any dog howling in the campus after this editorial bomb explodes, we shall take it for granted that *that* dog is hit. No man who has any claim to honor or even to decency can afford to pony on daily recitation, read borrowed compositions in society, or copy exercises without making a complete explanation to the professor. Every time one does any of these things he acts a falsehood, and that falsehood—there is no other name for it—reacts upon his own character, his self-respect is lowered, and his manhood is robbed of its accustomed dignity. If this be true, and no one who values his reputation as a man of accurate judgement can afford to dispute it, what *shall* we say of him who will deliberately ask for information, copy from a book, or his neighbor's paper, or in any way get help on examination and then quietly and calmly write the pledge, "I have neither given nor received aid on this examination." First he has shown himself a moral coward; he is afraid to face the danger of standing or falling on his own merits; he has proved himself a traitor to trust; he has been dishonest, he is a burglar and a robber, taking that which is not his own; the man who robs the bank and skips to Canada is not a greater thief. Even the embezzler and the robber

often have the palliating circumstance of having been under very trying temptations and this palliative the student cannot reasonably claim. The man who cannot stand the slight temptations to dishonesty in the class room, will steal a horse or rob a bank if the proper temptations are brought to bear upon him. Besides all this he deliberately lies and to guilt is added perjury. Can a man do all this, stagger through college, and still be a man whom men will trust? He *may*, but a change must intervene. He must learn to unlearn what he has learned amiss; the chances are against him. The better policy is to take time by the forelock and be honest and cultivate honesty while we may; for when the sense of truth and honesty is lost we may as well call for the young men who bore away the bodies of Ananias and Sapphira, since all that is best in man is already dead and ready to be buried out of sight.

CHRISTMAS SOCIABLES.—Why do Sociables bore people so? Because they play "Priest of Paris." There is a little secret about this thing. The boys never tell the girls and the girls never tell the boys; but the editor has got a whiff of it and he is going to let it out. It isn't the fault of our girls. *They* are most delightful company, pleasant, entertaining, intelligent and—well, we are not given to taffy. *They* do not enjoy these silly parties, but they are too polite to tell us that they do not, since it is the boys who get up the parties. So the farce continues. "Priest of Paris lost his hunting cap." Oh, we do think it

was *such* a pity!—Somebody makes a mistake. Everybody laughs and nobody is tickled. And when they cannot laugh *loud* enough and *long* enough, they continue it into a kind of nasal grunt which is very melodious, indeed, and has the desired effect. This from the boys of course. Each one groans inwardly, but smiles and says to the one near him, "Oh, aren't we having the *biggest* time?" The boy goes home with his girl. They stop a moment on the door-step. Both protest that they have had a *most delightful time*. And again, as he turns to go they both seize the last opportunity with eagerness to reassert and emphasize the fact that they have had *such a lovely time*, and have enjoyed themselves *so much*. He goes to his room. His room mate says, "Old lady, how did you enjoy yourself?" "*Bored to death!* hand me that novel, please; I wish Priest of Paris had died before he lost that old hunting cap! The whole thing is death in broken doses!"

The girl in the mean time says, "O mamma, I wish I was sick or *something* would happen so that I wouldn't have to go to these *awful* sociables." But when the next night comes they keep their own counsel, go, pretend to be foolish and happy, and the more they are tired the more they declare they enjoy it.

This is not simply a big joke; there is more truth in it than poetry, as some of the long suffering can testify both here and elsewhere.

Among the legends of the Norse, Kvaser was the wisest of the gods and went about the earth teaching

men knowledge. Finally the dwarfs killed him, but gave out the report that he was drowned in his own wisdom, that they could not ask questions fast enough to take away his surplus of knowledge and it overflowed and drowned him. We expect some of these *parties* to be drowned in this way sometime. Leastwise none of the surplus of knowledge seems to be drained off, and we are all the time so uneasy that it gives us a nervous headache, and so hereafter we beg to be excused. We write this for the benefit of those who may be left in this "vale of tears" till the next holiday season comes around, that they may make arrangements to have the Priest of Paris executed beforehand. Believe me your life depends on it.

J. L. K.

CHRISTMAS MYTHS.

Come, bring with a noise,
My merrie, merrie boys,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your hearts' desiring.

The happy days of Christmas have gone. The boys have all returned from their homes, and the one routine of college work again begun. How thankful we are that in the midst of work there comes something to break the dull monotony. As some one has well said, "he who has no soul for *Christmas* is fit only for treason, stratagem and spoils."

The parlors have been decorated with holly, the ivy, and the fir.

For years it has been the custom to

decorate with holly. This can be traced back to the Roman Saturnalia, for the plant was sacred to Saturn. The emblem was good will and peace. On account of this emblem it was adopted to represent the sentiment that came over the world when the lone shepherds, as they watched their flocks on the Judean hills, saw a host of angels coming to tell them that in Bethlehem of Judea the Savior of the world had been born. The meaning of the word in the old Scandinavian is "Christ's thorn tree." In many nations it is looked upon as foretelling the future. It is to be lamented that such a pleasant custom is falling into disuse. Why do we not cling more tenaciously to those noble old customs? Has our age become so very materialistic that myths and legends are for the children only? These old customs teach a lesson we well might heed and implore the succeeding generation to cherish them. How shrivelled must be the soul of that man who can see nothing good in these old forms.

The mistletoe speaks a strange and attractive language. The first use of this little plant is found among the Druids, those strange priests in the long ago, who, with their long white robes, under the great oaks in England performed their sacerdotal rites. On Christmas eve the largest bunch of mistletoe that could be found was brought to a priest, who donned his white priestly garments, and cut the bunch into small twigs and distributed them among the people, who hung it over the kitchen fire-place. They believed that the gentle fairies hid in the

bunches to escape the cold chilling winter blasts, consequently whoever cared for the mistletoe were friends to the fairies and received their friendly aid in return. The history of that most delightful custom of kissing under the mistletoe is unknown. It can be traced far back, but to our regret authentic history ends ere we reach the true source. The way that it came to be associated with love was this: It was fancied that it resembled lightning, therefore it was dedicated to the God of thunder. When the thunder crashed, it was supposed that little pebbles fell to the earth which if gathered by the lover would assure success in love-making; hence the association. Would that it were so. How many of us would have our pockets full of little pebbles.

Santa Klaus was introduced into this country by the Dutch. Some object to this happy delusion. The happiest moments of a child's life are spent in anticipating the arrival of Santa Klaus. It makes any heart happy to see so many children happy, and there are more children when he comes around than any other time.

The poor whose joys are few, and whose burdens are heavy, have great joy o'er the small presents.

Christmas is a season when the whole world was to smile. The hearts of men are open, and simple charity brings its pleasure to many.

It was once a custom in Norway to feed all the little birds on Christmas day. Loads of oats were brought to town and sold; and every body, rich and poor, bought some to feed the little birds that played around the

doors or on the housetops. All the cattle were fed more than usual. How much we do lament that such customs, customs that bring man's better nature into ascendancy, that widen the soul, and enlarge the heart, are falling into desuetude.

There is a tradition that the cocks crow all night just before the beginning of this season.

"Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes

Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then they say no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome, tho' no planet strikes,

No fairy-taker, nor witch has power to charm,
So gracious and so hallowed is the time."

The poets have immortalized the Yule log. In Virginia and even the whole country, it was the custom before the war to burn the Yule log. This was a large "back-log" which had to be lighted by a brand from last year's log. If this piece was not preserved or the fire went out, misfortune would befall the household. It was an omen of ill luck if a squint-eyed or bare-footed person came to their house in that time. Tennyson speaks of it his *In Memoriam*,

"The Yule log sparkled keen with frost."

Let us seek to preserve these customs, as we would the face of a long departed friend; make them a season of enjoyment and cheer. Let there be no stinthe, but let charity and cheer preside at the feast, and like Scott we will say,

"Heap on more wood; the wind is chilly,
But let it whistle as it will
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

E. W. S.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

R. L. PASCHAL, EDITOR.

WE would like to say to our alumni that an occasional contribution to the columns of THE STUDENT, by one of their number, would be very thankfully received by the editors for publication. While the primary design of THE STUDENT is to encourage the development of literary talent among the students of the college, yet it is also a means of communication between the alumni and friends of the college, and we greatly desire that those who once rendered our Society halls musical by the magic of their eloquence, may adorn our columns by the effusions of their genius. Always have in your contribution by the 25th of the month preceding publication.

WE have read with pleasure the biennial report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction for the years 1889 and 1890. Our Superintendent makes many good suggestions and shows, in a short way, what those who look after education in our State are doing for its advancement. But there is a sad side to this graphic report. It shows that North Carolina is behind all her sister states in the amount expended for education, that the average length of the school term is shorter than in any other state, and that the salaries of teachers, as an exception to the general but gradual advance in the price of labor, have

decreased, while, at the same time, the average length of the school term has grown shorter.

In North Carolina there are 370,144 white and 216,524 colored children of school age. Of these only 322,533 were enrolled—about 164,000 whites and 100,000 colored not attending school at all—a sad fact, whether we view it as an evidence that a multitude do not take advantage of their opportunities to obtain an education, or in the other aspect of more white than colored children being out of school. In view of this fact, at the recent meeting of County Superintendents in Raleigh resolutions were passed recommending compulsory attendance at school. But we hardly think that such a law would be of any worth, and believe that it would only render the public schools more unpopular than they already are. Compulsory attendance of schools or of religious services are relics of a by-gone age, and cannot long withstand the pure light of civilization and enlightenment. About 38,000 not enrolled on the registers of the public schools are attending our academies and colleges.

The Superintendent suggests that certificates should be granted to those who hold diplomas from colleges, without the formality of an examination. This ought to endear him forever to some of that number who

pride themselves upon their knowledge of Calculus, Greek verbs and Latin syntax, while the multiplication table and the "Double Rule of Three" are for them long-forgotten mysteries.

Maj. Finger says nothing about the condition of our school houses, we presume, for fear of saying something bad. Anyone who has ever been in the average public school-house on a cold wintry day has thoughts too deep for utterance—for pleasant utterance at least. They are a disgrace to civilization. Though they were built with a design to ventilation, yet they cause more doctor-bills and deaths than anything else, whiskey, war and pestilence combined.

THE present Legislature is composed largely of farmers; they may enact some much needed legislation. Among other things we think that they might provide for a Railroad Commission, and we suppose, from the complexion of the Legislature, that this will be done. A commission is beginning to be necessary; only a few weeks ago Col. R. M. Douglas published an article showing from his figures that something of the kind is very much needed. Another thing upon which they might enact some useful law is the matter of paying taxes. It is now a misdemeanor for any one who fails to have his property or himself listed on the tax books, but there is no punishment for one who fails to pay his tax—a glaring inconsistency. A United States Senator will be elected; this Senator will doubtless be Vance, and will be a deserved compliment to one who has

always stood by his people not alone in prosperity but also in "day and hour of danger."

NOTHING shows better the increase in the manufacturing and mining interests of the South in recent years than the following figures: The production of pig iron in the South for the past year amounts to about 1,960,000 tons, a gain of nearly 400,000 tons over 1889 and of more than 1,000,000 tons over 1887. Last year Southern cotton mills consumed nearly 550,000 bales of cotton, a gain of more than 100 per cent. over 1885 when the consumption was 266,000 bales. As these figures indicate, the South is rapidly becoming a manufacturing section; our natural resources are beginning to be developed; manufacturers of cotton and woollen goods are utilizing our immense water power; other industries of various kinds are springing up: English and Northern capital is seeking investment in our borders, but it is very gratifying to our pride to know that the greater part of our advancement in mining, manufacturing, etc., has been made by Southern men, by the application of Southern capital.

IT is with regret we record the death of Heinrich Schliemann one of the world's truly great and whose greatness was in a large measure the result of his own efforts for the cultivation of his mind and the enlightenment of mankind. Teuton by birth, he devoted his life to historical researches in Hellenic and Trojan fields and so important were his discoveries

that he has rendered all who derive pleasure from the perusal of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* his grateful debtors.

He was another of the numerous instances of the poor boys who have become great and useful men. The son of a Lutheran clergyman who was deprived of his income by losing his situation, young Heinrich was compelled to earn his bread by work in a grocer's shop where he toiled for five years. While here, though he was obliged to work in the shop from five in the morning until eleven at night, yet he found time outside of his hours of labor to devote to his books.

Being engaged by a firm in Amsterdam as a book keeper, his salary was raised from 600 to 1000 marks as a reward for the exceedingly satisfactory manner in which he performed his duty. Afterwards fortune smiled upon him, and he determined to use his wealth for the advancement of historical knowledge. He was a ready converser in a multitude of languages. In 1867 he began the exploration of Troy and other ancient cities, and his discoveries in these fields have made him famous. The museums and educational institutions have always been ready purchasers of the many interesting relics exhumed by him. He published the result of these explorations in several volumes well written in the French language, and these are highly prized by antiquarians and historians.

The great man, though highly honored by the world, prided himself upon being an American citizen—California having been his adopted home.

When we read the story of such a life as his; of how he struggled with poverty and over came it, and sprang forth as if by a single bound from the bonds of toil and ignorance prepared for his life's work, it nerves us too to greater effort and its hallowed influence makes us determine that we will do something, however little we may be able to effect, for the improvement of mankind.

THE Indians of the West have broken out into open hostilities. Sitting Bull has met a richly deserved fate in death. The Indians are highly excited and quiet can be restored only by a general Indian war; such, at least are our fears. Perhaps this will be the last war with the redskins. We sympathize with the red men of the forests so fast disappearing from the land of their fathers.

THE last number of the North Carolina *Teacher* makes a suggestion to which we give our unqualified approbation. The *Teacher* thinks that it ought to be the practice, when we attach a degree to any man's name, to give the college by which it was conferred; for instance, thus: John Smith, D. D., (Wake Forest). Were this the general usage the world would soon know when an A. B. or an A. M. after a man's name meant anything, and no one would profit more by such usage than those colleges which required something more than superficial knowledge for a degree. We think that the Trustees of the various colleges would then be more cautious about conferring honorary

degrees and then not every man who reads the first Psalm in a peculiar manner or is noted for the length of his prayers or attacks every body and every article that appears in the papers would have a D. D. to his name, and not every petty lawyer would aspire to become a LL. D. So many of late have the degree of Doctor of Divinity that it has come to mean almost nothing, and by this a great injustice is done those worthy men who are not to be distinguished where they are not personally known

from a herd of inferior men in no ways worthy to be numbered with men so profound in their knowledge of theology and philosophy. Many persons are Quakers enough not to mention by their titles of distinction many who have had high degrees conferred upon them, for with Barclay they 'wonder what law of man can secure them from the just judgements of God in sanctioning a falsehood' by calling men "Doctor" when they are in no ways remarkable for superior wisdom.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

J. L. KESLER, EDITOR.

"Never cast a shadow
Upon the soul of youth;
Leave it in its trusting faith,
Its unsullied truth.
Leave it with its buoyant hopes,
Its longings wild and deep;
Let no mournful prophet voice
O'er its thrilling pulses sweep."

The *Poems of Emily Dickinson* seem to be attracting considerable attention from the literary critics. *The Independent* gives a sketch of Miss Dickinson and a review of her little volume of poems. In the January number of *Harper's*, there appears a similar criticism, giving the same general estimate of her work and quoting some of the same exquisite bits of poetry. Both agree in saying that the quality of her verse is sometimes sug-

gestive of the poetry of Emerson and William Blake, and, indeed, that sometimes the spirit of Heine seems to be present in some of the pieces. The following is quoted as an example:

"I taste a liquor never brewed,
From tankards scooped in pearl;
Not all the vats upon the Rhine
Yield such an alcohol!

"Inebriate of air am I,
And debauchee of dew,
Reeling, through endless summer days,
From inns of molten blue.

"When landlords turn the drunken bee
Out of the foxglove's door,
When butterflies renounce their drams,
I shall but drink the more!

"Till seraphs swing their golden hats,
And saints to windows run,

To see the little tippler
Leaning against the sun!"

If you see nothing beautiful in these lines you should tarry over them until you are imbued with their spirit, until their very freshness soothes the heart as the dewy morning air bathes the burning cheeks.

Miss Dickinson was born in Amherst, Mass., in 1830, and died about four years ago. She was a recluse, never for many years passing outside the gates of her father's yard. She did not mingle in society; her introspective and too highly sensitive soul shrank from the world, yet "she could not have made such poetry without knowing its rarity, its singular worth; and no doubt it was a radiant happiness in the twilight of her hidden, silent life."

Her faith soars and sings, and the melody of its song is full of tenderness and rest. Her verses are sometimes almost rugged in form, but the inner, secluded spirit, like the more beautiful glens that are hid away among the hills, is all the more beautiful for the jutting boulders and clinging cliffs that are hedged round about the blooming flowers. The following is a lofty strain of womanly faith:

"I never saw a moor,
I never saw a sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

"I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given."

Excuse us if we seem to quote too much, but we cannot leave this out:

" 'Twas such a little, little boat

That toddled down the bay;
'Twas such a gallant, gallant sea
That beckoned it away!

" 'Twas such a greedy, greedy wave
That licked it from the coast;
Nor ever guessed the stately sails
My little craft was lost!"

How near we get to her own true self we do not know. Each one discovers sooner or later that down in the deep of his nature he dwells alone and apart. In the inspired moments of life he strives to tell those who are nearest and dearest what he cannot tell, and falling back into the solitude of himself discovers that between him and the rest of the world there is an infinite distance. This it seems to us is the feeling of the poet, and he relieves himself in those passionate strains that struggle for utterance and faintly echo of the heart's tenderest longings in tears and sobs from the far away shore of dreams. The soul of the poet finds company in itself as Miss Dickinson's own words testify:

"The soul selects her own society,
Then shuts the door;
On her divine majority
Obtrude no more."

"Freedom Triumphant," the last volume of the popular History of the War, by Charles Carleton Coffin, embraces the "Fourth Period of the Rebellion, from September, 1864, to its close." *The Independent* says: "Mr. Coffin has certainly studied the war closely, and his battle chapters are in general clear, accurate, and intelligible. The tone of the volume is patriotic, anti-slavery, and always on the high moral key of sacrifice and duty which animated the nation dur-

ing the war." In Mr. Coffin's works, his "patriotic and anti-slavery" sentiments and the rush of events hurry him across the borderland of the truth into the territory of the false. He never tires of lauding the North nor criminating the South. We wish we could say that he is as "accurate" in statement as he is "clear" and fascinating in style.

"The Romance of the Cigarette-Maker" is the title of Marion Crawford's new story. He published his first novel eight years ago and now his books number fourteen. The *Book Buyer* says, "His position now is in the first rank, if not at the head of the first rank, of living American writers of fiction. * * * He speaks German, French and Italian fluently, reads Latin, Greek, Sanscrit, Arabic and Persian, and has some knowledge also of Russian and Turkish. He is described as over six feet in height, with broad shoulders, small feet, and a large head, the latter being well covered with a profusion of brown hair; a beard conceals the lower part of his face; a fine but rather large mouth is hidden by a mustache; his teeth are handsome and his smile sweet. He talks well, in a carefully modulated voice, enjoys a good joke, and is easily moved to laughter."

Dr. William G. Eggleston, a member of the editorial staff of the *Chicago Herald*, was born in Virginia in 1859, and has written a good deal for scientific journals; he also writes clever verses in negro dialect. He is said to be a classical scholar. Mr. George Horton, who is one of the editors of

the same paper, is winning distinction as a poet. He will publish a volume of poems this winter.

Prof. Huxley is beginning to feel the effects of age. His deafness is growing upon him, and when he attempts to speak at any length his voice fails him. He has recently been elected a member of the Brooklyn Ethical Association, and accepts the compliment on condition that he shall be a "corresponding member from whom no correspondence is expected."

"The Poems of Christiana G. Rossetti" is a collection which *The Critic* says, "are deserving and sure of a warm welcome from all lovers of serious, thoughtful, and imaginative poetry." It also says, "to thoroughly enjoy these poems, one must have been born with a genius for grief and a passion for poetry." One of the songs begins:

"When I am dead my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree;
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget."

Rudyard Kipling has out a book of verses called, "Department Ditties, Barrack-Room Ballads, and other verses." Mr. Kipling has been praised, written about, and gossiped about, until we are really wanting a rest. Some of his stories are very interesting, as we know from having read them ourselves; but from what *The Critic* quotes of his *verses*—we do not say *poems*—it is our opinion, which, however, is worth nothing at all, that

the book is filled up with a considerable amount of trash. We do not discover in the quotations the faintest suggestion of poetry, yet *The Critic* loses itself in its worship of the "wit, pathos, cleverness, terseness, and a style of expression which is striking beyond measure"; "the bigness, the strength, and the weirdness of many of the ballads"; and also "the felicitous figures," "thrilling pictures," and "vigorous music," and the "seasoning satire" which is "very 'fetching'". Well, all we have to say to *The Critic* is, if the praise in the first part of its criticism is due, the quotations are unfortunate; if the verses quoted are the best in the book, then the criticism becomes simply ridiculous. In the latter part of the criticism, however, the writer seems to repent of much he has said in the beginning and adds, "Apart from the story-telling, and the happy choice and treatment of his metres, Mr. Kipling does not give us much. The two sonnets reconcile us to what he does give."

Miss Mary Wilkins, author of a "Humble Romance and other Stories," although she has won quite a reputation, is still under thirty. She was but sixteen years old when she won a prize of fifty dollars for a children's story.

Charles Dudley Warner has sailed for Italy. He will make Florence his head-quarters. While there he will rent a villa and "make himself at home." He may not return to America for two years.

Gen. Lew. Wallace is writing a story of the conquest of Constantinople

by the Turks in 1454. It is hardly possible for his new work to equal "Ben Hur" in popularity.

Joel Chandler Harris is writing a story of a boy's adventure on a southern plantation during the war. *The Critic* says: "It is mainly a story of outdoor life, though one of the characters, an old North Carolinian, tells a fairy story that is new and quaint."

THE TOAD STONE.—Fenton in his "Secrete Wonders of Nature," 1569, says: "There is found in the heades of old and great toades, a stone which they call Borax or Stelon; it is most commonly found in the head of a hee toad, of power to repulse poysons, and that it is a most soveraigne medicine for the stone." There are frequent references in literature to this old superstition. Ben Jonson speaks of a "saffron jewel with the toad-stone in it," and Shakespeare, in

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,

Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

"The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson" is said to be the best of its kind this century has produced.

"With Fire and Sword" has been admirably translated by Mr. Curtin. So say the critics. *The Literary News* says that "this brilliant historical romance is attracting the widest attention, and is universally praised." The genius of the author, Mr. Henry K. Sienkiewicz, has been compared to Dumas, Scott, Schiller, Cervantes and Shakespeare. (Price \$2.)

"Summerland" is a poem of pictures, but the pictures tell better than words the poetry of nature. Mrs.

Margaret Macdonald Pulman, their author, says: "I want them to tell you of hills in the sunshine, meadows with perfumed air; the brook fringed with flowering grass, and cool and quiet reflections; the winding path that suggests the cottage life just over the hills, with its warm, blue breathings of the hidden hearth; the healing breath of the pine woods; music of quiet waters; white sands washed by the waves of the sea, blue with heaven's own reflection; lengthening shadows; day done, and quiet over all." Here is a couplet that accompanies a river scene with white wavy clouds in the distance:

"Sunshine over the hazy hills,
And over the dimpling river."

"In Darkest England and the Way Out," by Gen. Booth, of the Salvation Army, is attracting a great deal of attention. Mrs. Booth, the wife of Gen. Booth and mother of the Salvation Army, who died a short time ago, was one of the most remarkable women this century has produced.

Walt Whitman is just finishing a volume called "Good-bye My Fancy." It is to be a complement of "Leaves of Grass," and will contain prose essays and extracts from his speeches of the last two years. It will also contain Col. Ingersol's lecture on "Liberty and Literature," which certainly has some of the finest and most delicately beautiful literary touches we have seen.

Dom Pedro, the gray-haired chief-tain, is in Versailles, and although he is in feeble health, he takes great interest in art matters, is studying He-

brew and Sanscrit, is taking daily lessons under a distinguished German professor, and is translating *The Arabian Nights* into Portuguese. What a lesson for us. Great men never grow old. A year ago the world looked upon him with pity and rejoicing—with pity because the old man, great in service to his country, the builder and maker of Brazil, had been deserted by his people; rejoicing that Brazil had become a Republic. But the great mind falters not; finds itself free for sweeter and more delightful employment.

Current Literature says, "Miss Lily A. Long, author of the strong and bright novel, 'A Squire of Low Degree,' is a western woman whose years are under thirty. She was born in St. Paul and is of Swedish descent." She published a book of poems about five years ago called "Unity Songs Resung"; but her chief literary work has been in the form of essays.

We clip the following from *Current Literature*: "Charles Washington Coleman, of Williamsburg, Va., is one of the most promising of the young group of Southern poets. Closely related to the Randolphs and the Tuckers, he comes naturally by his intellectual gifts. He is twenty-eight years of age, and his profession is the law, but his tastes and talents seem to be especially in the field of literature."

"Justin H. McCarthy, M. P.," says *Current Literature*, "is just 30 years old, and has published eleven books and seven plays; he is tall and thin, with a very small head." His small

head with the brilliance of his intellect reminds us of Gambetta, perhaps the most brilliant Frenchman of his time, whose brain is said to have weighed but thirty-nine ounces, while Daniel Webster's, the great *American* statesman, weighed sixty-four.

Mr. T. C. Deleon, who wrote *The Rock or the Rye*, a parody on *The Quick or the Dead*, has now parodied Mr. McAlister's new book, *Society as I Have Found It*.

The *Educational Review* comes out

with its first number January, 1891. It has a strong editorial force. Nicholas Murray Butler, Ph. D., Professor of Philosophy in Columbia College, is chief editor. It is about the average size of magazines and full of interesting matter.

Bismark refuses to let the Emperor see the proof sheets of his *Life of Emperor William I*. The *London Truth* says that he is not writing the life of William I. at all, but simply the *memoirs* of his own life.

COLLEGE NEWS.

E. W. SIKES, EDITOR.

The senior students at Phillips' Academy, at Exeter, N. H., have chosen a colored student as class orator. He is from Philadelphia, and his name is Henry C. Minton. He is one of the editors of the *Phillips Literary Magazine*, and also of the *Exonian*, the weekly school paper, and is a vigorous writer and has been a leader in one of the debating societies since his entrance into the academy. He is very popular in the school.—*Ex.*

Columbia College pays her president more than any other college in America.

An editorial in the "*Marietta College Olio*" contains the following:

"The question of giving the student credit for work done in the societies

was strongly supported among the students. The knowledge, both general and practical, acquired in a properly conducted literary society, is so important that it should always be included in a college education, and to our minds it is as proper for the college authorities to require the students' attendance at, and participation in, the society meetings, as the daily recitations."

The number of American students reported as in attendance at the University of Berlin for the last semester is 185, representing seventy-one of our colleges and twenty-nine of our States.

Statistics show that 94 Universities of Europe have 1723 more professors

and 41,814 more students than three hundred and sixty colleges of the United States.

The University of Michigan in forty-six years has graduated ten thousand students.—*Ex.*

It is said that more than 100,000 students are attending colleges and universities in the United States.

There are only five States in the union in which a school master can legally flog a pupil.

The Northwestern University began in 1855 with \$1,000 and ten students. To-day it has an endowment of \$5,000,000 and 1,700 students.

Daniel Webster was the editor of the first college paper, which was published at Dartmouth college.

The University of the city of New York will hereafter admit women to the law course on the same conditions as men.

Oxford University has decided that women may be admitted to examination for the degree of Bachelor of Medicine.

The University of Pennsylvania is considering the question of admitting women. The faculty have voted in favor of it, 19 to 2.

Of Cornell's ninety graduates, ten per cent. were ladies, yet they bore off 60 per cent. of the honors.

The President of the United States, four members of the Cabinet, every member of the supreme court, 44 of 90 senators and 164 of 329 representatives are college graduates.

In 1793 the Harvard University library contained 14,000 volumes; Yale 2,700. There must be in these two libraries numerous rare and valuable volumes.

The movement to arrange a game of Foot-ball between the best teams, in America and Scotland, failed.

H. H. Stagg, Yale's famous pitcher, has discontinued his studies for the ministry and been employed by the Y. M. C. A. as an athletic expert.

Lives of poor men all remind us
Honest toil don't stand a chance;
The more we work we leave behind us
Bigger patches in our pants.—*Ex.*

"Why are thou here," a stern sire quoth,
To a youth whose face flushed red.
Removing his arm that circled her form,
"I was waisting a moment," he said.

Six Siamese students have been sent by their government to this country to be educated at Westminster College, Pa.

Capt. Barrier, Charlotte, N. C., bequeathed \$25,000 for the establishment of a Southern Theological Seminary within the Synod's bounds.

John Davis, of Kansas, is the first Socialist to be elected to a seat in the Congress of the United States.

There is a movement on foot to establish a chair of Irish in the University of Peru. The number of Irish in the country demands such.

Russia is closing the doors of her university because she finds that free education is incompatible with monarchy, and she means to keep up her despotism at any sacrifice.

Fully three-fourths of the national

colleges founded since 1870 have been south of Mason & Dixon's line.

The oldest university in America is in Mexico, being at least fifty years older than Harvard.

There are now in attendance at the

different colleges in America four thousand young men who expect to devote themselves to the gospel ministry.

Out of 500 who applied only 126 were admitted at Lehigh this fall.

ALUMNI NOTES.

J. L. KESLER, EDITOR.

'52. Rev. Dr. John Mitchell, pastor of the Baptist church at Hendersonville, will start on his trip to Palestine, February 25th. *The Student* will expect to receive from the Doctor some notes of his trip. He has resigned as pastor of the church at Hendersonville, and will be gone for six months.

'62. Rev. J. K. Howell has removed from Selma to Yanceyville to become pastor of the Baptist church of that place, and of two other churches in Caswell.

'73. The Baptists of Edenton have increased the salary of their pastor, Rev. R. T. Vann. This reminds us that as the salaries of our Alumni are increased, they will be enabled to give more to the endowment of Wake Forest College. And we believe the Baptists over the state as they are awaking to the duty of paying their pastors more, will also increase their contributions to the endowment fund, if the pastors will take the pains to

place the matter clearly before them and press the obligation upon them both publicly and privately.

'81. Rev. W. T. Jones, of Cumberland, Md., has resigned the pastorate of the church in Cumberland, and would like to return to North Carolina, his native state. Mr. Jones is a young man in vigorous health, and we commend him to our brethren in this State who are looking for a pastor. —*Biblical Recorder*.

'82. Mr. Henry G. Holding, has recently gone to Coal Creek, Tenn., to superintend the working of a coal mine there for Mr. W. H. Pace, of Raleigh. It is quite a paying position. But as one might suppose among several thousand miners, he has a rough crowd to deal with.

'82. Mr. J. W. Fleetwood, who has been Superintendent of Public Instruction for Northampton county, was in the last election chosen to fill the office of Register of Deeds.

'83. Rev. C. G. Jones, remembered

here as "Cujus," is pastor of College Hill church, Lynchburg, Va. Rev. W. S. Royall in the *Recorder* says: "Bro. C. G. Jones was with me recently in the fruitful meeting at Liberty church. He is strictly a gospel preacher, and one of the most effective in the land. His ministry of three years in Lynchburg has been remarkably successful, though many wondered at first how he would succeed such a man as R. R. Acree, who had been ten years pastor at the College Hill church. Much of Bro. Jones' success, doubtless, is referable to his consecrated and cultivated 'power behind the throne'—one of Prof. Hobgood's graduates. Wake Forest and Oxford can shake hands in congratulation and pride over two such representatives."

'84. Dr. C. L. Smith, of Johns Hopkins University, has been elected to the chair of Political Science and History in William Jewel College, Missouri. Two Wake Forest boys were elected to Professorships in the same college on the same day—Prof. Smith and Prof. Simmons, mentioned below. Hurrah for the Wake Forest boys!

'84. Rev. D. M. Austin, of Monroe, who has been travelling for some time as an evangelist, has accepted a call to Trade Street Church, Charlotte, N. C. Mr. Austin has the reputation of having been a strong debater while here at college, and since leaving college has made himself felt as a strong and able preacher. We wish him much success in his new field.

'84. Rev. W. B. Morton, of Welton, has been spending some time at work for the endowment of Wake

Forest College. If all the alumni will imitate his example, and work with a will whenever an opportunity is offered, and make opportunities where there are none, it ought to be easy for the Baptists of North Carolina to raise \$50,000 before March first. But it is time for every alumnus and every friend of the college to awake to his responsibility before this opportunity passes. The time is short. We entreat every alumnus to think of the debt he owes the college he loves, and the duty that binds him closer and closer to her growing interests; to labor for the endowment, to speak for it, write for it, give to it, in a word, to go his full length in securing the liberal and magnificent offer of Mr. Bostwick. Let every one do his best; none can do more, and none should be content to do less.

'85. Rev. J. B. Harrell, of Kinston, has been called to Ebenezer and Ramoth Gilead. Where these places are we have not the remotest idea, but we hear that he will probably go to Virginia.

'86. Rev. J. L. White has returned from Kentucky where he has been helping Rev. J. W. Lynch in a meeting. He is in vigorous health. His church has recently voted to increase his salary. The people of Durham know how to do a nice thing, and how to show their appreciation of a good man.

'88. Miss Evabelle Simmons, who has the honor of being the only lady graduate of Wake Forest College, has been on a visit to Monroe, but returned home in time to spend the

holidays here. The Trustees of the College did not confer her degree when she graduated, but waited till last commencement to confer on her what she had honorably won. We have not for a moment thought of congratulating our only alumna on receiving her diploma; but we do congratulate the college on being able to claim the honor of having graduated Miss Simmons, who is one of the most highly educated women of the State. She is still teaching in the Wake Forest Academy; and is a regular correspondent of *Charity and Children*.

'88. Mr. T. E. Holding and Miss Minta Royall were married in the Wingate Memorial Hall, Dec. 30, at half past eleven o'clock. There were twenty-four waiters, who taking the train accompanied the bride and groom as far as Ridgeway, below Henderson, on their Northern bridal tour.

'88. Rev. J. N. Booth, of the Second Baptist Church, Durham, has had his salary increased, and his people have treated him to a nice pastor's home. This is good evidence that his work is not only progressive but is appreciated.

'89. Prof. Henry Simmons, of Carson College, Tenn., spent the holidays at home. We were glad to see him, and, indeed, we never saw him looking better. He has recently been elected Professor of English Language and Literature in William Jewet College, Mo. He will accept, but will not enter upon his duties there until next session as he is under

obligations to remain at Carson College during the spring term. We are glad to hear of the upward stepping of our Wake Forest boys; and let them go to Northern cities or to the growing West with its energy and enterprize, we give them freely and wherever they go, and our best wishes always accompany them.

'90. Mr. J. B. Spilman, who has been teaching in the Raleigh Male Academy will take charge of a new academy at Glen Alpine, Burke county, N. C., in February.

'90. Mr. J. E. White goes to assist Mr. T. M. Hufham (class '89,) in his school at Mars Hill. Mr. Hufham has had such excellent success in building up his school that it has become necessary to make new additions to the school buildings and to secure more help.

'90. Mr. J. G. Gregory, who has been teaching at Great Bridge, Va., has taken charge of High Point Male Academy, High Point, N. C. Mr. Gregory called to see us during the Christmas holidays. We were glad to see him, and wish him much success in his school at High Point.

'—. A correspondent from Greenville thus highly compliments Rev. Oscar Haywood through the columns of the Knoxville (Tenn.) *Journal*: "Rev. Oscar Haywood, pastor of the Baptist church, is receiving the ears of the town now. He preached the first of a series of sermons to young people last Sunday night to a full house. Mr. Haywood is an orator. He is only about twenty-two years of age, but it is said he is a man of varied

and extensive experience to be so young. He looks to be about thirty years old. He is a consecrated, earnest man." He was a student here for about two years.

'— Mr. W. C. Powell and family have moved to Savannah, Ga. He is engaged in the Commission business, and is connected with the Savannah Naval Stores company. He will be greatly missed here. He has done more perhaps than any other man for business and trade in Wake Forest. We shall all miss him as a friend and helper in every benevolent enterprise, as well as a man of business. While we regret to see him go, we wish him much success in his new employment and much joy and happiness in his new home.

'— *The North Carolina Teacher* says: "Mr. J. E. Smith (Wake Forest College), of Raleigh, is Superintendent of the Public Schools of Lascas-

sas, Tenn. He is making a fine reputation as a first-class teacher, and the schools are prospering greatly under his management." Mr. Smith, it will be remembered, did not finish his course here; but we are glad to take note of his success.

'— Rev. Frank Dixon, of California, has been called to the Baptist church at New Berne, N. C. Mr. Dixon is not an alumnus of this college; he left here in his Junior year and graduated at Chapel Hill.

'— Mr. D. R. Millard, who was here 1886-'87, but did not graduate, is now at Maryland College of Pharmacy. He was recently elected President of the Senior class, and afterwards was selected to deliver the valedictory.

'— Mr. E. B. Lewis and Miss Dora G. McDaniel, of Kinston, were married Dec. 30. Mr. Lewis is teaching in the Graded School in Asheville.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

R. B. WHITE, EDITOR.

1891.

Sociables.

Examinations.

Christmas is gone.

The Holidays are over.

They were almost like Heaven, but

Examinations are—well, we will not say anything about them.

Well might the fatted turkey exclaim, "Christmas is in my bones."

When is a stocking best filled?
When it is full,

We wish everyone would send in their subscription as a New Year's gift.

How about drawing straws? We were off the Hill during the holidays, and have to trust to hearsay for news.

Some of the boys who remained here Christmas almost changed their boarding places. We don't blame them.

There were a great many visitors here all during Christmas, and they made things lively.

Miss Willie Simmons was home from a visit to her sisters in Monroe and South Carolina and gladdened some poor fellow's heart.

Miss Mattie McLeod left St. Mary's to spend Christmas here with Mrs. C. Brewer.

Misses Chesson and Armstrong, both from St. Mary's, were visiting here—Miss Chesson visiting Miss Allie Dickson and Miss Armstrong Miss Gill, who came home from Peace Institute to spend the holidays.

Miss Annie Powell and Miss Lena Allen were also here from Richmond and helped make Wake Forest the liveliest spot in North Carolina Christmas week.

But
Of all the words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, "they have gone again."

Miss Sophie Lanneau came before Christmas to live with her uncle, Prof. Lanneau. We extend her a cordial welcome.

When was it that Nero had full sway over the streets of Rome? When he came back from his club at 3 a. m.

Mr. T. J. Simmons was on the Hill for some time. He is teaching school at Athens, Ga., and we say, "Come again."

There have been several attempts at local journalism of late. The Borer is the most frequent in its appearance, and it is well named.

The black-board fiend who writes puns on the chapel black-board has been quiet for some time. Does any one know if he has been killed, and if so, wasn't it justifiable homicide?

We hear of a great many New Year "revolutions." New leaves have been turned till it is feared there will not be a sufficient supply next year.

"How long, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse my patience" is a classical quotation which is very applicable to the man who rooms above.

What is a Borer? A Borer is one who talks so much about himself that you can't get a chance to say anything about yourself.—*Ex.*

"'90 is a chestnut now," he said,
"And so is Annie Rooney."
"O, may she die quite dead," he said,
"And no more resurrected."

The Rev. Mr. Willoughby was on the hill last week and conducted prayer meeting services.

Prof. Poteat announced at chapel that on January 23rd Alexander Melville Bell would lecture on "Visible Speech Elucidated." Ten dollars reward to the one who will tell us what that means.

Wonder how Jones liked Christmas at Wake Forest?

THINGS THAT MAKE US TIRED.

[An understudy after J. B. S.]

Waiting for the mail.
 "Band played Annie Laurie."
 The church benches.
 Gymnasium.
 Cutting wood.
 Tin pans.
 "What did it cost you?"
 "Month up"
 In and about College.

There was a large and glorious masquerade the night of Dec. 18th. Many and various were the costumes. A celebrated clog-dancer was along and gave exhibitions of his skill. They went all over the Hill showing their superior ability in making fools of themselves and caused much merriment. One poor unfortunate had the bad luck to catch his dress on fire, and it was feared that it would burn up and leave him without any raiment, we mean any masquerading costume.

Prof. J. B. Carlyle long ago decided that it was not well for man to be alone, and the outcome of this was a paragraph in the papers, as follows:

"CARLYLE—DUNN. On Dec. 23d, 1890, near Leadvale, Tenn., by Rev. Dr. W. A. Nelson, of Asheville, N. C., J. B. Carlyle to Dora V. Dunn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Dunn."

The bride and groom arrived on the Hill Jan. 2nd, and the students showed their appreciation of his marriage by an immense serenade which lasted from 10 p. m. to 5 a. m.

It was rather cold the other night but some members of the T. S. Club thought it their duty to serenade the

bridal couples. Before they reached the first station the violin and guitar strings had contracted three semitones and instead of playing in D they played in F. But they were let out and the music began. The smoking man burnt himself trying to warm his nose with a cigarette and play at the same time and the strings kept contracting. It would have been very successful if they had been trying to play Boulanger's march in three different keys. They retired to the air "In the Gloaming," accompanied by the violoncello and pitched so low that the notes were frozen before they could get out.

After getting in a warm room the flute was seriously injured by some notes which were frozen in it thawing and playing Annie Rooney and McGinty at the same time.

There were no flowers.

We clip the following from the *Chronicle* of December 31:

There was a pretty marriage in Wake Forest yesterday in Memorial Hall at 11:30 a. m. The occasion was the celebration of the nuptial vows of T. E. Holding, a popular young druggist, and Miss Minta Royall, daughter of Dr. Wm. Royall, all of Wake Forest. The Christmas festivities were just over and we were prepared to enjoy the occasion to the fullest extent. The church was handsomely decorated. Rev. W. B. Royall, brother of the bride, performed the ceremony in a beautiful and impressive manner.

The following were the attendants: Miss Lizzie Hobgood and Mr. W. W. Holding; Miss Annie Powell and Mr. O. K. Holding; Miss Zua Pace and

Mr. D. Boyd Kimball; Miss Ella Holding and Mr. J. L. Kesler; Miss Minta Allen and Mr. Calvin Holding; Miss Eva Belle Simmons and Mr. E. W. Sikes; Miss Mary Neal and Prof. C. E. Brewer; Miss Lucy Mills and Mr. Roy Powell; Miss Rosa Fowler and Mr. E. E. Gill; Miss Allie Dickson and Mr. R. E. Major; Miss Lena Allen and Mr. W. B. Daniel.

The ushers were Messrs. Fred W. Dixon, S. P. Holding, J. C. Kittrell, W. Royall, Jr., and H. A. Royster.

Mrs. B. F. Sledd presided at the organ in her most skilful manner.

Mr. and Mrs. Holding, left on the 12.15 train for Washington and other points. A happy part of Wake Forest girls and boys accompanied them as far as Henderson and wished them much happiness throughout all their life.

There was a New Year's reception at Mrs. Dixon's. Misses Allie and Elva Dickson received, assisted by Misses Anna Walters, Chesson, Armstrong, Gill and Mattie McLeod.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT, Thursday night, Dec. 25.—The curtains were drawn in front of the rostrum in the little chapel during the preliminary exercises, which consisted of songs from several well-trained voices. Between the songs were excellent recitations from several very small children. It was all done beautifully. Dr. Royall was now called on for a speech. He responded in his happiest vein, weaving into his wisdom and philosophy, bits of wit and humor which brought forth the cheers of the audience. Now the curtain was

drawn aside, and there stood in the centre of the rostrum a small but very beautifully ornamented Christmas tree. From its branches, under the candle lights, swung variegated cornucopias filled with nuts and candies, and at the root of the tree was a heap of apples, very tempting, indeed, to the happy faced children, who sat near the front; but better than this were some more substantial gifts to the poor, which, however, were not put forward for public exhibition. When the curtain was lifted old Santa appeared on the scene to distribute the gifts. In appearance, he was very ancient looking with long white beard, white, bushy, overhanging eyebrows, white hair, and a snow white cap, while his winter wraps seemed to have just emerged from a snow-storm, with here and there a leaf which the winter wind had dislodged and drifted upon him. After making a remark or two he proceeded to distribute the gifts and pull the ears of the little boys and girls. When a class of young ladies were called up he remarked that they were the largest and most beautiful infants he had ever seen, in which opinion the audience generally agreed—particularly that they were the most beautiful. After the presents had been distributed and Prof. Brewer, the Sunday School Superintendent, was about to close the public exercises, Santa Claus, on behalf of several friends made him a present of an Oxford Bible. It was a complete surprise, and after he had made a few brief, appropriate remarks, all joined in the general merry-making in honor of the Christmas occasion.

THE
WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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VOL. X.]

WAKE FOREST, N. C., FEB., 1891.

[No. 5.]

ARE WE PATRIOTS STILL?*

COL. W. H. S. BURGWIN.

Sir William Blackstone in discussing the title of alienation by devise, says: "The ancient law of the Athenians directed that the estate of the deceased should always descend to his children, or on failure of lineal descendants should go to the collateral relations, which had an admirable effect in keeping up equality and preventing the accumulation of estates. But when Solon made a slight alteration by permitting them (though only on failure of issue) to dispose of their land by testament, and devise away estates from the collateral heir, this soon produced an excess of wealth in some, and of poverty in others; which, by a natural progression first produced popular tumults and dissensions, and these at length ended in tyranny and the utter extinction of liberty, which was quickly followed

by a total subversion of their State and Nation."

Are we in a similar danger from an excess of individual wealth?

When it came the turn of Charles Carroll, of Maryland, to affix his signature to the Declaration of Independence, after writing his name some one suggesting that there were others of that name in the Province, he added the words, "of Carrollton," whereupon a bystander remarked, "There goes a million."

It is not to be supposed that Mr. Carroll really was worth a million of dollars. A Senator in his seat in Congress has lately said that Washington was the richest man in America at the close of the Revolutionary War, and his wealth he estimated at \$900,000 (less than a million). But Mr. Carroll was considered the wealthiest

*An address delivered before the students of Wake Forest College, Tuesday evening January 27, 1891.

man in his State, and probably at the time was the wealthiest of those who signed the document, and one of the richest in the United States.

From 1776 to 1891 is a brief period in a Nation's History, and yet these 115 years have brought about a concentration of wealth in the hands of a few so enormous as startles the imagination, and arouses serious apprehension whether such wealth in the possession of the private citizen is consistent with the preservation of Republican institutions.

A writer of recognized authority, in the *Forum* for January, in discussing this subject comes to this conclusion; that the "financial conditions remaining unchanged, the American billionaire may reasonably be looked for within the next forty years."

Not long since a list of 122 citizens of the United States reported worth five million or more was published. It contained two persons rated at 125 millions each, one at 100 millions, one at 75 millions, one at 40 millions, one at 35 millions, four at 25 millions, each, two at 20 millions each, seven at 15 millions each, five at 12 millions each, five at 8 millions each, two at 6 millions each and seventy-five at 5 millions each. The Senator above referred to makes this statement with all the weight to be attached to it as declared in the United States Senate.

There are in the United States 400 persons possessing 10 millions each, 1,000 persons 5 millions each, 2,000 persons 2½ millions each, 6,000 persons 1 million each and 15,000 persons possessing half a million each,

or 31,100 persons possessing \$36,-250,000,000; more than one half of the estimated total accumulated wealth of the country.

Proceeding in his remarks the Senator stated "there was one man (referring, doubtless, to Rockefeller, of the Standard Oil Trusts) who had acquired, within less than a life-time of a single individual, out of the aggregate of the National wealth that was earned by the labor of all applied to the common bounty of nature, an aggregate that exceeded the assessed valuation of four of the smallest States of the Union—and more, as suggested by another Senator sitting by him, "than the whole country had when the Constitution was formed."

These accumulations of private fortunes in America will appear still more stupendous when compared with the largest individual fortunes in England or Europe. The richest man in England is supposed to be the Duke of Westminster. Mr. Gladstone a few years ago placed the Duke's fortune at 50 millions. This represents the accumulations, not of one man or one generation, but of many men through many generations, under a system of entail and primogeniture which keeps a fortune intact and inalienable.

The richest of the Rothschild brothers never had more than about 70 millions, and none of their descendants are worth as much; whereas John D. Rockefeller, of the Standard oil trust—not many years ago a poor man—is now estimated to be worth quite 130 millions, perhaps more. The Astor family are worth 200 mil-

lions, and the aggregate fortunes of the Vanderbilt's anywhere between 250 and 300 millions, as estimated by the *Springfield Republican*.

It is difficult for the finite mind to take in the full import of such large valuations. I will make use of an illustration. If, when Adam was born, his Creator had given him a salary of twenty thousand dollars a year, and continued the same from that time down to the present, these six thousand years of salary would not amount, in the aggregate, to the fortune Mr. Rockefeller has accumulated within the past thirty years.

But this great accumulation of wealth in the hands of a few is not more alarming than the other outgrowth of the times, the establishment of trusts and combines. These, unless broken up by the strong hand of the Government, bid fair to invade all industrial enterprises where men struggle for a living, and put in peril the fortunes of every man whose business may conflict with that they have in hand. A few weeks since a dozen railroad presidents met in New York to perfect an agreement by which the rates for freight and passenger traffic should prevail on 135,000 miles out of the total 270,000 miles of railroads in the United States, and they virtually controlled more than 4 billions of property.

In the light of these facts are we in danger that this fair land of ours, vouchsafed to us by a Beneficent Creator as the theater where man's capacity for self government is to be proven for weal or woe, and possibly, if for woe, the opportunity will never

again be given, are we in danger that our end will be like that of those Republics spoken of by Blackstone, which we quoted at the beginning of this address. As a food for reflection I give you for what it is worth, as I have no means of verifying it, a statement I lately met with published in one of our papers, viz: "When Egypt went down, two per cent. of her population owned ninety-seven per cent. of her wealth. When Babylon went down two per cent. of her population owned all her wealth. When Persia went down, one per cent. of her population owned the land. When Rome went down, 1,800 men owned all the known world. There are about forty million people in England, Ireland and Wales, and 100,000 people own all the land in the United Kingdom. In the United States three-fifths of the entire wealth of the country is owned by 31,100 people; less than one twentieth of one per cent. of the population." As the writer pithily concludes, "in 1860 there were but two millionaires in the United States, and no tramps. To-day there are 35,000 millionaires and 1,500,000 tramps."

As is to be expected, where such wealth is in the hands of the few there must be the less in the hands of the many.

When you sift the matter to the bottom, every dollar represents so much labor performed by some one. The mine owner has to pay the miners to dig out the metal; the manufacturer has to pay for his raw material and the labor for converting it into the finished product. The

products of the farm represent so much sweat and toil of the husbandman. Wherever you find individual wealth, it is but the collecting in the hands of one person that which represents the labor, the sweat, of one, or two, or hundreds, or thousands, or tens of thousands of human beings, for as the Bible says: "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread."

We will not therefore be surprised to learn that there is great indebtedness in the land. If the wealth of the country is sixty billions and there are sixty millions of inhabitants, each one's share of that wealth, if it were equally divided, would be \$1,000. A millionaire then will possess the share that one thousand people ought to have on such a basis. A Jay Gould will own the portion of two hundred thousand.

An estimate has been made of the farm mortgages in six of what have been regarded our most prosperous agricultural States, viz: Kansas, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin and Ohio, and they aggregate \$3,431,000,000, the interest on which at six per cent. is over \$200,000,000. More than twice the amount of gold and silver produced in the United States in any one year.

If six agricultural States show such an indebtedness, what must be the aggregate when the mortgages of the other thirty-seven States are included.

Let us go back to the consideration of our theme. What effect upon the young man of to-day does his environment have, as regards his love for his country and his willingness to make

sacrifices for his country's good? In the first place are the aims for which the educated young man strive the same as those under the former civilization?

I would speak of our Southern country especially. Before the war, law, medicine, divinity, teaching, were the professions pursued chiefly. Trade, manufactures, commerce, invention were the exceptions. The consequence was that but few large estates accumulated in the South; and the landed gentry had their possessions divided up and sub-divided among their children and descendants, so great wealth was not especially striven for.

It was more the aim of the educated, intellectual young man to win distinction at the bar, in the forum, or in the pulpit, or as a teacher of youth. The number of educated persons being few in comparison with the uneducated many, the educated man, by the very fact of his culture, had an influence among his set greater than now, because education is more general, and nothing has so levelling up a tendency as education. It was therefore reward enough for the bright scholarly young man of the South before the war, to win his victories at the bar, or political honors in the Senate, House, or the praise of oratory in the pulpit, and they left to the less gifted and ambitious, the humbler pursuits of trade, commerce and manufactures.

It was then, not so much the desire or the fashion to reside in cities; the dominant class lived in the country, and there were in the South few cities

of size or commercial importance. The representatives of those days have now about all departed. We saw the last of them pass away a few days since at the venerable age of eighty-two. It sounds strange in these days to your younger ears to speak of master and slave. And yet but a generation since and this aged man controlled 1,800 slaves, and this species of property was recognized and protected by the Constitution under which he lived. This civilization, this environment, in which Mr. Cameron lived, came to a sudden end at the close of the late war. That it was productive of men great in statesmanship, in eloquence, in patriotism, will not be denied; that it produced a race of law abiding, happy and virtuous people, is equally true. But when the crisis came, and the issue was forced upon them, they did not hesitate to risk it all in defense of what they judged to be an invasion of their rights as guaranteed them by the Constitution of their fathers.

Had they been a great commercial people the late war might have been averted. Where great business interests are jeopardized by war, some expedient will be suggested to avert that calamity. A war between America and Great Britain would not only shock the conscience of the civilization of to-day, but it would be impossible.

A great banking house 3000 miles away from our shores, becomes involved through dealings with a government thousands of miles from them in another hemisphere; and in a moment, business all over the civilized

world is in confusion; uncertainty as to all credit takes the place of confidence; values become unsettled; money gets scarce, a panic is imminent; but behold a marvelous sight is witnessed; the hereditary enemy of England, the descendants of those defeated at Cressy. Poitiers, Agincourt, Blenheim and Waterloo, come to the assistance of the great fiscal agent of the mighty Empire of England that is in danger, and the animosities of five centuries of warfare are changed to lasting peace and friendship by the timely action of the bank of France.

A bill is introduced in the Congress of the U. S., the effect of which will be to disturb the orderly course of trade and good will between certain sections of the country, and at once, protests pour into the Senate and House of Representatives deprecatory of such a law, and the pressure is so great, the party advantage has to yield to the demand of the public good.

What does it all mean? What will it all lead to. Prof. Bryce, the eminent English publicist recently said, "we are losing our faith in individualism and gaining faith in co-operation." Prof. Bryce has interpreted the times correctly. Co-operation, combination, is the invariable tendency in all business. Wherein lies the danger?

A short time since, the managers of a dozen or more railroad companies, representing more than half the railroad mileage of the United States, met in New York to devise a scheme by which their mutual advantage could be secured by doing away with the

rivalries and antagonisms that prevailed between their respective companies. When all but one had signed the contract, he refused, and gave as his reason, that while all those who had signed were honorable men whom he would trust in matters of their private concern, he would not trust any one of them to keep the agreement any longer than it was to the interest of the company he represented. In other words, the tendency of the times in all lines of business is to form Trusts, combines, syndicates, and when such are formed, those directing their affairs lose their individuality; they become merged into the personality of the company and the company's good and advancement is the supreme law. How common it is to hear remarked of one, that about his own private matters he is the soul of honor, but when acting for his company he will stop short of no step that will advance the interests of his corporation.

Need we feel surprise at this? To one who values position, opportunities only for the money there is in them and looks upon the acquisition of wealth and a life of splendor as his chief aim, employment by large aggregated corporate wealth, presents irresistible attractions. The salaries paid to these captains of industry, commerce and finance seem fabulous. One Railroad values the services of its president at \$75,000 per year. Several Trust Companies pay their president \$60,000 per year. Forty and fifty thousand per year is thought not too much for the heads of certain Life and Fire Insurance Companies, and a

salary under \$20,000 per year would seem the exception for the large corporations having their principal offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston.

Bright, ambitious young men are fascinated by such splendid rewards for success in such lines of human activity and they rush for the prize. This is proven by the amazing growth in size and wealth of the cities where such possibilities obtain, at the expense of the country population where no such rewards are possible. This feature of the times is not one of the least serious problems that are presented. You will remember the occasion for the writing of those beautiful descriptions of the charms of a country life, the *Georgics* of Virgil.

How the wise Emperor 1900 years ago resorted to this method to interest his people again in country pursuits, which had become so neglected in the civil strifes consequent upon the death of Cæsar. Do we not need a Virgil now? It will surprise some of us when informed as to the extent of this abandonment of country pursuits for the attractions of city life and the consequent decline in value of farming properties.

Certain States of New England have found it necessary to establish a department of government whose concern it is to look after "abandoned farms," as they are described, and to devise means once again to have them occupied and tilled. In one State, the list comprises some 3300 farms that have been abandoned. In another about half as many. I will read you what a Judge in New England

says as to the condition of agriculture in a certain part of the State of Vermont. "Midway between Williams-town and Brattleborough I saw on the summit of a hill against the evening sky what seemed a large cathedral. Driving thither I found a huge old time, two-story church, a large academy (which had blended in the distance with the church,) a village with a broad street, perhaps 100 feet in width. I drove on and found that the church was abandoned, the academy dismantled, the village deserted. The farmer who owned the farm on the north of the village lived on one side of the broad street, and he who owned the farm on the south lived on the other, and they were the only inhabitants. All the others had gone to the manufacturing villages, to the great cities, to the West. Here had been industry, education, religion, comfort and contentment, but there remained only a drear solitude of forsaken homes.

All we need to make the pathetic picture complete, is the genius of a Virgil and the pen of a Goldsmith."

I have directed your attention thus briefly my young friends to some features of the environment that surround the young man of this day, in the hope of impressing you with a feeling of the responsibilities the times impose upon you. Events nowadays succeed one another so rapidly that the wisest cannot predict what an hour will bring forth.

We stand to-day in the midst of revolutions. Slavery entrenched, impregnably as it was thought, in the very genesis of our government as es-

tablished by our forefathers, did not survive the first victory that befell the Union armies. Before the 4th of March next, we may be confronted with a law that takes away from the States their autonomy in the selection of their representatives in the General Congress, on which the glorious fabric of the union of the States is based. A movement is now taking shape to unite in one great confederated Alliance the various industrial organizations in the nation, which, if successful and their principles put in operation, will revolutionize the social status, by transferring to the control of the general government the great instruments of transportation, commerce, communication and finance.

No student of public events can doubt we are in a state of rapid transition, and where will we land? Was there ever a time for the exhibition of lofty patriotism or the necessity for enlightened statesmanship greater than now?

As we think upon these things, what a supreme satisfaction to know that we have it absolutely in our own power to be ready for any emergency that may arise. It was not mere chance that it happened for John Adams to rise in his seat and nominate George Washington as commander-in-chief of the Continental forces. And the Republican convention that nominated, and the Republican party that elected Abraham Lincoln president of the United States, made no mistake. And why? The key to unlock the mystery of these unexpected occurrences was the character of the two men.

And of all possessions a man can gain in life, these all combined do not equal in value that of a good character. I do not use the term good character as synonymous with good reputation. Character is of a man's own building up. Reputation may be a bubble built up by others on fictitious and false foundations, a bubble which needs only to be pricked to become as baseless as the fabric of a vision.

When I see a young man struggling against poverty or unfavorable environments, bravely bear himself four cornered to the wind of adversity, honest, of good repute, industrious, temperate, I tender him my unqualified admiration.

When we find a man in public life who dares to take a stand that he thinks to be right, and to tell his people so and that they are wrong whether he be right or not, he is a patriot and worthy to be placed in the Pantheon of his country's great men. Such a man is well described in the noble language of the heathen poet:

*"Justum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium
Non voltus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solida, neque auster
Dux inquieti turbidus Hadria,
Nec fulminantis magna manus Jovis;
Si fractus illabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinae."*

Horace, Lib, 3, Car, 3.

Fortunate the people who have had such men among their citizens; doubly fortunate in these times is North Carolina, for happy am I to believe that she possesses such a states-

man in the person of Zebulon B. Vance.

I would wish my young friends, that you bear away with you in remembrance of these remarks to-night, some thoughts that will serve as a stimulus to noble and brave deeds in your after life no matter what your occupation may be, and I will close what I have to say by briefly referring to the career of three men. One living, the other two dead.

You will see their environments were very different but in each there is that to "point the moral and adorn the tale."

On the 77th birthday of a citizen of Ohio—a man who had been active in public affairs all his life—a concourse of his friends met at a banquet to do him honor. In some respects it was the most remarkable affair of its kind in American annals. This man had failed to reach the high office for which he was nominated by his party, and his rapidly increasing infirmities surely presages that his public career is closed, and yet, Congressmen from 29 States; 27 Governors and ex-Governors and Governors elect; 4 ex-Cabinet ministers and an ex-President of the U. S., and 1000 guests had come from their distant homes to testify their admiration for the man. And why was Allen C. Thurman so honored? I will answer in the language of one of those present. "Because his career and example shed glory upon the American name; because he is a neighbor to all the people of the land; because he is the friend of all who love their country; because his career splendidly illustrated the best

and strongest elements of our national character, and because his example belongs to all his countrymen."

On October 12th, 1870, closed the earthly career of another American citizen. Two States of the late Southern Confederacy, and doubtless North Carolina and the rest will follow, have made his birthday a legal holiday, and the world unites in placing his name among those great and sceptered sovereigns who still rule our spirits from their urns. As has been said: "A son of almost unexampled affection and sympathy; a youth of purity and goodness; a young soldier of such daring and ability as to make him the most distinguished figure in the Mexican war; a commander in the field of such masterful and unequal power as to absolutely assert his supremacy over all men yet born on the American continent, and to draw out the highest opinion and classification from distinguished European war critics; a civilian of such absolute dignity, fidelity and simplicity as to excite the admiration of all who knew of him; a college president of such devotion, elevation and sympathy as to make him a pattern for all time; and lastly a Christian of such quiet but assured zeal, of such benignity and humanity as to make him an ornament and grace to his denomination. Such is the hero, the citizen, the man, the finest embodiment of the most endearing, the most noble and the most exemplary traits in felicitous combination of the 19th century, was Robert Edward Lee."

The last illustration I will take from that other great family of the English

speaking people, Great Britain, and is an example especially worthy of study and imitation in these days of commercial demoralization and thirst for wealth.

At the age of fifty-five, having amassed an ample fortune by the creations of his marvelous genius; the recipient of honors from his sovereign; courted by the great and learned; surrounded by his interesting family, and in his beautiful home at Abbotsford, Walter Scott finds that by a turn in the wheel of fortune, his life long accumulations are swept away and he is involved to the extent of \$750,000 as surety for the obligations of others.

His creditors offer him a compromise, this he refuses, and having procured an extension of time, at the age of 55 he set about the task of reimbursing them by his literary labors.

Like an athlete, preparing himself for the arena, he girded up his loins and sprang to the contest. Throwing off the mantle of disguise, he declares himself to be the sole author of the "Waverly Novels," and then in rapid succession, he publishes *Woodstock*, *Chronicles of the Canongate*, 1st and 2nd series; *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, for which he was paid \$75,000; *Tales of a Grandfather*, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th series; *Anne of Geierstein*; *The Doom of Devoirgoil*; *The Auchin-drane Tragedy*; *History of Scotland*; *Count Robert of Paris* and *Castle Dangerous*. But human nature could no longer stand it. These later works give evidence of mental exhaustion, and his bodily health declined under the incessant mental application and

confinement. Symptoms of gradual paralysis begin to be manifest. The King places a man of war at his service to take him to Italy. Honors seldom paid to literary men await him at Naples and Rome. But it is too late, and he requests to be conveyed at once to his native country that he may die within sight and sound of the Tweed. Within these five years of

herculean toil he has paid \$500,000 of his debt, but he burned the candle at both ends to do it. In the light of this noble life what a world of philosophy is wrapt up in the dying words of Walter Scott, with which I close my remarks to-night, and as the perfection of good advice. "Be a good man. Be a good man."

THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA.

Certain events, connected with the early history of Calcutta, now the splendid capital of British India, and a city of wealth and fashion, are full of interest. It did not come into the possession of the English without much suffering. That England should have experienced any great difficulty in conquering a country like India may seem strange to us now, but it must be remembered that she had not at that time received her title of "mistress of the Seas"—a title now conceded to her by all the world. Other countries then rivalled England both on land and on sea. Spain and Portugal were more powerful nations than they are to-day and, in the early settlement of India, held almost supreme power over the country. But France was the most stubborn enemy of England and waged a most effective war against her.

Bengal, the province in which Calcutta is situated, was the last settlement formed by the British in the eastern part of India and was long regarded as second in point of com-

mercial importance to Madras and the settlement along the coast of Corowandel. But in the year 1656 some merchants of Surat obtained permission from the Nabob of Bengal to erect a factory at Hooghly, on the river of that name, a little above the site of the more recent establishment of Calcutta. It was here, however, that the English first attempted to establish political and military powers in India. In 1686 after hearing of various wrongs committed by the natives upon the owners of the factories, the East India Company sent out a formidable expedition—the first war-like demonstration of the British against the Indian government—the object of which was to make war upon the Great Mogul and Nabob of Bengal, and this when they had had a footing in their territory only thirty years! The result of this rash and ill-advised step on the part of the English was that they speedily lost every shadow of their previous power and importance in every part of India, and were permitted, only after the most

humble submission to retain possession of the Island of Bombay. These disputes however, were amicably settled and the company allowed to re-establish themselves and to continue their traffic as heretofore at Hooghly; and they did not again experience any serious annoyances until the commencement of hostilities between England and France in 1744. When the war begun, one of the chief points against which the French directed their efforts was the Indian settlement of the English, they themselves possessing only one station of any importance. It would be tedious and entirely inappropriate here to detail the continued struggle for the mastery of India which ensued between the rival nations; the war being carried on, however, less by open force of arms than by secret intrigue with the native rulers, who were continually changing from one party to the other, as seemed best for their interests and convenience. Suffice it to say, that early in the year 1761 the French were finally driven by the British arms, from all that quarter of India, by the loss of their sole possession—the town of Pondicherry, which surrendered to the English Colonel.

The British establishment at Calcutta had been advancing in prosperity with such rapid strides that the Nabob of Bengal, “a dissolute and tyrannical prince,” stimulated by the exaggerated reports of the wealth of the English factory, and being envious and suspicious of the success of the English, construed every design and preparation by the English as attacks against himself. He imme-

diately collected his army, and, after destroying a factory of the English on his way, advanced upon Calcutta. The garrison of Calcutta at that time did not muster above 514 men, of whom only 174 were Europeans, totally undisciplined, and, according to Mr. Holwell, many did not know the right from the wrong end of their muskets. Attempts were therefore made at first to come to reasonable terms with the nabob, but the fate of the other factory dispelled all their hopes of a reconciliation.

Meantime the Nabob marched upon Calcutta with such furious haste that a number of his soldiers fell dead from sun stroke. The attack on Calcutta began on the 18th of June, 1750, and on the same day all the outworks and the extreme fortifications fell into the hands of the Indians. The besieged now gave up all hopes of a successful resistance, but they agreed to hold out till morning so that they could have time to convey the women and children on board of ship, which was safely accomplished that night. The men were in a miserable condition. To complete the wretched dilemma of the troops, Drake, the Governor, was seized with a panic, threw himself in the last remaining boat and left them to their fate. The situation of the garrison was now truly critical. They chose Mr. Holwell to fill Drake's place and he immediately opened negotiations for surrender; but the troops, in their misery and confusion, having gained access to the liquor were soon drunk, and the enemy, hearing how matters stood, stepped into the fort without resistance.

The harrowing event which took place within the fort on the night succeeding its capture, is one of the most remarkable examples in history of cruelty in warfare. When the Nabob entered the fort, he sent for Mr. Holwell and reproached him severely at his having attempted to defend the fort against the ruler of Bengal, and also expressed great dissatisfaction at finding such a small sum in the treasury. Yet, after three interviews he dismissed him with assurances, on the word of a soldier, that no harm should be done him.

Mr. Holwell then returned to his unfortunate companions and found them surrounded by a strong guard, who led them into a veranda constructed to shelter the soldiers from the sun and rain, but which kept all the light and air from the chambers behind it. Some parts of the fort being on fire, they were surrounded by such a thick smoke that they thought a design was formed to suffocate them; but the guard were merely looking about for a place of confinement. Finally they pitched upon a chamber employed as the common dungeon of the garrison, who used to call it The Black Hole. It consisted of a space eighteen feet square, with only two small windows barred with iron opening into the close veranda and admitting scarcely a breath of air. Into this narrow apartment the whole of the officers and troops, 146 in number, were compelled to enter, and on their venturing to appeal for mercy, the commander ordered every one who should hesitate to be cut down; the prisoners then obeyed.

Thus they were thrust into this narrow dungeon, into which they could hardly be squeezed; the door was then fast barred from without. Their first impression, on finding themselves thus cooped up, was the utter impossibility of living through one night and the necessity of getting out at any cost. It was the hottest season of the year and the night uncommonly sultry even for this season. Their bodies pressed heavily against each other and the heat was carried from one body to the other throughout the dungeon, so that the whole chamber was one solid piece of living *heat*. The Indian guards were walking before the windows, and Mr. Holwell, seeing one who bore on his face an expression somewhat akin to humanity, begged him to separate the prisoners into two rooms, promising to give him a reward in the morning. The old man went to try, but returning in a few minutes said it was impossible. The prisoners thinking the reward too low doubled it. The man went again, and returned with the fatal sentence that no relief could be expected because "*the Nabob was asleep and no one dared to wake him.*" The lives of one hundred and forty-six men were nothing in comparison to disturbing for a moment the slumbers of a tyrant! Mr. Holwell has described in detail the horrors of that awful night, which are scarcely paralleled in the annals of human misery. Every moment added to their distress. All attempts to obtain relief by change of position only aggravated their sufferings. The air soon became pestilential, producing a feel-

ing of suffocation at every respiration. The awful stench and the intense heat almost overpowered them. The perspiration flowed in streams, and they were tormented with the most burning thirst. Various means were tried to obtain more room and air. Every one took off his clothes, every hat was put in motion, and since all these did no good it was proposed that they should all sit down on their hams at the same time and after remaining in this position for a while rise all together. This fatal expedient was resorted to three times in one hour, and every time several, unable to rise up again, fell and were trampled to death by their companions. Violent attempts were made to force the door, and failing in this they gave way to rage and madness; but the thirst increased and loud cries of "water! water!" were raised. The humane guard immediately pushed some skins of water through the windows; but this, instead of affording relief produced only an increase of their calamity, for the sight of water threw them into such furious ravings that none could be regularly served, but each man fought savagely against those who were about to get before him, and many fell dead fighting for water. The soldiers without found savage delight in witnessing these struggles, and even brought lights to the windows and laughed at the unfortunate prisoners.

About eleven the prisoners began to die fast; six of Mr. Holwell's intimate friends fell at his feet and were trampled to death by the others. Of those still alive, a great proportion

were raving or delirious, some uttered prayers, others the most terrible curses. They besought the guard by furious threats to fire into the windows and put an end to their miseries, but without effect. When day dawned those who were not dead were insensible; in this latter state was Mr. Holwell himself, when about six o'clock the Nabob awoke and inquired for him. On learning the events of the previous night, he merely sent to ascertain if the English chief yet lived, and, being told that there were chances that he might recover, gave orders to open the fatal door. At that time, of the one hundred and forty-six men who were enclosed in the prison, there breathed only twenty-three, the ghastliest forms ever seen on earth! Mr. Holwell, being revived by the fresh air, was immediately supported, into the presence of the Nabob, who, after hearing his "tale of woe," was kind enough to show him to a seat and to offer him a drink of water, but showed no other mark of sympathy. A ditch was dug on the outside of the fort, into which all the dead bodies were thrown. Three of the survivors, with Mr. Holwell, were sent away as prisoners, the others were liberated.

Mr. Holwell seems to be of the opinion that the Nabob had no intention of causing the dreadful catastrophe, but that this chance was taken by some inferior officers to satisfy their revenge. But the indifference manifested by the nabob seems to fix upon him the certainty of his guilt.

The success of the barbarian who inflicted these sufferings was short-lived. Calcutta was re-taken a year later by Lord Clive, and the French power, which had caused so many disasters, as has been stated, ceased in 1761.

INCOCTUM OSTREUM.

SOUTHERN LITERARY PORTRAITS.--No. 3.

CHARLES GAYARRÉ.

The subject of this sketch, Charles E. Arthur Gayarré, was born in the city of New Orleans, on the 9th day of January, 1805. His father whose parents were Spaniards, was descended from an old patrician family of Navarre. The first of the family to come to America was sent with Governor Don Antonio de Ulloa, as Royal Comptroller or Auditor, to take possession of the province of Louisiana, which, in 1766, had been ceded by France to Spain. Gayarré's mother was a French lady, and her father, a *mousquetaire* in the household troops of Louis XV., must have been of the patrician rank, as only patricians were allowed to serve in that honorable body.

While it makes very little difference in democratic America whether one's grandfather was a lord or a bricklayer, and their humble birth is considered more as an honor to such men as Lincoln and Grant than otherwise, yet it is pleasant to note those who like Gayarré having a noble ancestry, have shown by their lives that their nobility consists of something more than a name.

At an early age, Gayarré was sent to the old college of New Orleans, which graduated him when he was about nineteen years old. During his college course he neither neglected his lessons, nor devoted all his time to them, but judiciously divided his time between sport and study.

Shortly after his graduation, and

before he had attained his majority, Gayarré began his career as a publicist. In 1825, at the request of the Louisiana legislature, a new code was drawn up by Edward Livingstone, a distinguished jurist of that State, and submitted to that body for adoption. This new code containing a provision for abolishing capital punishment was very vigorously attacked by Gayarré. It was the youth against the sage, the school-boy against the jurist, but Gayarré prevailed. So cogent and powerful were his reasonings, and so well adapted to the minds of the people to whom they were addressed that the legislature refused to ratify the code drawn up according to their instructions. This early display of his talents procured for Gayarré the favor of the people which he has since enjoyed.

When twenty-one years of age Gayarré went to Philadelphia and studied law in the office of William Rawle, one of the most learned lawyers of his day, and the author of a valuable treatise on the Constitution. Remaining here nearly three years, in 1828, Gayarré was admitted to the Pennsylvania bar, and on his return home in January, 1829, he was admitted to the Louisiana bar.

A few months after his return from Philadelphia, Gayarré first entered public life. By an almost unanimous vote, he was chosen to represent his parish in the State legislature. Here

his talents and address won for him the esteem and good-will of his fellow legislators and he was selected by them to write an address which was sent to France, complimenting her on the revelation of 1830.

The next year Gayarré was appointed assistant Attorney-General, and soon after was further promoted to the office of presiding Judge of the Courts of the City of New Orleans.

In 1835, Gayarré reached the acme of his political honors. His life had been one continuous series of successes, at first, a place in the State legislature, now the highest office within the gift of his State, a seat in the United States Senate was given to him, when he had barely attained the required age. He had been raised from eminence to eminence, but now it seemed as if fortune had deserted him. Sickness prevented his taking his seat in the Senate, and drove him an exile to travel in foreign countries in pursuit of health. When he reached Paris, his physicians told him that he could return to America only at the extreme risk of his life. He was, therefore, compelled to remain abroad and dwelt at the French capitol nearly eight years. In order to free himself from the ennui which a great mind always suffers when idle, Gayarré searched the musty archives of France so far as they related to the colony of Louisiana, and it is probable that he first conceived the plan of writing his history of Louisiana at this period. Thus while disease robbed Louisiana of her brilliant statesman, health returned him ready to be her charming historian.

Although absent for so long a time Gayarré had not been forgotten by his fellow-citizens. In the year following his return he was again sent to the legislature. His services in this legislature were even more brilliant than formerly. In every measure of importance Gayarré was the acknowledged leader. In 1846, he was returned again to the legislature, but a place more worthy of his talents was seeking for him—he was appointed Secretary of State by Governor Isaac Johnson, which position he continued to hold under two administrations. This office was then of great importance, as the Secretary of State was at the same time Superintendent of Public Instruction, a member of the Board of Currency, and connected with several enterprises belonging to the State. In connection with this office Gayarré will be remembered as the "Father of the State Library," such judicious use did he make of the thousand dollars allowed him by the State for the purchase of books. In 1846, he published a History of Louisiana in French, which was well received. In 1847 he was invited by the managers of the People's Lyceum to deliver a lecture before their society. He took as his subject, the history of the early explorers of Louisiana. The lecture was well received, and by the request of his friends it was published in *De Bow's Review*. It received the encomiums of the greatest newspapers in all parts of the Union. Thus encouraged he determined to write the History of Louisiana in English. At his request the legislature granted him the sum of two thousand

dollars to enable him to prosecute his search for historical material. After many efforts he succeeded in obtaining from the archives of Spain and France many valuable official documents which he has interwoven into his History. The History was completed in 1848, but was not published until 1854. In that year he also published "School for Politics," and an essay "The Influence of the Mechanical Arts on the Human Race."

In 1852, Gayarré became an independent Democratic candidate for Congress, but through the trickery of the party politicians he was defeated, or rather apparently defeated, since it was shown afterwards that he had obtained a majority of the votes cast. But his sense of honor did not permit him to contest the election, and he turned himself to literary pursuits.

In the dark days of '61-'65, Gayarré was a staunch advocate of the right of secession. Crowded halls of admiring Southerners listened intently while he eloquently demonstrated the constitutionality of the course of the Southern States, so soon to be settled as unconstitutional by the forcible logic of bullets and cannon balls. During the war he resided within the Confederate lines, on his plantation. He very early saw that unless the Confederacy was acknowledged by England and France, its cause was hopeless. To procure the recognition of these great powers he proposed the gradual emancipation of the slaves. In 1863 he addressed a large assemblage of Louisiana planters on this subject. The planters recognized the wisdom of his plan but were loth to

profit by it; they would wait a little longer, and when at last they saw the mistake of their delay and were eager to press Gayarre's proposition with the authorities at Richmond, they were too nearly in the iron grasp of their adversaries.

Gayarre did not again enter the political arena after the war. His State being the prize of carpet baggers and reconstructionists, with a heavy hand he took up his pen to finish his History with a narration of Louisiana's part in the dire conflict. He now resides in New Orleans at the advanced age of eighty-five, in full possession of his faculties, and seems destined to live longer than his fellow historian and warm friend, the lamented Bancroft. He should be and doubtless is held in great veneration by every son of Louisiana, as the man who has done more than any other man ever has done or ever can do for the honor and glory of his mother state.

We now turn to Gayarre's literary productions, which consist of literary essays, political tracts, biography and history. History is the branch in which Gayarre excels, although his Biography of Philip II, of Spain, occupies no mean place among his works.

His greatest work—the one which will make his name immortal—is his History of Louisiana. The book as now published fills four large volumes. In the first two volumes we have Louisiana as a French colony, in the third as a Spanish colony, and in the fourth from the purchase by President Jefferson until the close of the civil war.

Louisiana possesses a treasure in this history. No other State has a colonial history so complete, abounding in such interesting incidents, and more charmingly written. Wonderful stories of adventure, of great personal daring, of desperate naval battles, of strange Indian rites and customs, are found on every page to delight the astonished reader. Here the future novelist will find material more romantic than that the Scotch minstrels furnished the bard of Abbotsford. The philosophy of his subject was carefully studied by Gayarré. The workings of cause and effect are brought out with striking clearness, so that while the romance of the incidents related please the fastidious reader, the student of history finds matter worthy of careful perusal.

The great historian, Brancroft, was much pleased with this history, and in a letter to Gayarré said, "You give at once to your State an authentic history such as scarce any other in the Union possesses. I have, for many years, been making manuscript and other collections and all the best that I have found appears in your volumes." "Not the praise, but the one who praises," was a favorite maxim of Cicero. Judging by this no higher compliment could have been

paid to the worth of the work than that of the venerable historian.

For the *Life of Philip II*, of Spain, we are doubtless indebted to Gayarré's residence abroad. Strange to say the first chapter treats of the sickness and death of this unhappy monarch. In this chapter Gayarré has shown his wonderful power of word painting. The sick king lying on his bed in the Escorial, too sensitive to be moved, the sores breaking out all over his body, the malignant tumor on his knee with great quantities of matter issuing from it, the horrible stench that arose from his bed driving his attendants from the room, the worms that infested the tumors of his body, the wonderful fortitude of Philip struggling with death for fifty-three days, scarcely a groan escaping him during all this time, Gayarré has pictured so vividly on his pages that when once read the images remain painted indelibly on the mind of the reader.

The novels of Gayarré are the *School of Politics*—a dramatic novel, and *Fernando de Lemos*, both abounding in romantic incidents and picturesque descriptions, which would well repay any one for the time spent in reading them.

G. W. PASCHAL.

REMINISCENCES OF AN ORGANIZER.

In the year 1889 and the month of March, when the Farmers' Alliance was so rapidly gaining ground in North Carolina, I was commissioned as a deputy organizer for a certain district in Virginia. I had been one of the first to join the Alliance in my county, in the summer of 1887, while yet on my father's farm, and even at the time of receiving my commission as organizer I had not obtained my majority.

But being persuaded that, "When bad men combine the good must associate, or else fall one by one an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle," believing the redemption of the country from the "power of money to oppress," and the restoration of a just degree of prosperity among our agriculturist—all to depend upon some such organization as this; and believing, further, that upon the condition of our farmers and husbandmen throughout the whole land there depends the welfare of our political and (the degree of morality depending upon the justness of a government,) moral institutions—all these causes constrained me to accept the commission.

I repaired to the scenes of my new labor, however, (fresh from the plow-handles,) little knowing what would befall me in the untried field of public speaking.

I reached the old town of Petersburg. The city seemed, on that Mon-

day morning, to have just put on her working jacket after the Sunday's rest and her hum was that of peanut factories, tobacco factories, drays, street cars, and the general activity of trade and enterprise. The Appomattox rolled its silent waters through the same course it had passed in '64 and '65, and the "crater," or "Grant's private earthquake," across to the other side of the city still held its yawning, craggy mouth open for the view of passers-by, in testimony of the wretchedness of the days when "Lee's miserables" laid "immured in the trenches." But to-day the soldier with his tattered blanket had departed and the city was given over to the arts of peace. As I walked up the streets seeking the office of an agricultural paper, to the editor of which I had a letter of introduction, I saw, however, one soldier (or son of a soldier) about 35 years of age, dressed in a torn and tattered Confederate coat, leading a Jersey cow. He called me and proposed to sell me his cow. In showing him how it happened that I did not wish to purchase I explained my business to him. "If it will help us poor farmers," he said, "God knows I am for it." He gave me some valuable information about his country, and the condition of its people, which I found to be much like the condition of the people of North Carolina—suffering from an insufficiency of a debt-paying medium. And, indeed, I may

remark here that since the laws of the United States, taxing State banks out of existence, demonetizing silver in '73, and in fact, the whole contracting policy of the Government since '66 has been general and universal throughout the whole country, it may be inferred that the same condition rests upon the Kansas producers of 12 cent corn as upon the tariff-ridden farmer of the South, and the same condition is upon the debtor and laboring class throughout the entire Union since the same cause afflicts every section. Of course, cyclones, droughts, or chinch-bugs may put any section that is afflicted with them, behind other sections that are not so afflicted.

However, I left my friend in grey holding his cow, seeking a purchaser, and strolled on in search of the newspaper office. When I had reached the editor's sanctum and my letter of introduction had been read, I found there hearty advocates of the Farmers' Alliance, and those who showed every kindness to its organizer, in whose heart there still remains a sense of gratitude.

Being given a directory of the State containing names of influential farmers of the section I was to visit, I was offered a seat at the editor's desk, where I made out my appointments for some time ahead. I gave time for the news of my coming to be heard before I went, and then set out on the real work of my mission.

Stopping at a way station on the Norfolk & Western Railroad I at once inquired the way to my first appointment. Finding that no real road

existed from that place to the one I sought I set out across fields and forests. Like good old Christian in John Bunyan's book, I found many places hard to cross, though my burden was not so great—only a small hand satchel.

With some little difficulty a small creek, without a foot-way, was crossed. Seeing the house of a negro at which I was about to arrive I thought it expedient to prepare for any emergency and accordingly cut a very modest, but somewhat substantial, walking cane—a green hickory. The emergency came in the form of about six lean, lank dogs, and my stick was a "thing of joy in time of need"—but never a dog could I hit. It is needless to say in detail what I may say in general, viz: That county had more mean dogs than any other place I ever saw, and they were all hard to hit.

A walk of six miles brought me to my first appointment, but I need not say at length that my first four appointments brought me no success, owing to a lack of sufficient notice being given.

Many were the times I was met with such expressions as these: "What house do you represent?" "Whose nursery are you travelling for?" "What have you got to sell?" "I suppose you are a book agent," and with this last, men looked, sometimes, fire from their eyes. Once asking a gentleman for accommodations for the night, I received this reply: "Yes sir, I'll take care of you and won't charge you a cent, but you've got to promise me one thing

or you can't stay at any price, and that is you won't mention fruit trees one time to me." I never mentioned fruit trees, but found in him a warm advocate of the Farmers' Alliance.

My first audience was about a week after I had started out, and in a blacksmith shop. Every man, but one, joined the reform movement and were initiated into the Alliance. That one who did not join, expressed as his reason a design to see "how it would come out," adding "I'll wait awhile." An Irish by-stander remarked, "yas me friend, and ye'll wait twenty-four hours, oi'm afraid, after ye die, before ye get into haven." He then came forward and joined.

My tenth audience was met and my tenth Alliance formed with nothing of special interest to happen, more than I have expressed in regard to the contemptible curs that still leaped fences and attacked me at every house. At one time, however, I found myself at a railroad station awaiting a 12 p. m., train. The two young men in the office absolutely refused to stay up so late. I had no way of stopping the train without they would stay up, and I was compelled to take that train, or not be in place the next day. About 9 o'clock when the young men began preparing to leave, I told one of our Zeb Vance's jokes. Like the strategy in Arabian Nights my plan succeeded well, and the dozen or more jokes I knew being strung out; I had just finished the last when my train whistled around the bend. I shall ever be grateful to Senator Vance for those jokes, and especially so now since he has cleared

the conflict between himself and the Farmers' Alliance.

At my eleventh appointment as I approached the cozy little country church what should I behold, but buggies, and road carts, and little groups of men seated here and there through the grove, and more—the good old ladies of the neighborhood had come and brought their children—I mean the grown up girls. Their sweet faces carried me back to the old North State. (It must be recalled that in the outset the youthfulness of the organizer was stated.) Well, my heart was glad, but the calico and flying ribbons were something more than I had anticipated. I crossed over and introduced myself to a group of men. Soon others began to crowd up, to whom I was introduced by a medical man, who was of the first crowd. A short while was spent in conversation, our topics being for the most part of a political (not partisan) nature. The question to be decided is whether the next era will be the age of monopoly or the age of co-operation. Money now in many places, controls the decisions of the ballot box; how long before Thos. H. Benton's prophecy will be fulfilled, and money will control its existence? "The contest to-day is not a contest of parties, but a contest between the people and the moneyed oligarchy." These sentiments seemed to meet the approval of the honest, intelligent and conservative farmers that were present, and they showed a willingness to help remedy the evils.

The Doctor informed us that it was

time for speaking to begin as the crowd was gathered. The church was of comfortable size. I found an entrance, but it was well nigh filled. The Doctor, in a short speech, introduced me to the audience. If I looked a little embarrassed when I arose I think it could be attributed to this. Being quite young, as I have said, I ventured to cast my eyes to the ladies' side of the house, and behold, two black eyes were peering at me. They seemed to shed lustre upon the fair rosy cheek, and the tresses of jet black hair were just the kind to take a boy's heart. I attempted to proceed. With one eye on the right I stammered on and finally got started. Maybe I drew inspiration from the sight, but half my mind was on one side of the house in utter exclusion of all other parts of the world. I may have forgotten even North Carolina for the time. My imagination rolled away and I lived in what I hoped was the near future. I thought how nice it would be for her father to ask me home with him, and even then I could fancy hearing the sweetest voice speak to me, with a thousand mellow tones all softened into one low, sweet melodious accent. But there was yet one unhappy thought to mar the bright anticipation, the possibility of not being able to know her father when he should invite me (for I did not know her name.) Therefore I half persuaded myself not to be disappointed if I should accept an invitation to the wrong place.

But remembering my suffering audience, seeing the people lean forward as if they did not quite understand,

I proceeded. I doubt if I should ever have finished that speech if I had not stopped my reverie. I turned my face and by the most strenuous effort kept it turned. The speech finished, forty-three names were handed me, some ladies among the number. All those who had not given their names were asked to retire and my joy was unbounded to see the sweet face remain. The initiation over, and it being one of the most hospitable neighborhoods I ever visited (but all Virginia is hospitable.) I received several invitations to spend the night. How could I know her father? One gentleman, Mr. S. asked me to spend the night with him. I looked him first square in the face and thought I saw the resemblance. It's her brother, "yes, sir, thank you, I'll go."

Mr. S. departed for his horse while I was left talking to some of the members. He was as I learned afterward, unavoidably detained for a short while. Supposing he had left with some misunderstanding, and being urged I rode off with the Dr.—giving up all hopes of again seeing the young lady who had in this time departed. All along the way however, I wondered which way she went. Finally we reached the Doctor's mansion. Seated in the parlor those bright eyes yet lingered in my mind. Supper was announced and the Dr. led the way down the hall to the dining room, and behold there was the same creature that "haunted me still" standing there at the head of the table with a checked homespun apron on. "Allow me to introduce you," the Doctor said, "to my wife."

And that little woman sat right there and was not near so pretty to me before she had finished pouring out the coffee.

My next appointment was in another county and I left next day when the "king of day" had scarce risen from his oriental bed to course up the "blue arch." I have never stopped in that county since. The dogs are so bad.

My travels in about twelve other counties going with the Alliance to the shadows of the national capital were concluded in January 1890. I came in a short time to Wake Forest College where a kind Providence and the faculty have permitted me to remain since. I still have a clear conscience in advocating financial reform.

H. F. S.

EDITORIAL.

A DAY AMONG THE LAW- MAKERS.

Having heard a great deal of the Legislature of North Carolina, and having desired for many years to see that famous body in session, we set apart a day, even a whole day, for that purpose. When we beheld the capitol with its majestic pillars and even classic features, our minds wandered back to the days of Badger, Mangum and Taylor. What changes have taken place since that time! The Judges that once rode in gigs from town to town on their circuit to administer justice now go on the swiftly moving railway. We may be mistaken, but it seems to us that those were better days than now. There was more of disinterested patriotism; duty prompted them to act; the environments were different; wealth was less enchanting; fewer men "bent the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift might follow fawning;" lobbying was unknown; political machinery was not so complex; in a word, simplicity marked every thing. Any one who will read the speeches of Kenneth, Rayner, H. W. Miller, Badger, and a host of others will find a better style of oratory than any modern speaker now possesses. The sentiment is the noblest; the figures the grandest; the style the most superb. All through them is the tinge of classic culture; the two great sources from which they drew their inspiration and gained

their style, were the Bible and the classics. Any one who wishes to enjoy himself can find nothing more pleasant or instructive than the reading of their speeches.

We entered the legislative halls with thoughts like these. The spirits of our dead were around us and keeping watch over their native State. What must be the feelings of a man who takes upon his shoulders the mantle that has fallen from such wise men! The loftiest patriotism should fill his heart and the noblest thoughts his mind.

It is said that when the barbarians overran Rome, the stern Roman senators kept their seats when the senate was entered. So did our senators when we entered.

Of our Solons some seemed very wise, others very humble; they seemed to be sailing in unknown seas. But then they were sent there to make laws, and they had to make them. There was great excitement over the matter of education. Dr. Curry had just made his famous speech; education was in the very air—more there than any other place. The great question was to found an Industrial School for training girls.

One old gentleman, an honest man, said in a conversation, "Well, I don't know how to vote. They tell me that girls when they graduate don't know anything; that they must be trained in training school before they are competent to teach. God knows. I don't

know how to vote—whether to take ten thousand dollars from the Common School fund of the State and put it to that purpose or not.” We were impressed that there was many a member who did not know how to vote. Of course, the appropriation must be granted; who ever heard of a failure to grant one; North Carolina must never be parsimonious; old fogies only oppose appropriations, so they say.

There was much talk about Public Printing. We know nothing about this, but we were told that two of the best men in the State had applied for it, that the cheaper one failed to get, not because his politics was doubted but that he was not in the greatest harmony with the body. But we suppose they knew what they were doing better than we do. If they thought it wisest to give it to the highest bidder, “it must be so,” but how reasonable Plato?

They had about all signed the petition of Messrs. Cross and White, who were serving terms in the work-house “for yielding to a great temptation” as they said. We were always taught by our mother and at Sunday school “to yield not to temptation for yielding is sin,” but in these days of progress it reads “yield not to temptation unless it be a large one, then it is no sin.” “They had suffered enough,” certainly they had. Been to the cold and cheerless regions of Canada, left their “home and kindred and country dear” for that bleak land of snow and ice, had done all this not through any fault in themselves but because of temptations so great.

Being among such a sympathetic body our own adamant heart grew tender, and we asked if they did not think that Gov. Holden had suffered enough. For a quarter of a century he has lived under such burden as has no other North Carolinian, has suffered the “slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, has borne the whips and scorns of time, the proud man’s contumely.” Yet at the suggestion of pardon, they raise the “mailed hand” and cry “down, soothless insulter, down.” True, his crime was great, the verdict proper, but these were troublous times. The State gains nothing by his suffering, “the ends of justice have been meted out.” To my mind here is a place where the State might exercise its clemency and pity the faults of aged man. The thread of life will soon snap, his race be run, vengeance belongs not to us. Christian charity and fraternal forbearance are the corner stone of our State; but his temptation was not “peculiar.”

The two great questions before our law-makers are oysters and education. We are very fond of both. The legislature prefers oysters, or, at least, they mean to fight for oysters, and they hesitate on the educational question. We heard no fine speeches; they spoke after we departed. There is not that amount of speaking that there used to be. Committees seem to have everything in charge. Our government is a committee-government; consequently an eloquent appeal in behalf of a measure would not have the effect it once had.

The legislature of North Carolina ought to be a noble body; it has a

history that is unparalleled ; will compare with any in the production of great men, matchless orators, and profound statesmen. To sustain this reputation the men who guide the helm of State must be above the fanaticism of party ; must have the State, the whole people, at their heart ; must know politics and political economy ; his horizon must be broad, no wrong precedents must be set for every precedent is supposed to include a principal. It is our prayer that their actions may be wise, that they may succeed in advancing their native State, and that posterity may cherish their memories for their many good deeds.

E. W. S.

WRITING SHARP THINGS.

"Would you be an author sage,
Think a volume, write a page ;
But from every page of thine
Publish but a single line."

We would by no means insist that these lines are good poetry ; but we think the advice is good rhetoric, good philosophy, and good morals. Oliver Wendell Holmes tells about writing something so funny that when his servant, who was about to carry it to the printer, had read it "he burst five buttons off, and tumbled in a fit;" and after watching the man ten days and nights he adds:

And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

Some can write sharp things, very sharp things, things that will prick like a pin, or cut like a knife, but their

ability to write them does not justify their doing so. In many cases it would be better to imitate the great poet, and not write as sharp as they can. Not everything that is true ought to be said ; not everything that may be said ought to be written ; not everything that may be written ought to be printed, unless grave interests demand it. Common kindness demands that we restrain the sharp things that would give pain to others even though they be true. Much more ought they not to be written in a letter, the sharp or bitter words, to stare at the face of a friend, and pain his loving heart. Years afterwards that letter may be read to bring the hot blush to our cheeks, or the bitter sorrow to some heart. Still more, there are things which we might write in a letter that would not be proper in a newspaper. Only a few eyes will see the letter ; that which is printed is open to all.

It is related that Secretary of War Stanton came to President Lincoln, on a certain occasion, and related some act of a third man which had greatly offended him, adding that he felt like giving him "a piece of his mind." Lincoln encouraged him to sit down and write it at once, and to put it strong. After it was written and read to the kind-hearted President, and approved by him, Stanton said something about sending it. "By no means," said Lincoln. "Put it in the fire. You have freed your mind by writing it. Never think of sending a letter of that kind."

Some writer recommends that when we feel out of humor with some one

we should sit down and write out something of our feeling and then lay the paper away until the next day; then take it out and read it over, and lay it away for a week or two. At the end of that time we shall generally be able to decide what ought to be done with such a production.

It is very easy for any one of us to constitute himself a censor of public morals and rush into print to correct what seems to us wrong. But it is often very difficult for us to appreciate all the circumstances connected with that which we criticise. "Put Yourself in His Place," is the title of a novel quite popular a few years ago; but very few of us ever succeed in doing so, or even try to do so. We simply judge of the actions of others from our point of view, and think we know all the circumstances. Perhaps, if we knew all the facts in the case there would be nothing to criticise.

When we attempt thus sharply to criticise what we wish to correct, we are in danger of making our statements of fact too strong, or too broad, or too sweeping. Starting from a single fact, an individual case, we make a "hasty induction," and conclude that all dogs kill sheep, because it is current rumor that one worthless cur looked longingly at the flock as he passed.

This kind of writing has its admirers—in those who are not criticised by it. We think it is worthy of high commendation as long as it is pointed at those we dislike. But when the other side uses strong terms, and makes sweeping statements, we say

with John Jenkins when the preacher showed up his faults,

"Our minister
Is gettin' a little bitter;
I'll tell him, when meetin's out that I
Ain't at all that kind of a critter."

It makes all the difference in the world whose ox is gored.

We remember a case in point of three writers in the religious newspapers. One man had sharply criticised certain men and measures until many grew tired of it. Another sharply criticised the first critic and many clapped their hands and rejoiced, while others, who sided with the first critic, grew very tired of these criticisms. Then came a third critic, who, in much the same tone, criticised the second critic, and those who disliked the second were greatly pleased, while others wished he had kept silence.

And thus it goes; sharp things are admirable if they are said by our side; but if by the other side, they are unchristian and uncalled for.

G. W. G.

A PLEA FOR A MORE TOLERANT SPIRIT.

On Thursday, Jan. 8th, Rev. Howard MacQueay, of Canton, Ohio, was put on trial for heresy. He was not orthodox. He had written a book on "The Evolution of Man and Christianity." The more conservative of his opponents simply maintain that he has denied certain foundation doctrines of the church of which he is a member, and, therefore, he ought to

retire from the ministry of that church. This is probably true. But the great mass of his critics have not been so reasonable, but have made a fierce onslaught upon him, and he has been made the target of innumerable charges and attacks. Some of these charges he emphatically denies; others he admits and defends. Being a Pharisee of the most straightest sect ourselves still we offer our protest against intimidation, of whatever kind, which suppresses investigation, which tends in any way to keep truth in the leashes of silence.

Persecution is of various kinds. Once it was purely physical, destroying the body, now it strikes higher, to destroy reputation. We shall not discuss evolution. Its full import lies in regions beyond us. Ten years from now, if our mind pursues its natural course, we might be able to give some sort of consistent view of that subject; but for the present we prefer to speak of a *principle*, whose underflow we have felt, whose course we have watched with interest. Sometimes, indeed, it has sunk out of sight and the world put on its cloak of gloom, again its swelling, life-giving pulse, on-sweeping like the current of a river, has gladdened the valley of life with its song, and flowers kissed the waves, and playing children prattled upon the banks of this harmless stream; but we will have to touch now and again the darker side of our subject.

There is something in this theme that awakens a feeling of reverence. First, when we think of those who have plead for it; and again when we

think of the victims of intimidation and persecution, and the sacred earth stained with the blood of many thousands of martyrs, simply because they *believed* something and dared to *express* it facing the flames of death, our reverence for the martyrs is mingled with indignation against the persecutors.

This is called the age of reason, of inquiry, of investigation. We are proud of the title. Mentor was the only guide of Telemachus, yet he never led him astray. Among man's faculties reason is crowned, yet worships the goddess of Truth. And when truth is veiled in mystery the worship is intensified. We must approach all truth on our knees. It is holy. In the search for truth we must go by reason's throne, and looking up to reason's beckoning hand, the scales fall from our eyes, prejudice vanishes, superstitions fade away, and the world is lighted with a new smile from heaven.

Isn't it self-evident, that man has a right to think, to search for truth, to investigate, to reason, to give to the world the benefit of his success or his failure? Hasn't the world a right to claim as much? Can the pent up flood of hate of a thousand hoary centuries change by enactments of dogma a single human thought? The wayward mind weaves with unseen shuttles its subtle threads into the warp and woof of thought and fancy gilds the clouds of doubt and paints the mystic screen; but reason still plods on with deep devotion through the dark rayless night of our profoundest ignorance, seeking those

truths we long to know, and, in its seeking, it *must* not be tied to any faith or any prejudice, but for the love of truth, it must seek it in the midst of doubt, and accept it, whether it be lispd from the tongues of mortals or read from the Book divine, or seen in this beautiful world about us. Truth needs no inspiration to make it sacred, a lie no anathema to make it vile.

The mind is a fountain whose flood-gates man can never close. Speech is the out-flowing stream. You cannot stop the fountain; you cannot stop the stream. You may dam up the waters, but they will overleap the dam and with gathered strength sweep on. Ecclesiastical bodies may enact laws, may sentence those to perdition who disagree with them, but man's right to think and to freely express his thoughts remains; men may believe, disbelieve, receive, reject, criticise, refute; these are the weapons and this the arena. With free expression as our weapon, we need fear no falsehood; but if our hands are fettered, if expression is intimidated by threatened penalties of bodily torture, or worse, the dreaded penalties of loss of reputation and influence, we are forced to believe that the same intolerance will run riot that was seen ablaze at the stake in the days of the martyrs. Indeed, it isn't hard to see this spirit now hovering in the background. We hear the mutterings of intolerance in denominational prejudice, and its conceit is only excelled by its ignorance and its narrowness. Intolerance will never again, perhaps, take literal fire as its weapon, but worse than the flames, it uses the

darts of slander to poison its victim.

Who is to be the judge of heresy and by what *standard* is he to judge? Of course, you will say by the standard of the Bible. But by whose interpretation? Men have spelled out things from between its two lids as widely apart as the daylight and the darkness. From the thirteenth to the sixteenth century there were 14,000 martyrs. They were the so-called heretics that the Popes and Archbishops could not tolerate. They were the Baptists, the Quakers, the Waldenses, who had to hide in the secluded mountains of Scotland, the caves of Germany, and among the cliffs and peaks of Switzerland. Heretics! but what was their heresy? A tyrant church had fixed its own standard and measured everybody by its own yardstick, and so suffered alike "the good and the bad and the best and the worst." Who shall fix the standard? Let him who is infallible; let him who is without sin cast the first stone. Not an intolerant word ever fell from the lips that spoke no guile. He welcomed and was always very tender to the honest seeker, the honest doubter. He it was who said, "Seek and ye *shall* find; knock and it *shall* be opened unto you." And from this we infer that if man seeks the truth persistently, earnestly, reverently, though clouds grow thick about him, and darkness shuts the landscape in, yet he will find it in the end. The only provision is that he shall keep on *seeking* even in the darkness, trusting to the Unseen Hand to lead him to the light. He is the world's true poet, "dowered with the love of love, the

hate of hate, the scorn of scorn." Intolerance, then, is no part of true religion. It is the adder *beneath* the flower, the coiled serpent *beneath* the lilies.

In advocating the free expression of thought we in no way justify the slanderer. There are lies and slanders for which nothing but a sound thrashing is the proper remedy; but the right to express our religious and scientific convictions chimes in with the spirit of the Bible, and the only true spirit of rational, dignified manhood, and, therefore, we honor the man who can face the world, the church, and the devil with his convictions. He may be wrong; he may be right, but he's a man "for a' that and a' that."

When ignorant narrowness weds into the family of conceit, intolerance is born. It grows immediately out of the conception of infallibility. The Pope never claimed a more disastrous falsehood. Crime came easy to him after that. When you see a man whose horizon is contracted, who cannot bear to hear his little store of opinions controverted, and who must send out a correction in the most dogmatic style if they are, you want no better evidence of the littleness of that man's mind; but, on the other hand, when you see a man who can enter into controversy and still be courteous, accepting what is true of the opinions of others, and giving a reason for his own, you see the true type of manhood, magnanimous and strong. How far from the spirit of intolerance! that terrible word that brings with it a shudder! Every time

it is uttered its ghosts return and the air seems filled with hisses! 'Twas intolerance that thirsted for the blood of Galileo because he advocated the Copernican theory. It has persecuted every man who has thought ahead of his age; every man who has turned over a new leaf in the book of science. It has branded as infidels and heretics those who have given their lives to the search for truth and left to the world a priceless inheritance. 'Twas intolerance that made Socrates drink the hemlock. 'Twas intolerance that bound the hands of Paul and flung stones upon Stephen. 'Twas intolerance that nailed the Son of God to the cross. It is but another form of intolerance that heaps denunciations upon Mr. Woodrow and Mr. Mac-Queachy, who, they are pleased to say, have cut loose from the moorings of the Bible. But stop; perhaps they have only cut loose from the moorings of superstition and prejudice. Who made you a judge over your brother? Where the Bible is as silent as the death watches of night fanatics and zealots have given it voice, have read into it their own opinions, to brand some one with "heretic;" but "for a' that and a' that" the world soon learns to think with the thinker, and then oftentimes the once "heretic" becomes the orthodox theologian. With Alice Carey we may say:

"That which was true in times gone by
As seen by narrow ignorant sight,
May, in the larger, clearer light
Of wiser times, become a lie."

While truth finds its way, instinctively, up to the light, prejudice wor-

ships a blind god that leads its followers into many a bramble. It warps the human mind into a thousand hideous shapes, and intolerance, its offspring, gluts the graves "with the flower of the land in the dew of the morning." But so long as truth is truth, so long as it is more logical, more *reasonable* than falsehood, it "will grow and never cease to grow" "till it covers the earth as the waters cover the sea," and the rights of *free* discussion and *free* religion will always stand, like the two great lions on the walls of Mycaene, to guard the gateway of truth.

J. L. K.

THE BLUES--WHAT AND WHY?

We don't intend to say that we know what they are or by what psychological or physiological process they are caused, but only state the subject in this way because it sounds scientific. The importance of the subject is shown by the widespread extent of its attacks.

Of course they come to some natures more often than to others.

To some extent they depend on the weather—"the day is cold and dark and dreary" kind of weather when you have to stay in your room. Also they seem to be a by-product of idleness. For if you go to work they will leave, but usually you prefer to sit and nourish them by memories of the last time you saw her and by the contemplation of the inexorable truth that you cannot hear from her. Of course we do not mean to say that this is the only kind of Blues, but

since this species is the most general we will discuss it for the whole class.

Sometimes they come unexpectedly when, like us, you don't know why, but just the same have to endure them; and to tell the truth it is not such hard work to endure them, for despite what you say about them you always take a miserable kind of joy in them, especially if you hope to see her soon. If your case is entirely hopeless, it's hard to "grin and bear it," and the only remedy we know of is to sleep the attack off. Several cases, to our knowledge, have been cured by this means.

Although you say it is hard and wish you were a girl so you could go off and have a good cry, notwithstanding all this you love to think of the last time you saw her; probably you looked into the sweet eyes a long while, and possibly the sweet little fingers closed with a returning pressure on yours. If it is any of the above, we don't blame you at all.

There are many ways of meeting the attack. Some take a walk up the railroad and with hands in pockets, build air castles that rival Aladdin's palace, without any scheming and malignant magician to transport it to the wilds of Africa, and there is always in it a princess who surpasses the ancient one. But Reason comes and with one fell swoop demolishes the lovely fancy of a brain demoralized by the Blues.

Some dislike movement and sit with eyes half closed, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, but dreaming—idly, uselessly dreaming of things that are past and can never be changed, of

the present which it is too late to alter, and of things for the future which hope says will be realised and perfect happiness be the outcome.

Some like to take a guitar and go off to themselves sing sad, mournful songs as "By the Sad Sea Waves," etc., etc.

Others still, as we said above, go to sleep and dream it off.

We will not try to determine which is best. Each has advocates and each its opponents. Idle they may be, useless also, and yet there are few who have not more or less often in their lives yielded to the pleasing temptation of passing the wearisome minutes when meditation has taken hold, in dreaming of the past and building castles *en Espagne*.

It may be only a morbid custom that does no good, only making the dreamer morose and live more to himself; yet despite this we believe that he emerges from the glamor of one of these dreams with less of the dross and dirt of life clinging to him; that thus living, if unreally and only in the imagination in a pure atmosphere, where everything is pure and noble, where every one is loved and loving, where all its happiness and the ills and sorrows of life have been cast aside, we believe that this will help scrape off that coating of pessimism given him by the failings of a sin-cursed world and that to a certain extent he will be ennobled and purified.

Why do they come?

We can answer this no better than the question, "What are they?" But we know that rarely does one have them when in her presence, and this

would seem to indicate that distance has some connection with it. But it does not increase inversely or directly as the distance or as the square of the distance, but increases without rule or precedent, obeying no laws but the laws of its own creation, and following its own sweet will as to when it will appear and what form it will take.

It must be a longing of the spirit to be somewhere else, and unlike Mahomet, the spirit seeing this is impossible, attempts to bring the mountain to it, in the imagination if not in reality, and in a sense this is accomplished.

At their coming we lose interest in things temporal and long for things impossible.

The spirit is lifted out of the realm of practical life and is transported into scenes imaginative, where fancy gilds the walls with brightest tints, paints nature in greenest harmony, and love brightens the horizon as on a summer's morn, the sun peeping over the pines silvers the glistening dew drops and beautifies everything.

R. B. WHITE.

A DREAM.

Not many evenings since we were in a company of our fellow-students, and as a student, like the editor of a weekly paper, can tell the President how to execute the duties of his high office, can always give sage advice and knows how everything ought to be done, the body soon came to an agreement, after some discussion, that our dinner-hour was entirely too

late in the afternoon. One large man who has turned four hotels into "club houses" was especially bitter against the Faculty for compelling him to wait until two o'clock for dinner, and others thought that they would prefer to have dinner sooner in the day.

Dreams are "chestnuts," but we shall publish the following one which troubled our fancy that very night, at the risk of forfeiting the favor of our readers.

We thought that we were in the court of Hygeia, the Goddess of Health; in the witness-box were the two hundred students of Wake Forest College, the wives and children of some professors and a few other good people, all of whom seemed to be in the bonds of the God of Dyspepsia. Visitors and lookers-on had filled the house; among these were many of the gentler sex. Great was my astonishment when I saw our beloved faculty led in a body to the bar of the Goddess who accused them as transgressors of her laws in these words: "You have in your charge these young men, your wives and children. You should look after their health, but you have placed the dinner-hour at such a late hour of the day, that you have delivered them all into the bonds of the cruel God of Dyspepsia. Cast your eyes upon those under your care and behold two hundred pale witnesses of your misdemeanors. Each of you must show cause why you should not be punished according to your deserts."

First, Prof. Natural History Poteat stepped forward and, with slight trepidation, it seemed, commenced this eloquent defence: "O Goddess,

it is good that students belonging to the sub-kingdom Vertebrata, order Mammalia and Genus Homo should not have alimentary nourishment between the hours of seven A. M. and two P. M." The Goddess frowned down menacingly upon him, but becoming more confused he continued: "Boys should eat Lammelibranchiata and not so many Hemiptera, Hymenoptera, Plathyhelminthes, Nemathelminthes, Crustacea, Echinodermata, Arenieda, Asteroida, Spongaria, Actinozoa, Polypo-Medusa, Tunicata, Rugosa, Crinoidea, Parameciums, Orthoptera, Neuroptera, Coleoptera, Arachnida and Holothureans." The speaker paused out-of-breath, the crowd thinking that he had finished some grand period cheered lustily; more than one of the Zoölogy class fainted. The astounded Goddess mistook the pause for the close of his defence, and commanding silence, with her hammer-shaped gavel, said: "Your excuse, sir, is thoroughly satisfactory. You are at liberty." (Groans from the students.)

Next, Prof. Modern Language Sledd was called into the presence of the Goddess. She had just heard an eloquent display of words and as this victim of her justice was rather taciturn and muttered only a few words in self-defence, she became quite angry and pronounced this terrible sentence on the offender: "You have, indeed, offended deeply; you deserve the severest punishment. Therefore I do condemn you: 1. To teach Mathematics the rest of your life, natural or unnatural. (The Professor seemed overcome.) 2. To your

other duties shall be added the important one of teaching a class each year in Junior English, which class shall be, in all particulars like the the great Junior English class of 1888-'89. (A violent convulsion seizes the Professor's frame.) 3. You shall be compelled to attend every "sociable" held at Wake Forest within the next twelve months. (The Professor becomes pale and finally faints and is carried to the open air by his friends).

Prof. Mathematics Mills next spoke in his own defence. He mixed so much about sines, tangents, differentiation, hyperboles, etc., in his speech that the Goddess became especially angry and cast her hammer of justice at his nasal proboscis; this projectile described such a neat parabolic curve that it would certainly have found the mark had not the Professor rapidly lemniscated. This caused a little confusion in court and the Goddess, who was too mad to pronounce a sober judgment, declared that he was an asymptote and ordered him to be led away.

Next, Prof. Chemistry Brewer rose. He cast a glance upon the crowd of students whose health seemed to be failing; the power of speech seemed to forsake him. The Goddess could not get a word from him and at last said: "Your guilt is manifest. Besides, you are a bachelor. I sentence you to become at once enamored of Wilhelmina Arabella Flourista Miggs who has been sweet sixteen for twenty long years, waiting long if not patiently for a chance to make some man happy. He looked around and saw

Wilhelmina Arabella Flourisita, who was present, and at once seemed to become the victim of contending emotions, and was heard to enquire the way to the promontory of Leucate; but Wilhelmina Arabella Flourisita, who was too quick to allow an escape, threw her arms around his neck and gave him a hearty kiss, which threw his face into convulsions. *They were married that very evening.*

Prof. English Royall then came forward. The Goddess paid respectable attention to his words, and had she not been angry his mild but eloquent speech would doubtless have greatly mollified the severity of the sentence; the Goddess, however, was out of humor, and when he had finished pronounced sentence in these words: "Look at the victims of your college laws enduring the torments of dyspepsia. You are a great transgressor of law, but justice has in store punishments severe enough for the gravest offence. Therefore, I decree that *you shall get your meals two months at a Wake Forest boarding house.*" Had a bomb-shell burst in the court-room it could not have created a greater excitement among the students; they openly rebelled against the severity of the sentence, saying that no professor of theirs should ever be tortured by so dire a punishment. Louder and louder became their murmurs of indignation; they rushed down to deliver their teacher from such certain death. The Goddess dismissed court, while calling the students, who had repaid her efforts in their behalf in such a manner, base ingrates, and devoting them to the dire tortures of the God of Dyspepsia.

Next morning I awoke, found the professors still smiling, and as ready as ever to tell jokes.

R. L. PASCHAL.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

R. L. PASCHAL, EDITOR.

WANTED! We want every friend of Wake Forest College who is not already a subscriber to the STUDENT, to send us \$1.50 for one year's subscription. Next, we want all those who do take it to pay up their dues promptly. We publish the STUDENT partly for fun and partly for \$1.50 per year, and it is necessary that all subscribers should *occasionally* remit us their dues. Any man who takes the STUDENT and fails to pay for it, ought to be banished to the Legislature.

While such laudable efforts are being made for the improvement of the financial condition of the College, the Faculty are endeavoring to raise the standard of scholarship and the students seem to be trying to make the most of their opportunities. A number of students who expect to follow the vocation of Blackstone have formed themselves into an organization known as the *Students' Bar Association*. Their mock courts, which are held semi-monthly, are especially interesting. In addition to their regular college work many have taken up the special study of American Politics; Prof. Carlyle has kindly consented to teach this class. Their text-book is the one used in Yale College.

A bill to limit the rate of interest to six per cent. per annum has been introduced into the legislature. Many

false arguments founded in ignorance of economical and monetary questions are urged in its behalf. We should like to see the law making six per cent. the legal rate abolished, but the rate of interest should not be limited by law. Such laws are useless; money is a commodity, and the rate of interest upon it is governed by the law of supply and demand, and we pity the ignorance of any man who in this age of enlightenment has failed to make such an easy discovery. It is no more natural to attempt to control the price of a loan by law than it would be for the legislature to fix some arbitrary price at which corn or any other product should be sold.

On January 20th, David Kalukaua, King of the Sandwich Islands, passed away. He, like many other great men who die in these latter days, was a victim of Bright's disease. The dead king was a descendant of a North Carolina Indian—of a chief, we believe; we are not sure about that; but the poor king was human and mortal like all of us. We are philosophising on his death, and have become calm and serene, and leave it to the great dailies to manifest their grief by flashing headlines and pathetic lamentations.

We note with much pleasure that the State Legislature has under consideration a bill for the establishment

of an Industrial and Normal School for the higher education of girls.

For a century the State has wholly or in part sustained the University, where instruction is given to boys exclusively. The Agricultural and Mechanical College was established a few years ago by the State; from the doors of this institution girls are likewise excluded. In fact, while the efforts of the State for the higher education of her sons have been very creditable to her, not one thing has she done for the mental improvement of her daughters. This must not, however, be attributed to a spirit of unfair discrimination between the sexes; it has been the outgrowth of custom and public opinion, and the result of a close imitation of the most enlightened states of Christendom, which, like North Carolina, have provided only for the instruction of boys, while higher education for females has been almost entirely neglected. As a consequence of the State's failure to provide for female education, the leading religious denominations of the State, which have done so much for the cause of higher education for males, have flagrantly neglected their duty to establish and maintain colleges of high standard for the education of girls. We are sorry that our best female colleges do not give training much higher than our first-class academies. For females, the Presbyterians have no *Davidson*, the Methodists no *Trinity*, and the Baptists no *Wake Forest*. No religious sect, with the exception of the Friends and Christians, have made the same provisions for the education of both sexes,

and Guilford and Elon Colleges are to-day monuments of the wisdom of their founders. But, while the instruction given is said to be very inferior, the average expense of a student at a female college far exceeds that of a student of any of our male colleges; so very few girls can hope to get a higher education. The Baptists of the State have become aroused as to the importance and necessity of doing something for higher female education and propose to establish in the near future, the Baptist Female University.

Of course there are a few who believe that a woman's education should consist in learning how to sew, sling pots, wash, cultivate the garden and take care of the baby, and who think that any higher education would ruin a girl; unfortunately, many girls do return from our female colleges firmly believing that they have nothing to do but to be sentimental, read dime novels, keep up with the gossip, and that nothing more remains for them to learn; but this is no argument against education.

We regret that the Legislature did not open the doors of the University to girls instead of providing for a separate school for them, and we think that the Baptists would do well to dismiss the idea of a "Female University" and throw open the doors of Wake Forest to both sexes. While we have no intention of discussing the vexed question of co-education, we will say that it has for us especially some important points in its favor. It has been repeatedly demonstrated to be a success. The principal reason, however, why we should admit stu-

dents of both sexes to the University and our denominational colleges, is the great financial saving which would be made. It seems to us the height of folly to attempt to establish separate schools for the education of the sexes, when it is all our State and religious denominations can well do to support the educational institutions already in existence. Our male colleges have enough room for both sexes; the libraries, laboratories, recitation rooms and other college fixtures would serve equally well for both. Of course some additional outlay for musical instruments, etc., would be needed should girls be admitted to our male colleges, but this is of minor importance.

We are glad, however, that the State is doing something for higher female education, and hope that any means to such an end may be successful.

Mr. Parnell has again taken his seat in Parliament, and notwithstanding the recent exposure of his crimes, he is still the leader of the Irish members. He has a strong hold on the affections of the people of the Emerald Isle.

Many people are indignant because Cross and White, formerly President and Cashier of the Raleigh National Bank, which failed a few years ago, have been pardoned. They were

found guilty of forgery in eleven separate cases, and they pocketed \$20,000 and went to Canada. We presume that they were liberated to make room for the officials of the Fayetteville bank, which failed not long since on account of their rascality.

"Shall the Chicago Exposition be open on Sundays?" is the question which is now being discussed in religious circles. The Ocala Convention passed a resolution demanding that the Exposition should be closed on that day. Since, then, it has received the attention of religious papers, it seems probable that the final result of the discussion will be in favor of those who desire that our republic may set an example to the world in the religious observance of one day in seven.

The Senate has passed the Silver Bill—the Federal Election Bill having been laid aside to take it up. The Force Bill will hardly pass the Senate, as it has been twice thrust aside. The Senate is now at work on the Apportionment Bill. The House seems to be exciting but little attention, as they do nothing but quarrel over parliamentary questions.

Among others recently elected to the Senate of the United States are Hill of New York and Vilas of Wisconsin. Ingalls will be succeeded by a Farmers' Alliance man, Jude Pfeffer.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

J. L. KESLER, EDITOR.

HOPE.

Sometimes, amid the changing route,
A rainbow figure glides about,
And from the brightness, like a day,
The whimpling shadows slink away.
I know that lyre of seven strings;
The seven colors of her wings;
The seven blossoms of her crown;—

There violets twine for amethyst;
Small lilies white as silk-weed down;

There myrtal sprays her locks have kissed;
And pansies that are beryl blue;
And varied roses, rich of hue;
With iridescent loving eyes
Of buds that bloom in Paradise.

The above is quoted from a new book of poems by Danske Dandridge, entitled, "Rose Brake." Mrs. Dandridge published a small volume several years ago called "Jay and other Poems." Her poetry is said to be charming, genuine, delightful, with a rare quality of imaginativeness, and a spontaneity and delicacy of expression quite unusual.

Mr. Stead started *The Review of Reviews* a year ago, hoping that it would reach a circulation of 50,000 copies before the year closed. In September it had reached a circulation of 90,000, in October, 110,000, in November, 140,000 and in December it comes out double size with a circulation of 200,000. "Nothing succeeds like success."

H. Rider Haggard, of Ditchingham, England, arrived at New York, Jan.

11, *en route* to Mexico. Mrs. Haggard accompanies her husband. Mr. Haggard is said to be a tall man, probably over six feet high, 'loosely put together with a slight stoop of the shoulders.' His hair is dark, but his slight mustache is quite light in color. He has a prominent nose and is naturally awkward, but has an agreeable manner and pleasant smile. After spending a few days in New York he will go to the City of Mexico, to begin his study of Mexican Archæology. He says "I propose writing, if the material warrants, a story of the Aztec Empire, and will lay the date of the story about the time of the conquest." Mr. Haggard has already written many popular novels, among them are "She," "Allen Quatermain," "Jess" and "King Solomon's Mines."

The *News and Observer* has received a pretty pamphlet, containing a poem by Prof. Chas. E. Taylor, of about 250 lines, entitled, "Gilbert Stone the Millionaire," which is beautifully written and contains some rare touches of pathos. It is one of the finest productions we have ever seen from the pen of a North Carolinian. The poem appeared originally in the last number of *THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT*.—*News and Observer*.

It is said that "Over the Teacups" is the most successful book Dr. Oliver

Wendell Holmes has ever published. Even in his old age his genial humor has not forsaken him and his admirers grow in number. For some time before Christmas, "Over the Teacups" sold at the rate of a thousand copies a day.

A lady was out shopping in Kansas City, Mo., and stepping into a book store, a polite salesman asked her what she wished. "I am looking," said she, "for a copy of Prof. Drummond's 'Biggest Thing on Earth.'"

George Bancroft, the aged historian, who began his life with the century, passed peacefully away Jan. 17, at his home in Washington City. For some years he had been spending about five of the summer months in Newport and the winters in Washington. He came back from his summer home this winter in better health than for several years. But while the ninety winters had been kind to him, at last the summons came and the infirmities of age were no longer able to resist it. Mr. Bancroft was born in Worcester, Mass., on October 3, 1800, graduated at Harvard at sixteen, traveled in Europe, spent several years in the German Universities, and returned to America, fired with ambition from a long and healthy social intercourse with such stalwart men as Goethe and W. von Humboldt. For a year he was honorably connected with his *alma mater* as tutor of Greek. Then followed a long line of political honors, richly bestowed by his appreciative countrymen. In 1830 he was elected to the Legislature, afterwards nomi-

nated by the Democratic party to the Senate both of which he declined. From 1838-1841 was Collector for the Port of Boston; in 1844 was Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts; in 1845 was Secretary of the Navy under President Polk; in 1846 was transferred from the Cabinet to the post of Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain, and in 1867 was Minister to Prussia. In all these he was capable, honest and faithful, a noble patriot, an exemplary statesman. But it is to his literary genius that we most humbly bow. His untiring energy fitted him for the laborious work of an historian, and to-day he takes first rank in the department of American history. His greatest work is his voluminous "History of the United States," and though it be faulty in some instances, yet none have done it better. His great fault was utter disregard for the sacred (?) quotation marks. For this he has been worthily criticised. His History of the Constitution is invaluable. As a citizen his position was most flattering, as a member of society he was most courtly, as a politician most pure. We may look at the phase of his character as through a kaleidoscope, often varied yet always beautiful. His genius lead him also into the realms of poetry—what a noble strain of patriotism is embodied in his "Pictures of Rome,"

"Farewell to Rome; how lovely in distress;
How sweet her gloom; how proud her wilder-
ness!

Farewell to all that won my youthful heart
And waked fond longings after fame. We
part,

The weary pilgrim to his home returns;
For Freedom's air, for Western climes he
burns;

Where dwell the brave, the generous and
the free,

O! there is Rome; no other Rome for me."

And now he has bade farewell to
fame, to the freedom of the world,
and gone to join the choir invisible in
the yet freer world above.

It may be of interest to those who
fancy the social problem, to know
that Henry George, who created such
a furor in American politics some
time ago, has retired from "*The Stand-
ard*" and will devote his time to
authorship, with headquarters, per-
haps, in London. He is a man of
remarkable force and energy, full of
true sympathy and after all "more
sinned against than sinning." His
first work will be "a primer of politi-
cal economy, an annotated edition
of the "Wealth of Nations," and a
reply to prof. Huxley's attack on
"Progress and Poverty."

However much we may be preju-
diced against the French novel, we
cannot deny its superiority in this
latter part of the nineteenth century.
And so with the recent death of
Octave Feuillet, a significant gap has
been made in the ranks of real merit.
"La Morte" is perhaps his greatest
success as a novelist, though, "the
Romance of a Poor Young Man" has
gained a wide spread popularity. His
style is simple and touching and has
made quite an impression upon the
feminine portion of the public. Not
on his novel alone does his popular-
ity depend, having shown consider-

able talent as a playwright, journalist,
poet and philosopher.

Eli Perkins, the famous "two
thirds" (?) of American exponent of
wit and wisdom, has decided to use
his pen as well as his tongue and has
just published a book entitled "Kings
of Platform and Pulpit." It contains
some happy reminiscences of distin-
guished men with whom he made ac-
quaintance during his many success-
ful lecturing tours. His former efforts
have reached the jovial hearts of
many an admirer; no doubt this will
"get there" too.

Swinburne, the sweetest of living
English singers after Tennyson, and
possibly the successor of the latter as
Poet Laureate, pays a beautiful tribute,
in *The North American Review*, to the
remarkable genius of Victor Hugo.
He honors him as "the greatest writer
in the nineteenth century" and "the
greatest poet of an age which has
been glorified by the advent of Tenny-
son, Browning, and Leconte de Lisle."
This, however, is but the public ex-
pression of the sentiment of thousands
of Hugo's appreciative readers.

Emile Zola is not satisfied yet it
seems. He has just completed an-
other novel, entitled, "Money," which
will be published in one of the Paris
evening papers. This is a very ap-
propriate place for it, we think, if it is
like the rest of his novels. He has
been paid \$6,000 for the right. *Paradise
Lost* brought the blind bard of Eng-
land £20. "Honor to whom honor is
due!"

It is now understood that Henry

Cabot Lodge, who is both scholar and politician, claims descent from Sebastian Cabot, the rival of Columbus in the honor of having discovered America.

Lord Lytton, who has so deftly won the admiration of English-speaking people as Owen Meredith, is creating quite a sensation in Paris by his Sunday morning breakfasts, at which are gathered the greatest literary and diplomatic genuises. He is the present British ambassador to that country.

Another prodigy has appeared in the literary world, in the person of Louis Janvier, a Haytian negro, who has recently published, in Paris, a novel of considerable merit.

The result of a recent poetry prize contest in *Once A Week* was as follows: The most dramatic poem?—The Ride from Ghent to Aix, (Brown-ing). The most humorous poem?—John Gilpin's Ride, (Cowper). The most pathetic poem?—The Bridge of Sighs, (Hood). The most romantic poem?—Lochinvar, (Scott). The most popular quotation in poetry, of not more than two lines?—"Where Ignorance is Bliss, 'Tis folly to be Wise," (Gray). The noblest male character in poetry?—Sir Galahad, (Tennyson). The most loveable female character in poetry?—Evangeline, (Longfellow). The most musical line in poetry?—"O wild West wind thou breath of autumn's being," (Shelley). The most beautiful simile in poetry?—"She walks in beauty like the night of cloudless

climes and starry skies," (Byron). The most beautiful poem of all?—Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard, (Gray)

The following poem, by Joaquin Miller, is taken from *In Classic Shades*:

THE BATTLE-FLAG AT SHENANDOAH.

The tented field wore a wrinkled frown,
And the emptied church from the hill looked down

On the emptied road and the emptied town,
That summer Sunday morning.

And here was the blue, and there was the gray;

And a wide green valley rolled away
Between where the battling armies lay,
That sacred Sunday morning.

And Custer sat, with impatient will,
His restless steed, 'mid his troopers still
As he watched with glass from the oak-set hill,
That silent Sunday morning.

Then fast he began to chafe and fret;
"There's a battle-flag on a bayonet
Too close to my own true soldiers set
For peace this Sunday morning!"

"Ride over some one," he haughtily said,
"And bring it to me! Why in bars blood red
And in stars I will stain it, and overhead
Will flaunt it this Sunday morning!"

Then a West-born lad, pale-faced and slim,
Rode out, and touching his cap to him,
Swept down, as swift as the swallow's swim,
That anxious Sunday morning.

On, on through the valley! up, up, anywhere!
That pale-faced lad like a bird through the air
Kept on till he climbed to the banner there
That bravest Sunday morning!

And he caught up the flag, and around his waist

He wound it tight, and he turned in haste,
And swift his perilous route retraced
That daring Sunday morning.

All honor and praise to the trusty steed !
 Ah ! boy, and banner, and all God speed !
 God's pity for you in your hour of need
 This deadly Sunday morning.

O, deadly shot ! and O, shower of lead !
 O, iron rain on the brave, bare head !
 Why even the leaves from the tree fall dead
 This dreadful Sunday morning !

But he gains the oaks ! Men cheer in their
 might !

Brave Custer is weeping in his delight !
 Why, he is embracing the boy outright
 This glorious Sunday morning !

But soft ! Not a word has the pale boy said,
 He unwinds the flag. It is starred, striped, red
 With his heart's best blood; and he falls down
 dead,

In God's stii Sunday morning.

So, wrap his flag to his soldier's breast;
 Into stars and stripes it is stained, and blest;
 And under the oaks let him rest and rest
 Till God's great Sunday morning.

[We are indebted to Mr. J. H. Pridgen for help in getting up this department.—Ed.]

EXCHANGES.

E. W. SIKES, EDITOR.

It is with unfeigned pleasure that we begin to read *The Focus*. The articles are of a very superior order. The new year's number is so handsomely prepared that we have shown it to several of our friends, who expressed their high appreciation of it. A dignity was given to its new year's volume by increase in size and by beautifying its dress.

We like to see such taste exercised in the matter of dress. We enjoyed immensely the short autobiographies of a number of the students. Poor fellows; they have our sympathy. "The Secret of Popularity" is a very readable article. The writer shows wherein a desire to be popular is commendable, and also, we might say, damnable. That man who would sacrifice right and truth to gain popularity, the empty applause of the world, is as much entitled to the pub-

lic condemnation as any man. He undoubtedly has our supreme contempt.

"Now" is a very thoughtful article, reminding one of the opportunities that have flitted by ere we were aware.

We regret to see an exchange discuss "the negro as a social problem." "Stanley in Africa" and the negro are questions which fail to interest us, but then "the fault, dear Brutus, is ourselves" we guess.

The two essays and "Our Heritage," as well as the political selections, serve to make the magazine one of our most interesting visitors.

The *Virginia University Magazine* finally made its appearance. We are glad to "meet again," and regret exceedingly that we were unable, or rather were not permitted, to meet them on the Foot Ball field.

The magazine has become *entirely* literary—cultivation of style alone seems to be aimed at. Fiction predominates; some of the pieces are very readable, and the style is excellent. We hope to give a more critical study to the articles as works of fiction.

The Trinity Archive is not so old as some other college magazines in the State. We hope that it will grow better as it grows older. In a friendly way we would like to offer a few suggestions. We no longer have war with Trinity, since Foot Ball has stopped. But we do not think the *Archive* attains the standard that is expected from a college that has done so much good work in the State as Trinity. She has a large host of brilliant alumni, who, if they would, could help their college paper. It might be increased in size; have more contributions from both students and alumni. The editorial matter contains some very thoughtful words, but there are too many men on the staff. Thirteen is too large a number for good work, we think. Their game of ball with the University of Virginia reminds us very forcibly of our game last season with the same team. It must be remembered that the University of Virginia team took a lesson under Lehigh team last year and learned a new version of the Decalogue.

The Richmond Messenger has improved its appearance, and shows signs of advancement. We always delight to have it come. Our boys frequently speak of the hospitable entertainment given us by them last year when our Foot Ball team was in

Richmond. We did hope to be able to return this kindness, but since the demise of Foot Ball we fear we shall not. The *Messenger* is one of our best magazines, though we think it might be improved by ceasing to deal so much in locals. In a magazine devoted to literature, locals should have a very small place. A local paper on a small scale, to be published weekly, would be a suitable means for the outlet of their jokes, personals, &c.

The Chapelhillian is a small paper published by the students of our University. It is the organ of the students; has as its chief aim the encouragement of Athletics. It is a means by which a student may express his views upon the actions of the authorities of the University; is entirely local and allows no literary articles to enter. We enjoy reading it very much, because we understand the manner of college life.

Wake Forest has made several efforts along the same line, but in a meagre way. The "*Howler*" and "*Borer*" have both been short lived, though they were very enjoyable while here. We hope that in the near future a paper of like kind will be begun here and placed on a lasting basis.

The Adelphian contains a very amusing article on Turkey in the Moon. This paper is very punctual in its arrival.

The Xmas number that the young ladies of Hamilton College got up was most excellently done, was very

instructive and a "thing of beauty." Young ladies, our congratulations.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT has reached us. For some time we have been expecting it, since it has always been considered one of our best exchanges. This number did not fail to sustain its reputation. Its editorial department is made quite profitable and interesting.—*A. and S. J. Monthly.*

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, a model college magazine, appears in all her glory, with interesting reading matter and desirable information. . . .
—*Furman Univ. Journal.*

THE STUDENT, issued by the two societies at Wake Forest College, is an uncommonly welcome visitor.—*Lyceum.*

We appreciate the many kind words that our exchanges and friends have to say of us. Since THE STUDENT came out in its new dress—old gold

and black—it has received many very flattering compliments. We very much appreciate the kind words of B. F. Johnson & Co. as to its "excellent appearance and high tone of its editorial matter."

We are not boastful at all, but we clip these pleasant remarks that our friends and the students especially may know what other institutions think of their paper.

We have just received the *Vanderbilt Observer*, which we have not yet had time to review. We shall do so in our next issue. We notice a contribution by Mr. W. P. Stroddy, who was once a student at this place and editor of THE STUDENT.

The Exponent, *The Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, and several other of our best exchanges are on our table, and we hope to give them a thorough and critical review.

IN THE CLASS ROOM.

The following mixing of metaphors was perpetrated by a student of a certain college, (and he was not a Sophomore), and it is respectfully referred to the author of the next book on Rhetoric: "May he *speak* the *bread* of life, and may we *hear* it in *good* and honest *hearts*, and may it bring forth an abundant *harvest*."

The work of the college class-room often reveals not only a lack of ability to write correct English, but also a want of knowledge of the simplest distinctions of technical English Grammar. For example, students of language often stumble because they have never learned to distinguish the predicate nominative from the direct object, or the passive voice from the progressive form of the verb. All the distinctions, both of form and construction, commonly made in English grammar, if thoroughly mastered, would remove many difficulties from the way of the student of a foreign language.

The Junior Latin class have been very much interested in Cæsar's description of some of the animals in the Hercynian forest in Germany, especially the unicorn, and the elks which have legs without joints and lean up against a tree to rest. Cæsar was a great general and an authority in military matters; but it would hardly be safe to quote him as final authority in Natural History.

Dr. Koch has made public the in-

gredients of the famous lymph for the cure of consumption; but formulæ are given, not quantitatively, but qualitatively. Dr. Koch says: "The remedy consists of a glycerine extract derived from the pure cultivation of tubercle bacilli. Into this simple extract there naturally passes from the tubercular bacilli, besides the effective substance, all the other matter soluble in 50 per cent. glycerine. Consequently, it contains a certain quantity of mineral salts, coloring substances, and other unknown extractive matter."

He still speaks with caution both concerning the rationale of the cure and concerning its possible success. He insists that caution needs to be used in the use of the lymph. It seems that the experimental stages have not yet been passed, and the curative powers of the lymph are as yet to be proved.

About two months ago the United Press sent out a dispatch, which was published in the daily papers under the headline, "Dr. Koch Beaten," that two Michigan physicians had "found a positive cure for consumption." A lady was taken to the hospital in an ambulance in a dying condition, and after seven weeks was discharged as cured, walking two miles to her home. Since this report we have heard nothing further from their wonderful remedy.

HYPNOTISM.—*The Examiner*, of New York, defines as follows:

"Broadly speaking, hypnosis is a state resembling sleep, artificially produced, in which the susceptibility of the faculties is intensified rather than subdued, and differs from somnambulism in that the subject is under the absolute control of suggestion from without. In other words, it is possible to suggest to a subject while in this state 'fixed ideas, irresistible impulses, which he will obey on awaking with mathematical precision.'"

Attention has recently been drawn to this possibly coming science by a criminal trial in France. A man and woman were on trial for murder. A celebrated physician, Dr. Liegeois, called as a witness, gave it as his opinion and the opinion of his college, that the woman had been hypnotized by the man and while under these influences had committed the crime. He "proposed that the woman be again hypnotized and interrogated as to the facts occurring at the moment of the commission of the crime." But the judges decided not to allow this to be done. It is to be regretted that the doctor was not allowed to verify his opinion.

- The Trustees of the new Baptist University of Chicago, which starts off with an endowment of over a million, have just adopted a partial report of a committee on organization, prepared, it is understood, by Dr. Harper, the President-elect of the University. There are several things in this report which are worthy of notice. The report proposes "the abandonment of

the class system, so far as trying to push men along at the same pace and graduate them at the same time. A certain quantity of work, is required, but this is so graduated that a bright man may obtain his degree in three years, while a duller man may have more than four.' This is regarded quite a new thing in institutions at the North; but it is quite common in the South, having been in operation at Wake Forest ever since the war.

Another feature is the continuation of instruction during the whole year, the student taking his vacation at such time as may suit his convenience and inclinations. Each professor will be required to lecture thirty-six weeks, ten to twelve hours a week, and take a vacation at such time as he may arrange with the authorities. But he may have a longer term of work in one year, and a longer vacation the next. Or by lecturing four years of forty-eight weeks, or six years of forty-two weeks he may have a year's leave of absence on full pay.

It is proposed to hold two examinations in each class in this great University, one when the student finishes the work, and the other *twelve weeks later*. Excellence of term-work may relieve a student from the first examination, and he may substitute for the second an addition of one-fourth as much work as he has done during the term. After he has studied Calculus forty weeks, he may be relieved from examination by five weeks more of study in the same line.

The proposed system is to include also good academies, some already in existence and some to be established,

There are to be evening courses for men and women engaged during the day; correspondence courses for students in all parts of the country; and university extension work, commonly called *post graduate* courses, to be equal, if not superior, to the work done at Oxford and Cambridge.

The friends of higher education will watch the execution of these plans with peculiar interest.

Professor G. P. Serviss, in the current *Chautauqua*, tabulates the various estimates of the sun's distance from the earth, as revealed by the records. The name of the calculator, the date of calculation, and the distances calculated are as follows:

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Date.</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
Hipparchus.....	150 B. C.	5,900,000
Posidonius.....	100 "	62,750,000
Copernicus.....	1543 A. D.	4,700,000
Kepler.....	1628 "	13,500,000
Wendelin.....	1640 "	58,600,000
Riccioli.....	1650 "	29,200,000
Cassini.....	1680 "	86,000,000
Lahire.....	1687 "	136,000,000
Laplace.....	1799 "	92,800,000
Encke.....	1824 "	95,250,000
Recent estimates.		92,890,000

Among the many excellences of the elegant lecture of Col. Burgwyn, which is published entire in this number, we desire especially to commend his excellent English, clear, forcible and elegant. At the very outset we were pleased to hear him use the classical "are doing" in a passive sense, instead of the modern excrescence, "are being done."

A medical lecturer at Owens' College, Manchester, England, has put forward the two following astonishing propositions, which we quote from the *Medical Record*: (1) "that no Jew or Jewess has ever been known to suffer from cancer"; and (2) that "the immunity of the Hebrew race from this frightful scourge was attributed to their abstinence from swine's flesh."

"Medical science," says the *Inventive Age*, "is making greater progress just now than at any other time since Esculapius. The principal aid to this advancement is the microscope. Thus the inventor becomes the co-worker of the medical scientist."

CLIPPINGS.

E. W. SIKES, EDITOR.

The sun had kissed the Western wave,
And bade the world good night,
While in the sky the little clouds
Hung blushing in the light.

The little waves came rushing in
From out on the rolling sea,
And paused a moment on the sands
And kissed them merrily.

The evening breezes gently played
About the boulders bare,
And kissed their loneliness away,
And lingered fondly there.

A youth and maiden walked the while,
I tell no wondrous deed,
When twilight's shadows kissed the shore
He followed nature's lead. *Ex.*

What's this I hear about Free Trade,
As if by it the world were made;
While others say that true perfection
Is only gained through pure Protection!

I kissed her, then she kissed me,
"That's Free Trade, my dear, you see."
Then around her waste, with true discretion,
I placed my arm, "and that's Protection."

It must be that I, weak of mind
Perhaps, 'tis so of woman-kind,
Between the two at an election
'Twould be quite hard to make selection. *Ex.*

He writeth best who stealeth best
Ideas, great and small;
For the great soul who wrote them first
From nature stole them all. *Ex.*

I wrote some foolish verses once
On love—unhappy churl!
The metre makes me shudder still,
I sent them to a girl.

I know that girl, and if I should,
Like Byron, wake some day,
To find fame written on my brow,
She'd give these lines away.

So now I have to watch myself
Each hour—oh hapless plight!
For if I should be great, of course
These lines would come to light. *Ex.*

Fortune knocks at each man's door,
This we're inclined to doubt;
Or if she ever knocked at ours
We certainly were out. *Ex.*

Many and long are the prayers we say,
And many the words of sorrow;
Steadfastly we gaze on mechanics page,
And bitterly think of the morrow. *Ex.*

A gallant oyster loved a sponge
In the depths of the dark blue sea,
And the sponge which the gallant oyster loved
Was as fair as a sponge could be.

But the sponge the oyster's love disdained
With a manner most cold and curt;
To feel that his love for a sponge was spurned
Did the pride of the oyster hurt.

Fate came at last—the sponge caught cold
And she died of membrous croup,
While the gallant oyster who loved the sponge,
Found he was in the soup. *Ex.*

ALUMNI NOTES.

B. W. SPILLMAN, EDITOR, *pro tem.*

'62. Mr. J. H. Dunn is one of the directors of the Alliance Tobacco Warehouse of Henderson, N. C. Mr. Dunn is a prominent Allianceman in Vance county, and is a good farmer. Mr. Dunn used to live in the country a little over a mile from Henderson, but Henderson has spread out and taken him in.

'71. Rev. H. A. Brown is pastor of the First Baptist Church, Winston, N. C. Mr. Brown is puffed very little. It is good to know, and indeed a real comfort to know, that we have in North Carolina some Baptist preachers who don't need to be puffed. We don't hear of brother Brown getting calls to Sleepy Hollow, Goose Creek, etc., etc., about once every six months.

'73. E. W. Timberlake, Esq., is a lawyer in Louisburg, N. C. Brother Timberlake, in the *Biblical Recorder* for Jan. 21, condemns Dr. C. Durham for doing just the thing that he himself, in his article, is guilty of doing.

'75. Prof. L. W. Bagley has a flourishing school at Littleton, N. C. Prof. Bagley taught at Wake Forest, Murfreesboro, Scotland Neck and is now at Littleton.

'78. Mr. J. C. Caddell says the present volume of THE STUDENT is the best in its history. Mr. Caddell is an excellent newspaper man and is capable of judging a good thing when he sees it. He is still connected with

the *News-Observer*, whose genial and talented editor, Capt. S. A. Ashe, says the WAKE FOREST STUDENT is the best college magazine which comes to his table.

'82. Mr. E. E. Hilliard, editor of the *Scotland Neck Democrat*, is the orator for '91, of the North Carolina Press Association. Mr. Hilliard paid us a visit recently and in a recent issue of the *Democrat* says that the Wake Forest Boys are in every way more gentlemanly and courteous than they were some years ago. He takes this as an indication of a high moral tone among the boys.

'82. Rev. D. W. Herring in a recent number of the *Biblical Recorder* opposes the introduction of foreign missionaries into China, if sent by the Y. M. C. A. The Y. M. C. A. at Wake Forest College has never, as a Y. M. C. A., given one cent to send a foreign missionary anywhere.

'90. Rev. Hight C. Moore still holds forth at Morehead City. While speaking of one of Moore's sermons some days ago, one of his members said: "I'll tell you, sir, Talmage could not beat that sermon."

'90. Rev. W. E. Crocker, pastor of the Baptist church in Mt. Olive, was to preach at Falling Creek Baptist church on a certain Sunday afternoon. He set out from Mt. Olive in his buggy. The church is twelve miles from Mt.

Olive. Having driven about twelve miles, as he thought, a church house was in sight just down the road. Reining up his horse he asked a boy what church that was. "Falling Creek Methodist church," replied the boy. Mr Crocker, thinking he was on the wrong track and had come to the wrong Falling Creek church, turned his horse and drove back home—twelve miles. Upon reaching Mt. Olive he was informed that Falling Creek Baptist church was about three hundred yards down the road beyond Falling Creek Methodist church, at which place a congregation was awaiting Mr. Crocker.

'91. Mr. J. L. Kesler, editor of THE STUDENT, to whom is intrusted the Alumni Department, is sick in bed. He is supposed to have measles. Don't tell any one that measles is in college. It is a secret and not knowing where to keep it, it has been placed among the Alumni Notes as the best possible place of concealment. The editorial department of the *Evening Visitor* might have been a better place, but we want to run no risks.

On Jan. 27th, 1891, in Lilesville, Anson county, N. C., Prof. Collier Cobb of Boston, Mass., was married to Miss Mary Lindsey, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Battle, of Lilesville. Prof. Cobb is a Wake Forest College boy. After leaving here he attended the University at Chapel Hill but did not graduate. He had drawn and issued a map of North Carolina before he was twenty years old. He edited a small magazine

(the name of which escapes us) in Western North Carolina. He was principal of the Waynesville High School, was afterwards a teacher in the Graded School of Wilson, N. C., of which school he was afterwards elected principal. Prof. Cobb is a natural born geologist. He left Wilson and entered Harvard University. Prof. Shaller, Professor of Geology in Harvard says that Prof. Cobb is the best geologist that has ever entered Harvard. While a student at Harvard he was appointed to a position on the United States Geological Survey. He graduated from Harvard in June, '89 with the degree of Doctor of Science. He was Assistant Professor of Geology at Harvard for one year and now he is Professor of Geology in the Boston Institute of Technology.

Mr. J. W. Oliver, who left College in his Junior year, died on Saturday, December 27th, 1890, at 9:30 A. M., at Albuquerque, New Mexico. He left college on account of failing health. Had he remained he would have graduated with the class of '89. Mr. Oliver left Wake Forest and accepted the position of Treasurer of the Baptist Orphanage. He was also associate editor of *Charity and Children*.

The *Recorder* of Jan. 7, 1891, among other things: "As Treasurer, as agent, and as associate editor of *Charity and Children*, he was faithful, popular and successful in his work. He was young, affable, sensible, talented and pious. We loved him as a brother. We love his memory still. Well done, good and faithful young soldier of the Lord."

Mr. E. C. Robertson left college in his Junior year. He, too, would have graduated with the class of '89. Mr. Robertson was a good student while at college. He will make his mark in the world. He left college and went to Birmingham, Ala. From there he went to Vesta, Ark., and taught school. He edited an educational journal for awhile and then entered the life insurance business. At present he is at No. 16 Johnson Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, engaged as Business Manager of the City Directory Company.

Since Wake Forest College was founded it has graduated many distinguished men. The positions filled, and the work done by her graduates, and some who did not graduate, is a compliment to the college. Her old boys have distinguished themselves

in many walks of life. The leading preacher of New York City was, ten years ago, a Sophomore in Wake Forest College. We have presidents and professors in several Colleges and Universities. Among them Harvard, John's Hopkins, William Jewell, Carson, Baylor University, Chapel Hill, Theological Seminary at Louisville, Kentucky, Elon, Howard Payne College, Tex., Wake Forest College and others. Among the graduates, it might be of interest to state, are the following. It is only an approximation at correctness:

Ministers, 121; teachers, 94; lawyers, 53; farmers, 38; physicians, 29; merchants, 16; ministers and teachers, 18; professors and preachers, 8; journalists, 8; soldiers killed in war, 6; foreign missionaries, 5; druggists and chemists, 5; scattering or occupation not known, 20.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

R. B. WHITE, EDITOR.

Anniversary!

Examinations are things of the past.

And we are thankful.

"Good God! I'm already hacked!"

Fiddledewinks have arrived and promise to stay.

Dr. Foote was visiting Mrs. Simmons some time ago.

"Fresh" are slowly coming in. Some of them are indeed very fresh.

The session is wearing on and the

Senior begins to see the ribbon on his diploma.

And, young men, do not behave as if you had never seen a girl before.

Let's discard the old name "New-ish" and call them "Fresh" since the latter suits them so well.

Be careful with rifles and don't shoot at young men even if they are behind a pile of bricks.

Some of the recitation rooms are extremely cold and unpleasant. Could not this be prevented or remedied?

Miss Mamie Jones, of Petersburg, Va., was on the Hill visiting Miss Allie Dickson.

Several of the confirmed cigarette smokers have sworn off" and now they hire others to blow smoke for them.

Why is a student of Physics like a rich man? Because he has a hard time getting through.

They must be trying to raise the standard. Every one says that last examinations were the hardest we have ever had.

The Phi. hall is being thoroughly renewed, and the indications are that it will be a beautiful sight for the visitors here Anniversary. We claim that we have the two prettiest halls in the State.

Prof. of Physiology—"Mr. X., who first discovered protoplasm? Was it a botanist or a zoologist?"

Mr. X.—"Professor, I don't think it was either. I think it was a German."

The Wake Forest Seminary is in a flourishing condition, and we offer our congratulations. We are sorry, however, that one of the former Faculty decided to resign and no longer is at the post she occupied so well last Fall.

We were all disappointed at the failure of Mr. Alexander Melville Bell to lecture, as announced, on "Visible Speech Elucidated." Our curiosity had been aroused as to what he would talk about; but they say that he will come soon and satisfy us all.

Dr. Taylor is on the Hill once in a while. We hope that he is succeeding in his task and think it the duty of every Baptist in North Carolina to take the work to heart and help raise the needed amount.

It's about time for some one to begin to argue the question of Senior vacation. We think that this is the very year to start this needed reform. Why not exempt from standing examinations all the Seniors who get a daily mark of over ninety?

The days are warm and pleasant now, and we begin to think of the time when we can start this department with "White Dresses," when the campus puts on its greenest coat and we can lounge and roll on the grass without fear of pneumonia. Then is the ideal time for students, lovers and every one.

We hear that there will be an interesting breach of promise suit entered by one of the students against a Professor. The plaintiff's ground for action is that the defendant told him that he got through, when, as it turned out later, he did not. The claim for damages has not yet been settled, but the probabilities are that he will demand a "set up" to oysters.

There is only one member of the Faculty now who is not or has not been married. They say he is also getting lonesome and wants only to find some one to whom he can devote heart and hand in order to come out of bachelordom.

The Foot Ball team sent a challenge to the Chapel Hill team to play here

February 12th. As yet there has been no answer, and we await it with expectancy. Last year our team went to Chapel Hill and were met with such a cordial reception and came back with such glowing accounts of Chapel Hill and the University boys that if possible we want to return the favor. If the team does come we want a good many outsiders to come also; and we will do our best to give them on enjoyable time.

Mr. W. M. Dickson has sold out his store to Mr. Rogers, who will continue it at the same stand. We are sorry to see Mr. Dickson go out of business, but he will be known to every one now as the genial proprietor of the Dickson Hotel. Mr. Rogers is a pleasant, accommodating gentleman, and will have your wants attended to in first class style.

Foot Ball has again been revived and our Faculty has given permission to play on our own grounds, but we can't go off to play any match games. But this is better than nothing, and "never look a gift horse in the mouth," but be satisfied and keep the ball rolling.

The tickets for Anniversary have been out some time, and the design has been complimented very much. The query for discussion is, "Would the adoption of Henry George's single tax tenure be beneficial to the poor classes." Every thing points to a large crowd and a glorious time. For then the hermit comes out of his cave and the oyster opens his shell.

It is the desire now of a great many

boys to start a skating rink and it is probable that the second floor of the Seminary building will be secured and fitted up so as to make it a fine place to skate. It will be amusing to see the many falls. The best thing would be to have a regular skating club formed, with a constitution and laws and that the club have regular meetings.

Col. Burgwyn of Henderson lectured in the Memorial Hall Jan. 27th to a large body of students and of residents on the hill. Col. Burgwyn is a graceful speaker, and his lecture was listened to with interest and pleasure. It is published in full in this number of the STUDENT.

There were some surprises in raising money for foot-ball. Some gave who were not expected to give and others refused to give who had been thought to be reasonably sure. Every one however whether student, Professor or resident ought to be willing to contribute at least something. But we must congratulate the students on the facility with which the money was raised.

On the night of Jan. 22nd the old Phi. hall was lit up and full of students. It was the night of the 21st birthday of Mr. J. W. Millard and he had gathered together this crowd of friends in order to celebrate it with him. There was plenty to eat. Several toasts were given and responded to in graceful speeches. The T. S. Club was present and furnished lively music for the occasion. Why does not every one celebrate his birthday after this manner?

What's the matter with having a big masquerade if we are so fortunate as to procure a place to skate. Let every one wear appropriate costumes and let all the young ladies on the Hill be invited. Have the hall decorated, every thing lit up with brilliancy. It would assuredly be a break in the dull monotony of the Spring Term when after Anniversary there is no occasion to be enjoyed.

There is one more thing we wish to advocate. This is the framing of some scheme by which we can have a tennis tournament. There are some good players in college and there is no point in keeping their light hid under a bushel but let the rest of the world see and enjoy it. It would be an interesting feature for the 10th of May.

Let some one suggest a plan and let every one practice to have both doubles and singles. There is no prettier game nor any game which exercises more nearly the whole body and besides it is essentially a graceful game.

We take the following excellent report of the lecture delivered here by Prof. C. D. McIver, on Jan. 15th, from the *State Chronicle*:

The students and citizens of Wake Forest enjoyed a witty, entertaining and most instructive lecture last night by Prof. C. D. McIver, of Charlotte, formerly of Peace Institute, Raleigh. The attendance was large and the audience cultured and appreciative.

He was introduced by Prof. Poteat, acting President of the Faculty, who said:

"*Ladies and gentlemen*:—I am happy to be able to present to you as

the lecturer of the evening, Prof. Chas. D. McIver, of Charlotte. He is a well known advocate of popular education; and if you give him half a chance at your attention, I am sure that is all he wants."

Prof. McIver then came forward and in his most entertaining style held the undivided attention of the audience for an hour and thirty-five minutes, while he spoke to us upon the subject of "Public Education." His speech in substance was as follows:

"It was my purpose in accepting an invitation to visit Wake Forest to speak especially to the young men here, but what I have to say will perhaps be of interest to everybody and I hope will not be amiss to say to any body. I wish to express my pleasure at seeing so many young faces before me, and my pleasure in being with you for the first time. I am here tonight to present some thoughts on a living question, which should call forth the support and encouragement of every one within my hearing. I shall attempt nothing in the way of an oration. I never lectured in public life before. I came to advocate the cause of public education. I went into the profession of teaching because I thought I would get out of speaking. (He then related an amusing account of his first speech in public, at Durham, after his graduation at the University.) Many of you young men have no convictions on this subject. Some of you are opposed to it. I myself have talked against it when I was at Chapel Hill in my younger days, but I didn't know what I was talking about.

Education is a necessity. It is not necessary for me to discuss this question here. You will all admit this proposition. Ignorance means slavery. Before the war no man was allowed to educate a slave, because, they said it ruined him and rendered him unfit for work. Education is a hindrance to slavery, and ignorance a necessity to it. There are plenty of white men in North Carolina who think they are free, but they are slaves! Intelligence is freedom. This statement must be taken by everybody. What is time of an individual is time of a community. If North Carolina is ignorant, she is a slave; if intelligent, she is free. So much the more does an individual or a community need education, if they are poor. The rich can live without it. But in many instances the poor class of the State are the ones who are fighting the system of public education. The speaker here related some humorous incidents of those who were opposed to "so much eddication." I am talking to men who believe in the brotherhood of humanity; who believe that in one sense everybody is his brother's keeper.

If intelligence is a necessity then public education is a necessity; and by "poor education" I mean "education that comes by taxation from the pockets of all—and it can come in no other way. In North Carolina there are 370,000 children of the school age. These must be educated, if at all, in public or private schools. The private schools have all they can do. They increased in efficiency. It is a mistake to say that private schools are ruined by a good system of public schools.

In Massachusetts, where they have the best system of public schools in America, there are ten or twenty good private schools to one in North Carolina. Public education does not destroy private schools. There are only 30,000 children of the State in private schools. Of every 10 white children one of them goes to a private school, the other nine go to public schools or nowhere. I believe the genius is in the mind. It isn't the fault of the children that they are ignorant; it isn't their fault that they have to remain in intellectual darkness—but there they stand! After their parents are gone they will go about the land breeding ignorance and vice. They must be intelligent, because the future of our State depends upon it. There is no charity in this. It is an investment—a paying investment. A State is not made of dirt, or corn or cotton or minerals, but of men and women. I am tired of seeing Fourth of July orators whoop and hurrah for the Old North State and then sit still and do nothing for her. I want every one to be able to point to the cultured men and women of our State and say "these are my jewels." The State needs your support. You cannot afford to say "it's none of my business."

Prof. McIver then noticed some objections which are urged against the public school system and replied to these objections in an earnest, forceful manner. The objections were these: 1. Not right to tax one man to educate another man's child. 2. We are too poor. 3. The schools are inefficient. 4. The negro. Prof. McIver's argument on these points

ought to be heard by every North Carolinain.

He then closed his lecture with an appeal to everybody to stand together in this work. One trouble with us is that we haven't yet realized that we are all brothers. Then let us pray that the time will come when all malice shall be wiped out and we shall appeal to no mean principle. The Professor then paid a glowing tribute to the school teachers, quoting Daniel Webster in his speech which saved Dartmouth College. In conclusion he spoke of the work the Baptists were doing in the State, saying

that he believed they had taken more steps forward in education for the past ten or fifteen years than all the other denominations put together, and finally made an earnest appeal to every one for the higher education of women.

In the space allotted to this synopsis, it is needless to say that we cannot do justice to the speaker or the speech. To be appreciated to its fullest extent it must be heard from Prof. McIver's lips. The boys are carried away with him and want him to come again.

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VOL. X.]

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[No. 6.

NATIONAL CRIME.*

In 1793, when France was invaded by nearly every nation in Europe, a general levy was made. Every man, woman, and child was called upon to do something for his country. The young men shouldered arms and went to the front, rallied around the mouth of the grim cannon by day and slept by their deadly rifles by night. Married men stood around the furnaces and forged swords and bayonets to pierce the heart of the invading foe. The women worked upon ragged uniforms. The children scraped lint to bind up the bleeding forms of those who had done a soldier's duty in battle. The old men went about speaking words of encouragement and wisdom.

So is it in our time and country. There are battles to be fought in peace. There are great social prob-

lems to be solved, and every man, woman, and child is called upon to do something for his country. There is a need for everyone to be of some use to those about him, to the times in which he was born, and to the land that gave him birth. There are those who in places of trust in legislative halls, study the needs of the people, and establish law and order accordingly. There are those who in obscure places must in the sweat of their faces work out a living. The women, God bless them! can, with benign influence, do their mighty works of love among us. Even the little children that romp and play around the door, full of life and joy, have their little labors of charity to perform. Also there are those who must look into the future and point out reefs and shoals where the ship of our

*Anniversary Oration by R. L. Burns, Orator for the Philomathesian Society, February 13th, 1891.

country's fate may be dashed into pieces, and who, with unerring eye, must keep a lookout for the light-houses along the shore, where we may be safe from the storms of social ills and political wrongs. There are those, too, who must look into the past, search out the mistakes of fallen nations, and tell them to the people.

Never has there been a time in the history of the world when there was greater need of precaution than in the present age. The cruelty of creeds and the despotism of kings and feudal lords have become odious, and the people of all lands are binding themselves into mighty organizations to check the tyrannous course of modern civilization, and to establish another whose sign shall be "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

Filled with the idea that in the ashes and ruins of other civilizations a student might dig out a hidden truth, I lifted the curtain that hid from my vision the mysteries and monstrosities of the past; I traveled through the ages, gathering an idea here and an idea there; I went back into the dark recesses of time more than six thousand years; I saw the first gleams of civilization as they broke upon the stony hills of Egypt; I communed with those pioneers in the world of thought whose monument lives in the pyramids. They became the prey of a mightier tribe, and their civilization passed away. It winged its flight to other climes, and I followed it in its

wanderings. It was accompanied by carnage and horrors. I rested for hours in the midst of ruins of once proud and populous cities; I saw great warriors take the sword and go forth to slay their neighbors; I saw mighty and strange armies fighting under strange ensigns; I saw nations disappear from the scene of action, kings dragged at the wheels of chariots, and soldiers strong and brave fettered in chains, made vassals of cruel lords. Thus I journeyed for sixty centuries, stumbling upon the wrecks of governments and institutions that had gone down in the ravage of years. I knew that behind all this there was something wrong. The stronger overran the weaker, and my thoughts naturally turned to the subject which I have chosen for the evening, "National Crime."

I shall not go back to tell you of the crimes of earliest times when the living gloried in trampling upon the bodies of the dead. I wish to speak of the crimes of a more modern people, crimes that have been perpetrated since the great German Reformation, crimes that have been perpetrated since man has had the knowledge of the brotherhood of man.

Shall I speak of the struggles of Scotland as sung by my ancestor, Robert Burns? Shall I speak of the incursions made upon fair Switzerland, or of the cruelty and barbarism of Spain in expelling the Moors and Jews? No. I have a sadder story

to relate. I am carried back to a civilization that began soon after the crucifixion of our Lord, a civilization which struggled on through the ages, and which went down in the darkest night in 1794—a civilization that was cradled far back in the East, on the soil upon which Christ walked when he went about preaching to laborers and fishermen the gospel of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

More than seventeen centuries have rolled by since there was a gathering of the clans that had fought for freedom on the plains of Armenia. They had caught the spirit of liberty that had blazed in the skies of Judea. Doubtless some of them were descendants of those who had fought against the Syrian armies under Judas Maccabeus, "Israel's political redeemer." They wended their way westward and sought pleasure in herding cattle. Other tribes and races joined them in their pastoral pursuits, and soon they became a mighty power. For seventeen centuries the world was filled with their unrivalled fame, for they had a courage unequalled in history. When nothing more than shepherd boys they repeatedly upturned the tottering thrones of Asia, and their rude arms carried terror, devastation, and death throughout the fertile plains of powerful Europe. Gradually the seeds of civilization scattered by them were rooted throughout the earth—a civilization in which justice superse-

ded tyranny, right overcame might, falsehood gave place to truth, kingly power yielded up its claims to human rights, and a Republic was born.

What is to be the history of this Republic, the first-born in the history of the world? The East is in an uproar. The Turks are still extending their conquests. Already they have marched over the worn-out Eastern Empire and reduced it to bondage. Now they cross the Bosphorus; the Moslem sword is flaming beneath the gates of Constantinople, and the thrones of Europe are trembling at their approach. Austria and Prussia are hot-beds of revolution, seeking coalitions with any powers on any terms. France is fighting to appease the wrath of an ambitious Son. Russia is an aggressive power with the mightiest military power on earth. The mutterings of war may be heard from almost any quarter. Amid such unpropitious environments the Republic of Poland springs up. It is my purpose to speak of her victories, her trials, her defeats, and see if perchance I may lift the veil that enshrouds the ruins of her civilization.

The world had been groping on in heathenism for sixteen centuries. Politics and religion were at a lowebb. It was a period of disorder and bloodshed. The Christians had lost nearly every stronghold in Asia. The walls of Jerusalem had been battered down, the temple destroyed. A Turkish

mosque stood where once was the Holy of Holies. The defenders of Jerusalem had fled beyond the Jordan into the hills of Judea. A brutal soldiery held high carnival over the tomb of Christ. Onward the wave of Infidelity swept. It crossed the strait of Gibraltar and overran Spain, but Charles Martel, at the famous battle of Tours, in France, turned the tidal wave backward for a time and saved Europe for Christendom. The Crusaders swept across Asia Minor with the loss of thousands. They cut the Syrian army into pieces, established a kingdom at Jerusalem, and converted Syria into a feudal kingdom, only to be torn asunder by the blood-thirsty Saracens. The Crusaders had failed in their purpose, and millions had fallen in vain.

The Ottomans, after quieting the tumult at home, with unabated zeal pressed forward their conquests. They again crossed the Bosphorus, and with the success of nine centuries to back them, with the destruction of millions slain around the Holy Sepulchre to inspire them, it was no vain boast of the Sultan when he said that all Europe must bow at his feet and call him lord of lords. He was then master of many kingdoms, the ruler of three continents, and the lord of two seas. They made their way toward the heart of Austria, laying waste the country as they went. They laid siege to Vienna. So great were their numbers that their encampment is

said to have contained one hundred thousand tents. For days the Austrian leader held his swarming foes at bay, but ammunition began to fail him, and disease and want seized upon his men. Soon, six thousand of the flower of his army had been swept away. Should Vienna be lost, Austria would pass away; its lords become slaves, its people bondmen.

Under these desperate circumstances a deliverer came in the person of John Sobieski, a Polish patriot king. He drew up the scattered remnants of his ragged, battered, care-worn cavaliers and addressed them thus: "Men, remember that you do not defend Vienna alone, but all Christendom; that you are not fighting for an earthly sovereign, but for the King of Kings." I know of no grander army than this. It was grand not because of numbers, for they were but few; grand not because of military equipments, for they were in rags; but grand because they were fighting for the principles which Christ had taught more than sixteen hundred years before; grand because they were fighting against despotism and Infidelity, and in favor of freedom and Christianity.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Turks had heretofore achieved their conquests by superiority of discipline and tactics, John Sobieski with ten thousand men drove back their countless numbers in terror and sore defeat. The pre-eminence in arms passed from

the Ottomans to the Poles. Another great victory was won for Christendom. Austria, Russia, and Prussia were saved.

In 1756 began the struggle in Prussia known as the "Seven Years' War." France, Sweden, and other nations of Europe were determined on the annihilation of Prussia. Frederick's genius in war set the world wondering. But his army was soon exhausted and misfortunes were gathering fast. His enemies were dealing death to his kingdom, and it was a question of only a few more days, and Prussia would be in servitude. She was on the verge of a terrible defeat, and that meant extermination. To whom should she look for deliverance? Poland, whose sons had fought and soaked the earth with their blood wherever Liberty had raised her white banner in defence of freer humanity, struck the blow for Prussian independence. Ere the smoke of battle had cleared away the Prussian kingdom bowed in humble gratitude to Poland, and swore eternal allegiance to her.

Frederick was one of the most treacherous of men, a most ungrateful villain! The scars of war were yet plainly visible in his kingdom, hardly had the earth drunk up the blood of Polish patriots, scarcely had their bodies been entombed, or their souls returned to the God who gave them, when Frederick joins a coalition to dismember his deliverer. Three mighty

nations plotting against the people who had freed them when an enemy was upon them! Are the souls of men dead to justice? Are their hearts of stone? Have the delivered turned against the deliverer? Yes. Civil courts and conventions of nations had decided against republicanism. War was the higher and final court to which to make appeal.

Poland was not to be blotted out of existence without a struggle. Patriotism was aglow in the land. She had some sons to be offered up at her sacred altar. Yea, and her fair daughters came forth to bear a woman's part. Like the Carthaginian maidens, they knotted their long, golden tresses into bow-strings, and sent winged death hissing at the heart of the foe, or labored in the tents, healing the wounded and cheering the dying.

For weeks and months four mighty powers oscillated between liberty and absolutism. The forces still gathered from Austria, Prussia, and Russia. Soon Poland was surrounded by a living mass of soldiery, "and all was dark save the flickering star of hope" vested in a youth who had been educated at the feet of patriotism. This was Kosciusko, better known as "Thaddeus of Warsaw." His mother had taught him to be good, never to dishonor the name of Sobieski, to defend Poland, and if it ever became the prey of other nations, if he should survive its fall, to leave it and seek

refuge in a free land where the most humble citizen is a lord.

About this time the British Colonies in America were filled with the spirit "that all men are created equal, and endowed with certain inalienable rights." Representatives from the thirteen colonies had met in a quiet Quaker city and pledged their all for American independence. The story of our struggle encircled the world. Its glad tidings fell upon the ears of Kosciusko. He knew what British tyranny was, and though a youth of only twenty years, he decided to come to America and share our fate. He served in the ranks of Gates and Washington, and won great distinction as a soldier. When Cornwallis at Yorktown laid down his sword, and American independence was acknowledged by the nations of the earth, Kosciusko returned to his native land to do battle there. He became the idol of his people and the terror of his enemies. He was offered a crown, but, like our glorious Washington, refused it because no price can buy an honest man.

Along the banks of the Moldam a mighty Russian and Austrian army was moving towards Warsaw. Poland had no army, no money, no leader. She had nothing save honor. The country was being pillaged and ruined; civil and moral laws were trampled upon; women and children were beaten and scourged by mobs of Russian soldiers. In the midst of

this persecution, a deliverer stepped to the front. It was Kosciusko.

He called together a small army and with it went forth to meet the invading foe. He gained several signal victories, but recruits from the three surrounding powers still gathered, and the tidal wave was turned backward. Prague was the scene of the last tragedy. On the banks of the Moldam, near the confluence of the Elbe, the two contending armies garrisoned themselves. The Polonese army was scarce ten thousand strong, meeting twenty times their numbers. Kosciusko's "star trembled in its zenith. Thrones were tottering upon the ensanguined field," and the shadows of fugitive monarchs flitted through the smoke and din of battle. Russia and Austria had been put upon the plains of Prague to be battled for. Kosciusko charged in one of the bravest and most skilfully directed battles ever recorded in history. Fresh troops still gathered and pressed upon his exhausted ranks. Yet he and his men fought like lions! But they were crushed. The star that had blazed so brightly over the world disappeared from the eastern firmament. "The bravest of the brave had fought their last."

The Polonese army almost to a man had fallen, and Kosciusko, still alive, but bleeding from a score of wounds, was found by some Cossacks who were prowling about robbing the bodies of the dead. He saw his army

in the clutches of death, not in victory, in blood and groans, and Prague was a solid sheet of flames. Oh, the terror and torture of that hour! He knew that his people were consigned to servitude.

The Russian army marched away with a proud and victorious tread. They crossed the rugged heights of the Riesen, and took a south-westerly course along the fertile valley of the Vistula. Their intention was to storm the ramparts of Warsaw, and to raze its walls to the earth.

Have you ever read the story of Sherman's "March to the Sea"? Have you ever realized the desolation of the South when mighty and proud cities were being licked up by lurid flames; how Sherman and his band of soulless men laid waste the country with fire and sword, and destroyed the lives of the innocent, when there were none to oppose him save helpless women and children? If so, perhaps you can form a faint idea of the depredations of the Russian army as it moved in Poland towards Warsaw.

Kosciusko remembered his mother who was in the stately palace of Villanow, and though his thin body was covered with fresh and bleeding wounds, he summoned, it seems, superhuman courage, and set out for Warsaw. He had no men to defend the fair city, yet he wished to bid that one who had been all in all to him a long farewell.

The Russians approached and marshalled their forces. Kosciusko and a few of the citizens made a stubborn and heroic resistance, but the city was captured. Its defender saw the flames feeding upon the boasted towers of Villanow, and his mother was consumed in the crashing mass of burning timbers. This world had no charms for him then, with his mother dead and his country gone!

The third partition took place. The Republic dismembered! Poland exists now only in name.

Her people lay bleeding at the feet of fearful monarchs. Prisons were crowded, court-martials were appointed to decide in civil cases, the vanquished were treated as criminals. Patriotism and independence were imputed as crimes. The wife and children stayed at home to die of hunger, while the husband marched away to serve a life in Siberian exile, or departed to meet his death at the Caucasus.

Gentlemen, you who bear marks of long suffering received in the "trenches" around Petersburg, you who survived the fall of the Confederacy and the trying days of reconstruction, can better understand what this meant. You felt the power of brute force. You saw liberty struck down under the very wings of the American eagle, and the sovereignty of the States denied. You saw the ballot taken from the whites who had founded the nation and entrusted into hands

still trembling from the blow that broke the shackles that bound them in slavery. Poland had a similar experience. Her enemies "let slip the dogs of war," and fearful was the scene. The barbarism of Spain presents no parallel to it. The religious persecutions of Europe do not equal it. All the history of the world records but one other instance of such cruelty and barbarism, and that was more than eighteen hundred years ago when the Jewish Sanhedrim arrayed our Lord before Pontius Pilate. This cruelty to Poland sent a shock of horror throughout all Christendom. "The pagan world stood aghast at the depravity; the Turks shuddered at the infamy; the savage of the wilderness bowed his head in shame." The nations of Europe had been spectators without putting forth one effort to avert or mitigate the horrors of the catastrophe.

The tragedy was complete. Poland lay in ashes, her heroes in wounds, and a pall of death overspread the land. The sight was too sickening for Kosciusko. When Peter the Great released him in 1796, he left the land that gave him birth and became a wanderer upon the cold world. He visited America. How changed was this country! Populous cities and great industries had been erected on the sites where he, thirty years before, had stood with Washington's brave riflemen, bare-footed and in rags. Our people tendered him a royal

welcome. But a change had come over the spirit of the hero. The long black hair was interwoven with the silver. His tall, manly figure bore marks of much suffering. He wore a black bandage across his forehead which covered a deep wound there.

He went to Switzerland to die. A hero who had met such adverse fortunes could not have sought a more desirable place to die. There he could quaff the balmy breezes of freedom that had for centuries blown down from the lofty heights of the Alps. There he could study the traits and characteristics of a truly free people. In 1817 he sank into the arms of death. With him "Life's fitful dream was o'er."

Go with me in your imagination to that now dismembered land. Behold the wrecks of war! Here and there are little mounds of earth. They tell a sad, sad story. Underneath are the martyrs of liberty—mute monuments of Polish heroism. Ninety-seven years have passed away since they were entombed. Despotism reigns where once they fought. Murder prowls about unrestrained. The land is in a state of insurrection and anarchy. The history of Poland for ninety-seven years has been nothing but a record of groans, of ever-growing hatred and discontent, of ever-recurring commotions and conspiracies, of revolts and revolutions, of scaffolds soaked in the blood of patri-

ots. The contagion has spread throughout Russia, and to-day "there is a vague but general feeling of disappointment, an increased bitterness among the masses." Despotism makes nihilists; tyranny makes socialists and communists; injustice is the great manufacturer of bombs and dynamite.

Russia is in a state of transition. It is not the beggar or tramp lounging on the streets or lodging in the dark alleys of populous cities who would raise the red flag of anarchy and usher in a reign of terror; they are not the ones that belong to the so-called nihilists and terrorists of Russia. Nor is it the woman or child who has been flogged for studying innocent books. It is a general uprising of the masses. They come from the huts of serfdom and from the palaces of lords. All classes and conditions of men are crying out, "Down with Czarism!" It is an uprising against absolutism—a blow for that independence that has been coursing its way down the ages, at times almost extinct, at times converting kingdoms into republics—that independence that had its culmination on the shores and battle-fields of America. Why was it that Alexander was struck down while liberating those whom St. Nicholas had bound in chains or housed in loathsome prisons at St. Petersburg? Why is it that the present Czar of Russia cannot move about, even when surrounded by his strong body-guard

without danger of death by dynamite? It is because men have learned to love light rather than darkness. It is because the rule of the many is more pleasant than supreme authority in the hands of one man. It is the avenging spirit of the wronged past.

The Liberals do not wish to overthrow all existing Russian institutions. They have asked for reforms by peaceful and legal methods. They have asked for trials before banishment. They have asked for freedom of speech. They have asked for a constitution. Call not these nihilists. Rather call them martyrs of civil liberty. Blessed principle! It is the spirit that hovered over the sunny isles of ancient Greece, that mingled amid the martial strains of early Rome. Its light is the same light that flashed in broken gleams through the darkness of the middle ages from the swords of Charlemagne and Charles Martel. It blazed behind the dikes of Holland when William the Silent arose to secure his country's independence. It settled upon the peaks of the Alps when William Tell won liberty for the Swiss. It fed Alfred's heart when he wrote the charter of English liberty. It thundered throughout England when Cromwell and his "Ironsides" fought the king. It is the same sweet spirit that had made its way against powers and against persecutions, against thrones and against kingdoms. It humbled Cornwallis at Yorktown and established the

American Republic. And now it has reached its most westward limit, and its waves have turned backward and they beat and lash against the remaining thrones of despotism. And to-day there is a handwriting on the walls of monarchs and kings. It reveals the fate of nations. Already the "divine right of kings" has given away to this invisible power. It converted Brazil into a constitutional republic without the shedding of a drop of blood.

It has a battle to fight in Ireland. "The harp, the shamrock, the golden sunburst on the field of living green," have become emblems of a country without nationality. Cruel landlords have driven the people back into the bogs, the rocks, the hills, where God never intended man to live.

That hellish Russian exile system must down at its bidding. George Kennan, on seeing a party of political exiles set out upon a march of three thousand miles through a country where the thermometer frequently stands at sixty degrees below zero, said, "The last sounds I heard were the jingling of chains and the shouts of the Cossacks to the children to keep within the lines." Oh, horrid scene! Such a system cannot long exist. The battle has already begun, and in one of the bloodiest conflicts and in one of the completest victories will the Russian exiles strike off their chains, and blot such a system from the earth. History corroborates this

statement. Rome once sacrificed her all at the shrine of military conquest, and after subjugating the world to her unhallowed ambition, sank in blood at the hands of those whom she had made slaves. The Jews, once the favored people of Heaven, for similar national sins, were compelled to drink the cup of divine vengeance even to the very dregs. Spain, once the proudest nation on earth, has been suffering the pangs of national death for more than a century and a half for her cruel national offences committed in her unjust inquisitions, her inhuman conquests of Peru and Mexico, and her murderous persecutions in expelling the Moors and Jews.

On the basis that we are all brothers of a common fatherhood must the problems of earth be solved. The Rev. Thos. Dixon, Jr., sounded the key-note of the constitution of man when from this rostrum he said, "That negro is my brother; that Chinaman is my brother." In this spirit must the battles of the future be fought. "Liberty! Equality! Fraternity!" Heaven-born words! In them the highest good of all becomes the highest good of each. The oppressed and enslaved of earth can find comfort here. Here Poland may find her restoration. Here Ireland may be lifted up. Here Siberian exile may find its end.

Thus I muse, and the veil of the future is slowly lifted and I see with unclouded vision the problems of the

world solved in peace. No sounds of strife are heard. All anger, resentment and ill-will is hushed forever. The crimson banners of war are folded and laid aside. Cannon lie idle on crumbling walls and muskets moulder

in unroofed arsenals. The bugle-call is heard no more. The shouts of conflict and the thunder of battle have died away. National crime is a thing of the past. The universal brotherhood of man at last has dawned.

AM I FREE ?*

The controversy about freedom has been much more heated than was necessary, in consequence of two defects usually seen in the manner of conducting it. One is the vagueness of certain terms introduced into the discussion, such as Will, Cause, Necessity and Freedom itself. The other is the loose manner in which the term Free is applied—sometimes to things, sometimes to persons—now to States, and then to people. What is this but to pave the way to endless and fruitless logomachy? For the essential idea involved in Freedom is that of Power. And what power inheres in things? When the term is applied to the State the meaning obviously is that the people constituting the State are politically free. So that the question here would not properly be in regard to State-freedom, but the freedom of the persons making up the State. But however legitimate it may be to use the term in this way, certain it is, no sound views of free-

dom can be reached unless we make the discussion turn upon the point of *personal* freedom.

In order to answer the question, "Am I Free?" it will be necessary to define Freedom.

And as we are discussing the question with reference to a being endowed with body, mind, and a moral nature—a being capable of growth, development, and perfection on certain well-marked lines and in accordance with rational principles—we can think of nothing worthy of the name of Freedom, when applied to such a being, which does not include the Power to move upon these lines. That is to say, Freedom is the Power which a man has to make of himself what his God-given nature admits of his becoming. Man has a destiny. God has bestowed upon him a nature which enables and qualifies him to fulfill that destiny. He ought to be able to achieve the end of his existence. This he cannot do except in

*The substance of this article was given to the Moral Philosophy Class by Dr. Royall, and afterwards obtained for publication.

so far as he has the power to use himself, his proper self, and to use it for all that it is worth, or is capable of becoming.

This definition suggests the treatment of the question in three divisions.

1. *Bodily Freedom.*

This has respect to the ability to use, cultivate, and develop the body with its members so as to secure for it the perfection in strength, dexterity, symmetry, and usefulness which it is evidently intended to possess.

It is obvious that bodily freedom may be impaired by external restraint, as when one is in prison, by sickness, loss of limb, paralysis, and the like.

But although impaired, it exists essentially, if the cause of impotency be removable, and the man have power to remove it. Suppose, however, one be so inert, or fond of his ease, or of some vicious practice which enfeebles, breaks down, or deranges the system, that he has not the power to take measures to cultivate the body, is he a Freeman? It is indeed possible for one to be so given to certain forms of vice that he shall lose energy—the power to do, to exercise, to work, being gone, and with it his Freedom.

As will be seen hereafter, bodily freedom as involved in the latter case approaches moral freedom.

2. *Mental Freedom.*

The Power to think, to think correctly, to perceive, to imagine, to feel,

and the like, is susceptible of indefinite improvement. And the full man is he whose mind has been cultivated on this line as far as is possible to him. To control thought, to direct and regulate the mental currents, and to have command of the mental faculties so that they shall work with facility and precision—these constitute the end of the education of the intellect. Evidently, then, inability thus to wield the mind and to use it for those purposes which mind is intended to accomplish is inconsistent with mental Freedom. Is he free whose intellect is hampered by illiteracy, shrouded in the darkness of ignorance and prejudice, and at the mercy of the deceiver? Is he free whose thinking, calculating, planning, have to be done by another? And as in bodily freedom so here, if the want of mental freedom is due to voluntary neglect or failure to cultivate the mind, or to intellectual mis-training, or if the inability involved be caused by stupefaction of the mental faculties brought on by vicious courses of living, then the question of moral freedom is again brought up. Indeed, man's moral nature being supreme, every power of mind and body being subordinate and subservient, it is hard to treat of Freedom as pertaining to either of them without entering at some point the domain of morals, and having to do with the question of

3. *Moral Freedom.*

Here the question is, "Have I the Power to realize in myself the true ends of my being as a moral and accountable creature?" This power, if I possess it indeed, is worth more to me, and is more worthy of me, than any other of which I can conceive. All right-minded men are at one in that judgment. To be good is a nobler, more godlike attainment than to be great, whether in mind or body; and we intend no disparagement of the latter.

We put the question in another form: "Have I the Power to do Right? to live up to a standard which accords with the high conception of man as a social, moral, spiritual being?" If so, I am free. But just in proportion as I am unable to do Right, am I not free. And the question is to be settled by an appeal to Consciousness. In order, however, to aid Consciousness in giving its answer, we proceed to consider more nearly this Power to do Right, to show in what it consists, and how much is involved in it that may not appear on the surface.

As an act has moral quality—its right or wrong—only as it is voluntary, it becomes necessary to consider the Will as a factor in moral Freedom.

As man has a moral nature which, like the mind and the body, is susceptible of cultivation and development, and, indeed, must be cultivated in order to the end of his existence being realized; and as moral acts

are not to be viewed properly by themselves, but as they stand connected with other moral acts, if habits are to be formed as the basis of character; and, moreover, as there can be no certain persistence in doing right unless there be some end proposed or purpose cherished in so doing, by which unity may be imparted to all the separate and single acts that go to make up moral living—it will be necessary to enlarge our conception of the Power in question by making it include the power of Choosing high Moral Ends, and of Adopting the Right Means to secure those Ends.

To lead a moral life and to realize in oneself the true end of living involves the Choice of that life and the use of the means necessary to make that Choice effectual. The Power to make such a choice and to adopt such means is what we mean by Moral Freedom.

It may be objected to this definition that it supposes too much, and in two respects—

First, it excludes all cases of Power to do right, as seen in sporadic acts of right-doing. Suppose we grant that there is a freedom manifested in occasional acts, then there is that much freedom unquestionably; but it is not the highest freedom, and that is what we are defining. Our ideal of Moral Freedom is Power to Choose Ends of living which accord with the nature and dignity of man, and also to use the means proper for compassing these

ends. And were we to relax one iota at this point we would be consenting to the formation of an imperfect character as a thing allowable, not to say desirable.

Again, it may be objected that we are making large draughts upon the reason and intelligence of men when we make the choice of a *high* End an essential element in Freedom. Many men, the objector may say, seem to live without any end in view. They drift—are at the mercy of the winds and tides. And many are incapable of proposing to themselves a *high* end—incapable for want of power of ratiocination, comparison, judgment. Suffice it to deny that any rational beings drift. Of some it may be true that the end has not been definitely proposed and formulated, but it will generally be found that some end dominates their lives, however unconsciously. Some appetite or desire controls; for the gratification of this they live. And to the latter branch of the objection it is enough to say that facts prove the power of men of exceedingly weak intellects to propose to themselves high ends. If, however, one be so weak intellectually as to be incapable of making a rational choice, then he ought hardly to be considered as belonging to the class of beings of whom either Moral Freedom or Moral Slavery is predicable.

Let us now suppose that a worthy End of living has been conceived and proposed, then comes up the question

of Power to Choose it. What do we mean by this?

The term choice implies preference. This preference is based upon a judgment—a judgment, we will suppose, both intellectual and moral; that is, a judgment that meets the approval of Reason and of Conscience. To express it differently: The man proposes to adopt as the great end of living the attainment of a certain object which commends itself as rational and right. But is this enough? Will the fact that the object is judged to be a rational and legitimate one be sufficient to impel the man to seek it with the singleness and devotion necessary, oftentimes, to success? This question can be answered only in one way. If the object be one worthy of man's pursuit, it must possess moral quality, it must be good, must have moral beauty and an excellence appreciable only by those who have an eye to such beauty and excellence. What ground have we to hope for the attainment of such an object by that man who possesses nothing in himself which answers to the character of the object? The object here is one whose very nature suggests a meetness and fitness for enjoying it on the part of him who would win it. This maiden, at least, is not to be wooed with money. There is real heart-work here. Your ideal must carry you and yours up towards itself by the power of magnetic attraction, and not by a system of levers and

pulleys. Choice, here, involves Affection. There must be a heart prepared for the object before that object can be *chosen*.

And now for the *Power* to make such a choice. Suppose the high end proposed, the question about *your* freedom turns upon your ability to say whether or not you *love* that end, and can work up to it heartily, cheerfully, without constraint. Would the end if now gained afford you pleasure? Would the attainment and possession of it now be viewed as a blessing, felt to be a blessing? Would it suit your present tastes and your present dominating desires? How *can* you choose it otherwise?—Choose it in such a sense that, your heart going out to it and your feet moving steadily up to it, your hands shall at last certainly grasp it?

Moral Freedom can exist only when there is a union of Judgment and Affection, or, at least, Desire, in the Choice which we make of a high and worthy end of living. If one has not the power of making such a choice he is not free. Suppose, for instance, he should propose as a worthy end living for his country's glory—not the highest, but certainly a high end. It is obvious that love for country must enter largely into the choice if he is to succeed in achieving his object. Sense of duty to country will sustain him in a measure. But how much better to have this reinforced by

enthusiasm based upon and springing from loving devotion to country!

But there is a region higher than this in which life is to be, ought to be, lived, in which Affection enters as the leading element in the Choice—an element essential to the existence, as well as the persistent maintenance, of the choice. That region is the spiritual. In this the end is the attainment of some *state* of heart, some condition of *being* itself, some Affection of the soul. If one is already in possession of this state, even in the germ, so that he needs only to have it developed, he can choose it. But if it be opposed to some present state, which, because it is his own, he cherishes, how can he do so?

Benevolence, wishing good to others, can scarcely be now chosen as an end by one who is supremely selfish.

Justice, Truth, Temperance, and the like, are at present impossible as ends to the cruel and vindictive, the hypocrite, the sot. Holiness, Purity, Delight in God and in his service are so foreign to the feelings, tastes, habits of thought of large classes of men that they cannot now be chosen as ends.

For such there is needed the incorporation into their being of tastes, appetences, inclinations of a new, a different order.

The great end of human existence manward being the full development

of the man as a being endowed with a bodily, mental and moral nature, and of these the last being the most important and worthy, the most weighty question for each to consider is this: "Am I free?" Can I,

have I, the power to realize in myself the possibilities of my nature, especially of my moral nature? And, if not, then another question, more weighty even than that, comes up: "What Shall I Do?"

AN EXCEPTION.

"May, I've got something to tell you. Come out here," called Laurie, as he opened the gate.

A little girlish figure came running down the steps and out on the lawn, crying as she came:

"What is it?"

"Guess."

"You've got a bicycle?"

"No."

"Well, you've—— I don't know what it is; tell me."

"We're all going to California next week."

"What!" and May looked as astonished as a girl of fifteen is capable of looking.

"Yes." Doctor Fremont says it's necessary for papa to go. There's no telling how long we'll stay, but I hardly think we'll stay longer than next summer. Come on and let's talk about it."

Then they took a seat in the hammock, side by side, and swung back and forth, talking in eager, animated voices. They formed a pretty pic-

ture—Laurie, merry brown eyes, his hat off, and the dark curly hair in disorder over his forehead, while beside him was May, with her long, golden hair flowing loose, the deep blue eyes looking at Laurie with varying expressions as she listened to his merry chatter. And then the beautiful lips parted with a smile and the dimples dented the rounded cheeks.

But the lips closed; the dimples disappeared as suddenly as they had come, and a troubled expression deepened and grew in the dark-blue eyes as she interrupted him—

"Oh, Laurie, I won't see you any more in a year. That will be perfectly awful?"

The dark-brown head bent towards the golden one; the dark-blue eyes looked deeply into the blue ones, while the question came low and tremulous:

"Will you care much?"

But the blue eyes had seen something in the eager gaze; the tiny ears

in their golden setting caught something in the softly spoken question ; the shapely little head was knowing, and all her maidenly modesty came to her aid, and she answered carelessly :

“Of course I do.”

For women like not veiled hints and questions. Laurie, baffled by her carelessness, was forced to believe she did not specially care, and no more tender references passed between them.

At last it was dark, and May's mother called to her from the house that it was time for her to come in, and so they said good evening quietly, but Laurie held the little hand longer than necessary, and said to her :

“I hoped you would care more than you seem to.”

“May be I do,” she said softly, and pulling away her hand hastened to the house without giving him a chance to say more.

The time passed rapidly, and it was soon the evening before Laurie must leave, and he had come over to tell May good-bye. He found her in the summer-house, sitting in one corner, pretending to read. When she saw him a slight blush ran over her countenance, and he went over and took a seat close beside her, for he had already decided that it was now or never.

They talked for some time on indifferent subjects, but after a while there was a pause and each glanced

furtively around as if seeking something to say, and at last Laurie broke the silence :

“May, I want to tell you something.”

“Well, tell it.”

“I'm afraid you won't like it.”

“Is it anything bad?” asked May, keeping her eyes intently fixed on a crack in the floor.

“No ; it's not bad, but—” and then came a pause, “I hate to leave here so bad. At first I didn't think I would mind it much, but now it nearly kills me.”

“I know it must hurt you awfully to leave all your kinfolks and friends.”

“I don't mind leaving them so much, but there is one especially. Do you know who that is?”

“No. Why should I?”

“It's you, May.”

There was no answer from the lips he could not see, for she still kept a strict watch on that crack.

“May, I love you as I have never loved ; do you—can you love me any?”

Her head sank lower and he could scarcely hear the whispered “Yes,” but could see a blush mantling the fair cheek, turning the lilies into red, red roses.

He moved nearer ; his arms were around the slight figure ; the dark brown head was bent ; the curly hair brushed her brow, and then—ah ! then, their first love kiss was over.

"Do you care much, May, if I do go?"

"You know I do!"

And we can't blame him if there is another kiss.

But parting must come; "Good-bye" must be said, and after many farewells he rises and walks swiftly toward the door; but she, too, has risen, and as he reaches the door despairingly calls, "Laurie," and he turns, and seeing her standing there, comes swiftly back, takes the fragile figure in his arms, kisses once, twice the sweet trembling lips, gives a long look into the blue eyes, and then is gone.

* * * * *

The curtain rises on the next scene at a noted sea-side resort. The season is notably brilliant, and to-night there is a magnificent ball. The lights are gleaming brightly through the windows; inside the couples flit by in the mazes of the waltz; tender glances are exchanged; softly spoken words are heard, and all is magnificent. Outside the moon shines brightly on the graveled walks; the night is not too cool, only pleasant, and many walk out to enjoy it. Looking through one of the windows we can see a form standing alone, looking on the brilliant scene before him. Suppose we go in and look around to see if there are any familiar faces. As it happens we first recognize the form standing by the window. It is our old friend Laurie, who is a new

arrival, and, accordingly, is not engaged in the festivities. He had, in truth, gone to California, where his father had been compelled to remain. He had finished his college course and taken charge of his father's business, but for the summer had come East. It is now five years since he left his former home, his former friends, and, shall we say his quondam sweetheart?

We think there would be no mistake in using it, though he yet remembers that last parting, and when he thinks of it his pulse unaccountably quickens, there is a curious tightening of his heart, and he vaguely regrets that he probably will never see her again; but this in nowise inconveniences him, and some pretty face will quiet this forever.

His gaze wanders carelessly over the room till it suddenly stops and his whole face betrays astonishment and wonder. Is it possible?

It must be that it is the same face that he saw last in a summer-house, that he had looked into so earnestly, only it was a little more mature; these are the same lips he had kissed so passionately, that had murmured a broken farewell; there is the same golden shimmering hair, just the least bit darker—surely, it is May Battle?

She has changed little; the figure has filled out, the eyes are not so merry and full of fun, and the hair is not loosely hanging in artistic con-

fusion; she is more lovely, if possible, with the beauty of a woman.

To be certain, Laurie finds an acquaintance who informs him that she is a Miss Battle, and is all the rage; and further, offers to introduce him. Of course Laurie desires it, and his friend comes back soon and conducts him into the presence of her whom he had last seen with tears in the beautiful eyes, as the dark hair had mingled with the golden.

She rises to meet him, perfectly composed, and holds out a slim, gloved hand, saying:

"I knew Mr. Barrett years ago, and hope he has not forgotten me."

He has been a little anxious to see how she will take this meeting, but seeing that she appears to have forgotten it all, he talks as if they had been only mere acquaintances in the years long ago.

"Are you engaged for all the dances?" he asks.

"I think I am," she replies, glancing over the card she holds; "I am sorry, but every one is promised."

Soon Laurie takes his leave and sees her no more that night, but everywhere he goes he sees distinctly the inside of a summer-house, and in one corner stands a slight girlish figure with long golden hair, who calls softly, brokenly: "Laurie." But there is no longer a May, she is Miss Battle; he is called Laurie no longer, and he must treat all that happened in the past as a dream.

Next morning May is sitting on the piazza reading, and she hears a voice—

"I don't believe in this life-long love, in this loving once and only once," which makes her look up and regard the speaker with some curiosity. It is Laurie, and he goes on, not noticing her presence: "I have a pet theory of my own, and it will take a good deal to make me give it up. I believe that association begets this so-called love, that so long as a man is in the society of a woman, that is, sees her often, just so long will he love her. Of course she must have some traits and ways to be admired. After marriage they settle down; naturally they are together a good deal, and this love, or whatever it is, continues. I believe it can be overcome at any time by a stronger force."

After this the gentleman walked away, leaving May, who has listened to it all, thinking that it would be nothing but just and right to make him give up his theory.

At the next ball Laurie takes care to secure two waltzes with May, and after he has done this he waits impatiently for his time. He does not care to dance with anyone else, and wanders aimlessly around, smiling at something here, having a word with an acquaintance there, and unconsciously frowning when he sees May seated with that detestable Frank Jones, and seeming to be having a very interesting conversation.

It is time for his waltz now, and going up to them, he says:

"I believe it is our waltz next, is it not?"

In spite of Jones' objections, he finally triumphs, going off with her leaning on his arm, while Jones casts a mock glance of despairing anguish after them.

When they are waltzing and he again has his arm around her, can look down on the golden head as on that day long ago, he mentally decides that it would be very easy to fall in love with her, theory or no theory. She waltzes divinely, and he gives himself up to the enjoyment of the rhythmic motion.

It is a "gone case," so everybody says, and for once it seems that everybody is right, at least, half-way right, but everyone cannot divine what is in the shapely little head of May Battle, although each can make surmises, and many and various are the surmises. As to Lawrence Barrett, there is not much doubt, it is impossible for much doubt to exist as to the state of his mind towards May. It must soon have a *denouement*, and we may as well hurry on to it.

It is now a little over a month since he first came—a bright, beautiful day, occasional light clouds flit over the sun, who, unmoved, pursues his course through the blue sky. The time passes gradually on, and the sun is hanging low in the west

when they walk down to the beach. She seats herself carelessly on the sand, rests her face on one hand and gazes thoughtfully into space. He stands beside, looking not at the foam-capped waves sparkling in the ruddy sunbeams of the sinking sun, but looks down on the little head; he likes better to watch the golden shimmer of the yellow tresses.

She impatiently smooths back a stray lock that the caressing breezes have lured from its proper place.

Suddenly she starts, and speaking as she looks up, says: "Are you dreaming too?"

But catching his eyes so intently fixed on her she blushes, and with manifest injustice exclaims, petulantly:

"Why don't you say something? I hate to have to be silent because nobody will talk to me."

"Excuse me, you seemed so wrapped in thought that I thought it would only be an annoyance."

"Softened by his evident contrition, she says: "I will pardon you this time; but sit down, and don't look so glum."

He obediently takes a seat beside her, and says: "I have good reason to be glum."

"You have?" she enquires; "well, tell it to me, and I will try to console you."

"If you will promise to console me in the right way, I'll tell," says Laurie, brightening.

"Well, poor boy ; I'll have to promise, so out with it."

He coolly takes one of the little hands, and says:

"I am dead in love with you, and don't believe you love me at all. The only way you can console me is to say you do."

She draws back and blushes painfully.

"That is not fair," she says, with her lips curiously twitching.

"But, May, you will say it, will you not?" and he draws her to him, putting his arms around her, not because she says "Yes," but because it is so natural and there is nothing else to do. The smothered "Don't, Laurie," which comes from his shoulder only makes him tighten his clasp. Finally he makes her turn her face to him and he finds it blushing but happy ; the lips trembling and smiling at the same time, and her eyes are moist with a happy light.

"You do love me some, don't you, May?"

"I have a good mind to say no, just because you didn't start fair."

"No! No!! I don't want to have to go over it all again."

Laurie bends his head, looks earnestly into the blue eyes and says:

"You are happy, aren't you, darling, and you do love me a little?"

"Yes. I am perfectly happy, and I do love you more than I can tell."

This tender and all-satisfying avowal is rewarded by a kiss, several of them, in truth.

But the cold, gray mist rises from the bosom of the ocean ; the breeze softly sweeps it towards the shore ; slowly it crawls up the beach ; the two figures grow dim and misty and are finally lost ; but we know that within its cold embrace is happiness, and that two hearts think not of its dampness, no more of the shadows and disappointments of life, but are satisfied with living in the present while no thought of the future comes to destroy their happiness ; they only remember that each loves the other, and that nothing can destroy this so long as life shall last.

BRUCE WHITE.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

I suppose almost every one concurs in the popular opinion that law and order, the security of property, life, and the general welfare, happiness, and prosperity of the community, State, and nation, are dependent upon the refinement, enlightenment, and education of the people. In fact, this is, and justly so, the corner-stone of all legislation for the benefit of public education.

It has been a recognized fact in all ages and in all civilized nations that those who were educated were the ones who ruled, and in most cases education has been a prerequisite to power. So that if the masses are to be the ruling power in this favored land of ours, and if we would have it stand out as the brightest star in the galaxy of nations, we *must* educate the rising generation far enough to make them intelligent citizens.

But there are many who are not able, financially, to educate their children, and many more who are not enough interested in the education of their children to do it, although they are able. In view of these facts the States have established systems of schools supported by taxation to meet the demands of the education of those who are to administer its affairs.

I do not wish to question the right of the State to tax its citizens for

this purpose. I believe the State claims the right to levy a tax on Mr. A's property for the education of Mr. B's child because it, in its wisdom, thinks that is one of the most effective ways to secure the protection promised to Mr. A and his property, and to promote the general welfare and prosperity of the State. Grant that it is, but has the State any right to say that Mr. A shall pay this money until it can assure him that Mr. B's child is going to get the benefit of it? Has it a right to make him pay for something which he never gets? I think not. Is it right for him to be compelled to pay the tuition of three children when only one is in school? I think all will grant that it is not.

Again, it is claimed that this system of education is for the benefit of the poor children whose parents cannot pay their expenses in school. I think the aim is right, and the system would be a grand thing if it did not fall so far short of the accomplishment of the end for which it was intended. But in all the school districts that I know anything about, fully four-fifths of those who do not attend school in the fall are of this class. They are usually the children of an indolent class, and when they should be in school, they are loafing

over the town or country and lounging about the stores. Their absence from school is not due to the fact that they are needed at home to make a support for the family, for such classes do not do much work at that season of the year. It is pure neglect in nine cases out of ten. While some of the very poorest children make as good average attendance as any children in the State, I believe that, as a rule, the children who attend the free schools are children whose parents pay school taxes, and those who do not attend the free schools are more frequently the children of those who do not pay much tax. Thus you see that the latter class need some stimulant. Has the State a right to make its citizens pay taxes for this class, since it is so large, until it can say to them that the children shall receive the benefit of the money expended.

We all know that religion, morality and *knowledge* are essential to good government and the happiness of mankind; still, we permit thousands of bright-eyed boys and girls to grow up under the shadow of school-houses, free too, without reaping the benefit of these advantages and receiving the training, which, if used, would make many of them monuments of society and useful to the State, because of the carelessness of thriftless parents.

All concede that the State has a right to pass laws for the protection of ani-

mals—to keep a man from abusing his stock. Is not the proper treatment and training of the children—those who are to hold the destiny of the State, the nation, and the world—of far greater importance? Has not the State a right to interfere with the ill treatment of human beings which are under its care? In 1888 there were 580,819 children in the State between the ages of six and twenty-one. Of these only 337,382 were enrolled, leaving 243,437 who were not in school. That is, nearly half of them entirely missed, and of the number who were enrolled, the average attendance was only 208,657. Thus we see that the State paid for 580,819 children to go to school, when, practically, only 36 per cent. of that number went. The total cost of this number at \$1.19 per capita, which the State Superintendent gives as the rate, is \$691,174.61. The cost of the average attendance, 208,657, is \$248,301.83, leaving \$442,872.78 for which the State did not receive any return. In 1890 we find this difference to be still greater. There were, between six and twenty-one, 586,668 children, but only 322,533 were enrolled, leaving 264,135 who were not enrolled. Of those enrolled the average was 203,100, so that, practically, the State paid for 383,568 children who did not attend school. That is, under the present system, the State loses about two-thirds of the money collected for public school purposes.

It seems to me that we need some legislation to prevent this loss of money. The same principle which justifies the State in levying and collecting a tax from its citizens for the support of public education, justifies it in requiring the people to avail themselves of it. Why not have a compulsory school law? Our standard of education will remain low until we do have it. We ought to have a law to compel every child of sufficient physical and mental ability between suitable ages to attend school a certain number of months each year. If they should only be compelled two months each year, according to the present age, each child would receive a three years' course of ten months to the year. Of course the proper limitations will have to be made for all impossible cases. About half of the States have this law. It has given various results in the different States. Some that were strongly opposed to it at first, now think they could not do without it. I believe, however, that it gives satisfaction in every case where it is enforced. Most of the countries of Europe recognize this as being the only means to educate the children of the poor

and illiterate. We cannot afford to waste money this way and let the coming generation be brought up uneducated. Our interests, the State's interest and the nation's, demand that the children reap the full benefit of this money.

Not only is there a great waste of money, but we are making hot-beds for Romanism, Mormonism, Socialism, Anarchism, and all the many isms which are destructive to our republican form of government. The uneducated are always the most susceptible to principles alien to law and order.

We *must* educate, and the only way to educate the children of the uneducated, who do not know the worth of education, and whose children almost exclusively make up this class who are not attending school, is to *force* them to send their children to school. So long as the State permits its sons and daughters to be deprived of the advantages of an education, it permits them to be robbed of all hopes of usefulness and true happiness, and lays an exceedingly dangerous foundation for the government of future generations.

WILLIAM A. GARLAND.

EDITORIAL.

WHY IS IT?

It is sometimes asked why no novelist of superior merit, no master-painter of characters and scenes has arisen since Nathaniel Hawthorne? Our opinion is that Hawthorne used up the picturesque characters in the United States outside of the South. Then naturally follows the question, "Why is it that no one has, in a masterpiece, depicted the scenes and characters belonging to the varied regions of the South?" Our answer to that would be, that no one outside of the South is sufficiently intimate or sufficiently acquainted with the peculiarities of its inhabitants to describe them, and we would explain the failure of Southern writers to write by the want of a literary center in the South, a city of admitted supremacy in passing judgment on books and authors. Otherwise, it would be strange indeed that at no time has the South approached the *desideratum* of literature or of *litterateurs*. Many are the strange, erratic geniuses who have come from her plantations, but all were wandering and none could find a resting place, a collected and appreciative audience, but they expended their talents on space and their efforts went for naught.

It must be evident to every mind that the South—abounding as it does in the most original types, yet unnoticed, or imperfectly so, in the world of books which yearly flood the catalogues of fiction and stock the shelves of booksellers—that the South must be the field for the coming novelists and character painters. The New England types have long ago been used up; the stern, religious fanatic who characterized New England and figured in most novels of previous times, has become as sterile of new traits as the bleak hills and mountains which gave him birth and nourished in him the unyielding nature of adamant. No one can ever hope to depict the olden time Puritan as Hawthorne in his "Scarlet Letter" has done; almost every side to the anomalous character, from the stern and relentless persecution of all that savored of worldly vanities to the rare and incongruous toleration for the faults and foibles of an erring humanity, has been drawn in a way that leaves nothing further to be said. Society has long ago given up its choicest characters to worthy and unworthy pens; it has been and ever will be the same; it produces the same traits of polite simulation, the same accomplishment in politic lies, whether described in the brilliant

salons of Paris and Versailles or in the fashionable ball-rooms of London. The inhabitants of the Middle States are too much like average humanity, and abound in no characters striking enough to take the painter's eye. In the West we have the same people over again, flavored with a dash of cowboy. But types that are new and types that are interesting we must look to the South to furnish, types that have been collecting and ripening since America was first settled—run wild and overflowing in their very abundance. From the Potomac's sparkling waves to Florida's reefs, from Carolina's sand-banked beach to the Mississippi's yellow waters, extends a field in which no two are alike—different colors, different dialects and different traits. From black, smiling obsequious Cuffee to the olden-time aristocrat; from the sallow, bony clay-eater to the dark and swarthy Creole; from Uncle Tom slave to Uncle Tom free; from the white man rich to the white man poor; from the aristocrat idling to the aristocrat working for bread, is a harvest ready to be plucked, as yet untouched, or scantily; by the famous pen.

But these have been in existence, have been luxuriating, under the balmy skies of the South over a century, and why is it that no writer has arisen and painted these in a masterpiece? There are many reasons for this failure in the past. Before the

war the plantation lords, indolent, or loving the ringing echoes of the fox-horn more than the quiet study and the pleasant book, spent their time not, in the cultivation of the mind but only desired education enough to enable them to maintain at greatest heights the splendid rites of Southern hospitality. Literature was at a low ebb, possessing few devotees, and they wavering, with no incentives to harder exertions, with no countrymen to applaud and cherish their works, no cause for ambition in that line—all ambition must be vaunted in the political arena and on the platform. After the war literature offered only a precarious livelihood to its apostles. Sectional strife was too high for the Northerner to read or appreciate the writings of a Southerner, or for the latter to write anything free from bitter reference to that fratricidal struggle. But now, when sectional strife and sectional animosity ought to be dead; when North and South are reunited; when readers in one section can admire the productions of the other, why is it that there is no literature strictly Southern? Why is it that writers, Southerners by birth, as soon as their merits come to light emigrate Northward, write for Northern magazines, and have their books published by Northern firms? As we said above, the best answer that suggests itself is the want of a literary center. In former days, when American literature was

weak and scanty, Boston became the "Hub" and nourished the weakly germs of literary activity. It has served its purpose, and well, but now it is in its dotage of pride and conceit; it has become the home of hypocritical sensations and the abiding place of confirmed blue-stockings. As ever the Star of Empire westward takes its course, so its former prestage is departing, and New York will soon be the *literary* metropolis of the North, as it is its metropolis in everything else.

We can never expect to have a strictly Southern author till he lives in the South, writes of the South and for the South. When the desired unanimity can be secured between writers; when they can look toward one city as the Mecca of their hopes, whose approbation and censure make and mar men, however dictatorial and undemocratic this may seem, yet when this point is reached we shall be in sight of the goal; the gates of ignorance and illiteracy will be battered down; the multitudinous phases of human nature which reveal hidden in the South will be shown forth, and we shall become a people of authors as our fathers were a people of heroes; a people of culture as they were a people of hospitality.

R. BRUCE WHITE.

A SUGGESTION.

The recent organization of a scientific society for the study of the

mosses, minerals, etc., that are in this vicinity, and the political history class for the study of American politics, brought to the writer's mind the thought that probably we were becoming more interested in science and politics than in literature. Can it be true that the study of literature is being neglected at Wake Forest—the Athens of North Carolina, as its friends have sometimes called it? Such, I believe, to be the case. Now, do not understand me to mean that the College does not do its part well. What I wish to notice is, that the boys do not manifest that interest in *belles-lettres* that they should. The speeches and theses are generally political or religious. I have no desire to discourage the study of these questions, they are needful; but we will have politics enough when we get out into real life. The literary man lives in a higher atmosphere, he makes friends of books, and these friends desert him never; though others may turn from him in the hour of need and show how brittle are the ties that bind, yet these friends stay on—their affection ceases not.

The study of literature is very catholic; it is not narrow; there are no orthodox limitations; no tenets, political or religious, to which one must bind his thoughts; it is noble and elevating, and the best field for the broadest development of man's nature.

In law one must oppose men who

have little moral sense; his environments are not conducive to moral growth; the rabble, the heterogeneous mixture of the court-room, is poor companionship.

Politics are narrow and corrupt, and will always be, so long as human nature remains as it is. It is a scramble for money and office—a free fight from which the noblest men of our country shrink. The truest specimens of manhood are not found in public life.

At the death of W. T. Sherman, Dr. Talmage, in his oration, said that the “noblest soul of the century had passed away.” We disagree with him; not that it is Mr. Sherman, for we would say nothing against him now, nor of those who weep for him. Let them, unmolested, swing their censor and chant their prayers. No, his was not the “noblest spirit.” In some lonely hut, far from the busy haunts of men, you will find the best souls. The politician must be too pliant; must bend to every east wind, and the world of politics is full of wind. There is in the soul of every true man a longing for something better, a yearning for the time when man shall think and act as he wills, unmolested by the wills of others, unshackled by tenets and creeds. This, the field of literature opens; here is the fount from which each may drink without money and without price, and feast his soul on fat things.

Mythology is losing the hold that it once had on the minds of students; each myth has a principle; nothing is ever believed for a long period of time by a large class of the people that has not its grain of truth. The neglect of literature suffers to fall from us the noblest deeds of our race, the memory of the men whose lives should be as a light to guide the feet of the young.

Literature embalms the thoughts and deeds of the present, so that in after years man can start life with a greater momentum.

There is not a purely literary society in the College. Our Literary Societies are too large for the study of literature. Questions of politics interest them more than literature. North Carolina has a history that, if well written, would charm many people; every river has its tradition; each hollow a wild and weird story; the genius of Goldsmith could immortalize the coast of Eastern North Carolina; the Croatan mystery is waiting for the hand of the novelist to weave a web of rarest beauty. Its Indian myths are numerous; and it is a pity that they are being lost.

We want a society organized for the study of modern authors. Let us not neglect the field of ancient literature. The figures of Isaiah have never been equaled; they are “thoughts that breathe and words that burn.” The story of Ruth is

said to be a "gem of oriental literature."

A society of this kind must be organized. To do it there must be a movement. There must be no sitting with hands idly folded, nor murmuring of prayers without action. These are golden opportunities and we are losing them; their pale forms will haunt us some day. The politician may enjoy the shouts of the throng that follows him and the flattery of party newspapers, but the man of letters lives in a pure atmosphere—a "star that dwells apart"—an ideal life. E. W. S.

THE STUDY OF NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY.

A year or two ago there was a great demand for a well-written history of the State, but at the present one hears very little said about the matter. The works of Moore, Mrs. Spencer, the well-written sketches of Wiley, and the historical writings of some others, well deserving mention, are productions which, without being models of literary style or philosophical composition, contain, nevertheless, the more important facts of our history, presented in a very agreeable manner. We do not know whether students and people in general find the histories of other peoples more interesting reading than the works of our own historians, or whether there is an innate indifference in

North Carolinians to the history of their own State, but we are sure that few have even a superficial knowledge of our history. We should all know more about the past of our State and people, and it seems to us that the first history placed in the hands of a child should be that of his native State.

We should be thoroughly acquainted with the history of North Carolina because this is our native State—"our first, best country," our home. We should be acquainted with the worthy deeds of our ancestors; we should know how they struggled in the wilderness and turned it into a goodly dwelling-place; their memory demands that we should know the story of their lives, and if their deeds are deserving, that we should rescue them from the forgetfulness of the past. Every North Carolinian ought to know something of the social and political life of our people in the past—how they lived and what they did.

But some seem to think that North Carolina history is barren of romantic incidents and deeds of heroism and daring such as adorn the pages of Grecian and Roman history. Never was there a more serious mistake; but this interesting portion of our history has never been portrayed as it should be. The novel writer of some future day will find in North Carolina a fertile field from which to draw his material. We need not

turn from our own State to find great Indian leaders, like Philip of Pocanoket; the romance of the colonial period of our State is thrilling in the extreme; the Revolutionary heroes and heroines have rendered our history rich in deeds of valor. The devotion of both men and women to the cause of independence, and their struggles for this precious boon, are worthy to be known by everyone in the State.

If history is studied because, "properly speaking, all history is only biography," and furnishes examples of high types of men, of able statesmen, brave and skilful soldiers, great jurists, pious and consecrated divines, progressive educators, then the history of our State is well deserving of study. We have no statesmen of such transcendent importance as Jefferson or Washington, but we are especially rich in those who are only second to these great men, as the names of Caswell, Davie, Badger, Morehead, Vance, and a host of others, attest. Among her soldiers, North Carolina can boast of Nash, Bragg, Hill, Pender, Pettigrew, Burgwyn, and many others; but it is the private soldier especially who has covered himself with glory and rendered "tar-heel" soldiery famous. England boasts of her "six hundred" who made the fearful charge at Balaclava, and Tennyson has embalmed the deed in song; but every North Carolina

boy and girl ought to know that the Twenty-sixth North Carolina Regiment made a more glorious charge at Gettysburg. No jurists have been abler than Iredell, Taylor, and Ruffin.

The history of North Carolina is the history of a free people. As Bancroft says, "North Carolina was settled by the freest of the free." This freedom has never been surrendered. The study of the history of the free must certainly be very interesting to all who would know what progress a people under such conditions will make.

A thorough knowledge of the history of our State, and of the story of the deeds of our ancestors, of their struggles with the Indians, their resistance to encroachments on their liberties by the representatives of the British crown, and of their fight for freedom; to know the lives of our statesmen and soldiers—these things will inspire us with patriotism and a love of our native State, which it is impossible for us to have unless we know how blessed in great men our State has been, what thrilling and romantic incidents have taken place in her borders, and what sweet memories hover around our past.

We are especially glad that the Chair of History at Chapel Hill will make North Carolina history an object of special study. Let us learn more about it, and when we read of great men, daring deeds,

and romantic adventure, we may know that North Carolina has men as great, and is as rich a field of historical romance as any other State in the Union. R. L. PASCHAL.

THE WHISKEY TRAFFIC—OLD HASH WARMED OVER.

Every hobby has its riders. The whiskey traffic has had its share of them, but it has never been ridden to death. We wish we could say that it is no longer a practical question; but no one can say this who keeps his eyes open to its disastrous effects upon the individual, the community, the State; financially, socially, morally; bringing the rich to poverty, the poor to disgrace, prostituting the virtue of the pure, filling the world with tears and heartaches.

It is hoped that the recent law passed by our Legislature, requiring the nature and effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulants, and narcotics to be taught in all schools supported by public money, may not only be a warning to the young against their evil effects, but may tend to educate the public so that soon prohibition itself, backed by public sentiment, by which alone a law can be upheld in a free country, may be enacted and enforced.

The late Secretary Windom says that this traffic has grown to such proportions that we can no longer

evade it; it must be met. But we know from reason, and also from experience, that prohibitory laws end in very little permanent good, and, indeed, their influence, at best, is but fleeting, and sometimes even disastrous to the cause of temperance where popular sentiment is against them. They fail, not because they are not good laws, but because they cannot be carried out, and so become stumbling-stones to those who, seeing the effect, have minds so constituted that they cannot see the cause.

Is the liquor traffic an evil? It is absolutely certain that it is or it is not. The best way that we know of solving this question is to judge from the effects. The tree is known by its fruit. According to the best authorities that we have been able to consult, it causes 35 per cent. of lunacy, 45 per cent. of idiocy, 90 per cent. of pauperism, 80 per cent. of crime, and 10 per cent. of deaths. It is estimated, at the lowest calculation, that more than \$600,000,000 are spent annually for strong drink in the United States alone, and, perhaps, as much as \$900,000,000, while we spend for all of our bread-stuffs but \$500,000,000. There is an army of men engaged in the traffic of over 400,000; added to these are 700,000 who are unfit for work because of drunkenness. These cost the United States \$190,000,000 for medical attendance, support of the insane, loss of labor, and the judicial proceedings, which are the

direct result of drink; and still, added to this is \$33,000,000 worth of grain which is distilled into this life destroyer, which ought to have gone to feed the poor and add to the wealth and happiness of the country—making a total loss, financially, of \$823,000,000 and the labor of 1,100,000 men, to say nothing of the debauchery and crime and tears, before which the financial interests sink out of sight.

According to General Booth's "In Darkest England," the annual drink bill of Great Britain is £135,000,000, equal in our currency to \$66,368,000,000. It is said that the working classes of Christendom spend \$300,000,000 yearly for drink, while the cry goes up from starving children and weeping wives and mothers. But the harpies of greed and gain who deal out this death to men are moved not by the havoc they have wrought nor the homes they have ruined. Oh! the little waifs that bear the brunt of scorn, live in rags, and die in poverty because their fathers' drink, while the rich brewer sits back in his marble palace! The drunkard's little son, at sunrise as the rays flash across the soft fallen snow, stands cold in the drift of the street, the people of the city are asleep, and happy dreams warm their pillows, while wild winds shriek without; but he stands alone leaning against the wall, with one hand up to heaven and his eyes looking longingly thither; he sees no longer through blinding tears as he has for

days and days, but, face to face with God; death's shadow has fallen across the frail tree of life, the pale messenger has come and gone, and mockery is silent. But the dram-seller walks by on the other side, and you catch the indistinct mutterings, "Not my fault; legal business."

Is it not an outrage on society for a government to legalize and protect such a business as this? To punish the sot for crimes which drinking produces, and protect the traffic that causes it all; is not this travesty on human law? The physician had as well administer a dose of strychnine, which he knows will produce certain death, and curse his patient for dying.

But someone may say, "Government has no right to say what we shall eat or what we shall drink." Ah! sumptuary laws! the great scarecrow! Government certainly has the right to protect its citizens from danger and from injury and from death. It is the province of law and of government to protect society; and whatever injures society—and no sane man doubts that whiskey does—ought to be under the dominion of law. And law should make it "as hard as possible for men to do wrong, and as easy as possible to do right"—protect the weak against the strong, and aid those who are beset with a dangerous appetite. Has the right to prohibit the sale of poisons under certain conditions ever been questioned?

But "it is a *legal* business." What made it *legal*? Evidently, the law. If, then, the law can legalize an evil, can't it make it illegal? Don't you think it ought to?

But again, some one may plead for "moral suasion." So do we. Moral suasion, as we use it against murder, larceny, slander, is good enough so far as it goes; but let us add to this the strength and efficiency of law—the thundering "*Thou shalt not*," that makes crime slink into the dark and hide its shameful deeds. There is a time when moral suasion ceases to be a virtue. When at midnight the assassin stands with drawn dagger, it is no time for moral suasion, but a time "to stiffen the sinews and imitate the action of the tiger."

Again, here is a man who is afraid of losing his *liberty*. "A man has a right to do as he pleases with his own," he says. We answer emphatically, he has not. There never was a more delusive statement. Every law refutes it. Everyone limits the liberty of man to do what he pleases with his own. Your hands are yours, but the law does not allow you to do what you please with them. Your pistol is yours, but you shoot whom you please with it at your peril. Your feet are your own, but kick whom you please and you will soon find yourself under very embarrassing circumstances. You own a house in the midst of the city; you have

paid for it with your own money; yet, set fire to it and you are a criminal. Why? Because the flames reach farther than your own roof.

So the flames which whiskey kindles are not bounded by the whiskey seller, nor the whiskey drinkers, but burn all round this earth. We live in a world of relations. "No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." Right is relative, not absolute. We may use our property or our craft so long as their use does not interfere with the interests of our neighbor or the community; but as soon as it becomes injurious to others, we forfeit our boasted right and liberty. "Oh! liberty, liberty, how many crimes have been committed in thy name!"

Why ought we to have prohibition, as some say, *not by legislation*, but by some *other means*? If we should, for the sake of consistency, let us rid ourselves of theft and murder and *all* the crimes that prey upon society by "*other means*," too.

But in the last extremity, the cry comes, "Prohibition don't prohibit." Then why do the liquor dealers everywhere oppose it? Would they notice it if it did not interfere with their traffic? Are they men who put themselves out and deny themselves for the good of the community? Would they be likely to sacrifice their time and money on a public question that did not bear directly on their private interests? Isn't it plainly

the old cry of Demetrius, the silver-smith, "Our craft is endangered?" And the rabble follow as they did of old—a mob, a blind multitude—crying, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

After what has been said, let us ask again, in conclusion, is this traffic an evil? Ought it to be blotted out? To ask the question is to answer it.

Ought the arch-fiend of the human race to be destroyed, as it raises its form like the hydra-headed monster in the marshes of Lerna, poisons our State and nation, coils itself around our people, and leaves the dead silent in death, and sobbing and sighing in homes where once there was laughter and joy?

J. L. KESLER.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

R. L. PASCHAL, EDITOR.

For years the Senior Classes and the STUDENT have been urging the Faculty of our College to give a "Senior Vacation." As the time of year when this question is generally agitated is approaching, and as a friend, a brother senior, has suggested to us that if we desire to keep up the war against the Faculty, it is about time for us to write an editorial on the subject, we have decided to give the matter our attention. We shall not, however, write an editorial; we wish to do better than that; so we offer a liberal premium of twenty-five cents and a chromo to anyone who will write us a short essay which will thoroughly convince our professors of our need of a senior vacation.

N. B. *The STUDENT cannot publish competing essays.*

The *Atlanta Constitution* is authoritative for the statement that the cotton

crop of last year is over 8,000,000 bales. It exceeds any preceding crop by more than a million bales, and the best of it is that more of the crop is now in the hands of the planters, unsold, than ever before. When the farmer becomes so prosperous that he will not be compelled to sell his crop for eight cents per pound, when, by retaining it for a few months, he might get eleven cents, then his happiness and future prosperity will be assured.

The Legislature has enacted a law prohibiting the sale of cigarettes to children under seventeen years of age. We are of the opinion that the members of that body would have enjoyed themselves better and conferred a more lasting benefit upon mankind, had they devoted the time spent in the passage of this bill to a decent game of whist. Anyone who has ever

been a boy knows that such laws as this do no good. Boys have found means to deceive their parents about this matter, and they will escape the penalties of this law.

The city of Raleigh has raised \$10,000 for the Interstate Exposition which will be held in that city next fall. Raleigh is an enterprising town, and deserves that the Exposition should be a great success.

While Jay Gould was in Atlanta during his recent visit to the South, the Governor of Georgia was conspicuous by his absence at the fetes given in honor of the great hundred-millionaire. Being asked to give the reason for his rather unusual conduct, he replied in the following words, which require no comment to convince one that the man who uttered them is courageous in his convictions and a man of stern virtue:

"I do not want to meet Mr. Gould. His visit here has no official character. While I would like to meet the other gentlemen of the party, I cannot do so because of the presence of Mr. Gould. I object to him personally, because I disapprove of his policy of monopoly and his business methods. I regret to be forced to this conclusion, but the common people owe Mr. Gould nothing, and, as Chief Executive of Georgia, I cannot do him reverence."

Had we more such men as Governor Northern the keen satires of Juvenal

would not seem to be directed against modern society in this great republic.

Already the Presidential candidates for the next national election are being talked of, and, doubtless, the talk will increase until the nominations, which are more than a year off. Some rather interesting developments have been made among the Democrats. It was generally supposed that either Cleveland or Hill would be the candidate of this party, the chances being greatly in Cleveland's favor. Within the last few weeks, however, the chances of both have dwindled considerably. The Free Coinage of Silver being one of the principal topics of discussion in the National Congress and all over the country, Cleveland, with his usual freedom of expressing his views, and with open, manly candor, clearly defined his position on this question as diametrically antagonistical to that of the great majority of his party. While we deplore the practical withdrawal of so great a man from the arena of American politics, we are glad that we still have among us men courageous in their convictions, fearless in the expression of them, capable of being allured by no desire of office and power, and whose settled convictions can be shaken "not by the rage of the people pressing to hurtful measures."

Almost simultaneously with the publication of Cleveland's letter on

Free Coinage, there appeared in print a letter from the great Democratic leader Henry Watterson to Hill, advising him to withdraw in Cleveland's favor. It made Hill furious, and had a great influence on public sentiment. Had not Cleveland expressed himself as opposed to Free Coinage, this letter would have destroyed Hill's chances for the Democratic nomination; it has greatly blighted his prospects. No one can now say who the candidates will be.

The Legislature has passed a Railroad Commission Bill. Messrs. Mason of Northampton, Wilson of Burke, and Beddingfield of Wake, have been elected Commissioners.

The rebellion in Chili has been quelled. This is not very cheering news, however, as at any moment we need not be surprised to hear of some new outbreak.

A short time since, within twenty-four hours of each other, there passed away two more of the connecting links which bind the nation to the memory of the late Civil War. Admiral Porter, the great Federal naval commander who rendered the Union cause such important service on the Mississippi, at Fort Fisher and elsewhere, died on February 13th. The next day General William T. Sherman expired. He was considered, and we believe justly so, one of the greatest commanders of the war, but disgrace will forever be attached to his name,

because in this enlightened age he conducted war like a vandal. Henry Grady was right when he said that he "was a great General, but a little careless about fire." He quit fighting, however, when the war ended, and when demagogues began their grand fight of fraud, lying, and deception, and for this we honor him.

With this issue the term of Mr. Brinson as Business Manager of the *STUDENT* expires. Mr. E. V. Howell, of the Euzelian Society, has been elected to fill his place, and this gentleman will now receive the cash for your subscription and accredit you with it with pleasure.

The population of the State by counties has recently been announced. Wake, with 49,207, takes the lead; next comes Mecklenburg, with 46,673. Fourteen counties have a population of 25,000 each. Graham has only 3,313, and some others do not greatly exceed this population. The total for the State is 1,617,947.

The President has appointed Governor Foster, of Ohio, Secretary of the Treasury, and Senator Henry W. Blair Minister to China.

North Carolina journalism has lost much in the death of Mr. J. A. Bonitz, editor of the *Wilmington Messenger*. The *Messenger* will be sold.

The newspapers are happy that Congress and the Legislature have adjourned.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

J. L. KESLER, EDITOR.

IN EARLY SPRING.

Bright days are with us lengthening and
serene ;

The clouds grow mellow and the forest hath
Its budding pleasures ; yet of Winter's scath
Some dear memories here and there are seen.
For, though the wind no more breathes frosty
keen,

It often floats the old leaves in our path,
Or sighs along our unrequited aftermath,
To mind us of the vigor that hath been.
O, thou my Joy, Spring of my Wondrous
Year !

Forgive, if in thy presence aught of grief
Remain from that dead time ere thou wert
here.

Now, surely, such gainsaying shall be brief ;
For thou wilt set my feet where flowers and
leaf

And soft new sward blot out the stubble sere.

—*Edith Thomas.*

Amelie Rives has just completed a new novel called, "A Girl of the Pavement." Richard Henry Stoddard is reported to have said of it, that "the pruning-knife will have to be used before the book is published."

The Parliament of England recently instituted a prize of £1,000 for the best novel. Several hundred novels were handed in with the hope of winning it, but Grant Allen's novel, "What's Bred in the Bone," won and was awarded the prize. Mr. Allen is a Canadian by birth.

It is said that two more volumes of Emily Dickinson, who has, of late, received so much praise at the hands of the critics, are soon to be published. One is to be of prose and the other of poetry.

A new Southern magazine is soon to be started in Atlanta, Ga., with Joel Chandler Harris, James R. Randall, and Richard Malcolm Johnson as editors. We wish for it the greatest possible success. Why shouldn't it succeed with our inimitable "Uncle Remus" at its head? Are we not fast becoming a reading people in the South, and are there not many young writers from the South coming to the front in literature, both at home and abroad? The empire of letters, as well as of progress, is moving South. Let it come ; the harvest is plenteous and the reapers are ready to dip the sickle into the ripening grain. Let us bind up the sheaves. Let us no longer be contented to follow after and glean in the fields, but let us grasp the opportunity and put in the sickle ourselves. We hope to see this magazine possess real literary merit of a high order, and bespeak for it a liberal patronage from an appreciative public.

Richard Harding Davis, a graduate of Johns Hopkins University, has succeeded Mr. John Hood as assistant editor of Harper's Weekly. He began his literary career as a reporter in Philadelphia. About a year ago in New York City some sharpers approached him. He took in the situation at once and represented himself as a cotton broker from the South, allowed himself to be trapped, but when they thought they had him, he knocked them down, called the police, and had them lodged in prison. Being a reporter for the *Evening Sun*, he made capital of the incident; told his story in the great daily, and created a sensation. He is a typical American. If he does not find a way he makes one; if times are dull and there is no news afloat he makes news.

The Chinese consider us their superiors in mathematics and mechanics, but their inferiors in philosophy and letters. They pride themselves on their philosophy and literature.

Rev. Howard McIneary's book, "The Evolution of Man and Christianity," has already passed through the second edition and the third is in the press. Sixteen thousand of this edition has already been sold—a remarkable instance of how bitter criticisms advertise and enhance the sales of that they would suppress. Tell a man to read a book, and nine times out of ten he forgets it; tell him not

to read it, and he will be poring over it before to-morrow night. The chances are that this characteristic of the mule will remain with us yet awhile despite the tendency of "evolution" to leave the *animal* behind.

Two hundred and sixteen thousand copies of "Black Beauty" have been sold in England. It is now being translated into German, Italian, French, Spanish, Volupuk. It is a book that everyone ought to read. It seems to us that it ought to be added to the Library at Wake Forest.

The London Daily News gives as its opinion that "Julian Hawthorne's 'Elice Quentin' is the best short sketch in fiction it has read in a long time."

Current Literature says: "Miss Elaine Goodale, the poet and philanthropist, who is an American citizen, and can, therefore, secure legal protection in this country, is said to be engaged to be married to Dr. Charles H. Eastman, a full-blooded Sioux, who graduated last summer at Boston University." We saw Mr. Eastman about two years ago at Northfield, Mass. He was in our room several times and appeared to be a man of some ability. He said that he had run eleven miles at a stretch without even stopping to catch breath; his complexion is dark, his hair jet black, his movements easy and graceful, his speech slow and deliberate, his height

rather above the average. Yet, while his carriage is dignified and his manner prepossessing, he is by no means what the girls would call "real handsome." On one occasion, when he was called on for a speech, he rose before the large body of students gathered there from the States and from Canada, and from Europe and Japan, spoke with ease and eloquence, his words were deliberate and well chosen, and his bearing suggested something of the grace we attribute to the great chiefs of this race of orators.

Andrew Lang is a great admirer of Robert Louis Stevenson. He thinks that Mr. Stevenson stands first as a writer of fiction.

"Judaism and Christianity," by Prof. Toy, the great scholar, is a new book, which gives the progress of thought from the Old Testament to the New. He treats mainly of the development of religious thought; the principles of advance from national to universal religion; social basis of religion; general conditions of religious progress; development of the ideas of great men, with the history of the Hebrew literature. One chapter he devotes to the doctrine of God, one to subordinate supernatural beings, one to man in all his relations, one to Eschatology, and one to Christ and his relation to Christianity. The work is said to be scholarly and thorough.

The authorship of "The Isle of the Long Ago," which was quoted in the December number of *THE STUDENT* as from the pen of Benj. F. Taylor, has been much disputed, being attributed to Benj. F. Taylor, of Chicago; Philo Henderson, of North Carolina, who moved to Texas; Miss Whittlesey, of North Carolina; Henry J. Howard, of Baltimore, and to an unknown author in England. The only question as to its authorship now lies between Benj. F. Taylor and Philo Henderson. Some of the friends of Mr. Henderson think they can produce good evidence of his being the author. We have not heard the evidence, and therefore shall not presume to give an opinion on the question.

The following lines are from Theo. H. Hill, of Raleigh, and their beauty and musical rhythm would do credit to the genius of Poe :

The drowsy hum of murmuring bees,
Hovering over the lavender trees,
Steals through half-shut lattices ;
As awake or asleep—I scarce know which—
I lazily loll near a window niche
Whose gossamer curtains are softly stirred
By the gauzy wings of a humming bird.

* * * * *

All things are hazy, and dreamy and dim,
The flies in lazier circles swim ;
On slumbering wings—on muffled feet
Imaginary sounds retreat ;
And the clouds—Elysian isles that lie
In the bright blue fields of summer sky—
Fade out before my closing eye.

Charles Henry Luders, a young poet of promise, died recently in Philadelphia at the age of thirty-three.

John Armstrong Chanler, husband of Amelie Rives, is trying to raise a fund to support students of art and literature in Europe. He estimates the cost of each student to be \$4,500. Boston has raised \$4,500 to be represented by one student, and has contributed \$2,900 to the general fund.

Mrs. Wm. Morris, wife of the London poet and artist, is said to be the most beautiful woman in the world. Well, it may be so, but we don't believe it. We've seen some in this country that we do not believe could be improved on much as to good looks—leastwise, they suit us.

From Scribner's we clip these lines on "Youth and Age," from the pen of C. P. Cranch. In them truth and song are beautifully blended:

In summer the luxuriant foliage made
On window and on roof a pleasant shade;
But darkened half the sky's ethereal blue
And shut the horizon from my longing
view.

In autumn though the trees are stripped and
thin,
They let the sun and cheerful daylight in.
Through the bare boughs the heavens are
smiling clear,
And distant views, long lost, again draw
near.

Youth glances from a shadowed window-
pane
And counts the nearest views sufficient gain;
Age sees through time's frail wrecks and
crumbling bars
The eternal splendors of the suns and stars.

EXCHANGES.

E. W. SIKES, EDITOR.

The *Southern Collegian* (W. & L. University), has finally reached our table. It has a classic, yet stern, noble appearance. It is a representative magazine of the Old Dominion; the reading matter is of a very high order, the tone excellent, the language chaste; there is no useless piling of one word upon another. "A Circumstantial Error" is a very ingeniously conceived plan, and the language is pure and expressive. We

await the next chapter. "Ancient Athletic Sport" contains information of a very valuable order. It familiarizes us with subjects about which we know very little. The writer's close is very worthy of being read. "We wonder at her soldiers; we admire her philosophers; we praise her poets; we study her language; we even imitate her laws, yet we forget that all of this was accomplished by physical training as well as mental. We for-

get that a healthy, vigorous mind demands a healthy, vigorous body. Ah! could we forget that in these mortal bodies there is that mysterious something we call mind; in the mind a still more subtle something we call soul; in the soul, life; that they are all at the mercy of the world, save for the protection furnished by the bodies, we would pay more attention to the temples we are constructing for the dwelling-place of these genii."

"A Bit of My Life" is charmingly written; real life happily expressed; a "felicitous story most felicitously told." "At Nature's Feet" tells how the great poets have all sat at the feet of Nature and drawn their inspiration there. Spenser, Cowley, and Milton are the examples he quotes. "My First Day in England" is rather ordinary; the writer does not seem to have a story to tell; the conception is too artificial. The poetry by Kay, too, is fine; whether it is true poetry or not, we do not know, but we do know that it is pleasant reading.

Foot-ball has been strictly prohibited by the authorities of the University of Heidelberg, Germany. We suppose they love the duel more.

The *Amherst Monthly* for the first time has reached us. We are pleased with its first appearance; neatly printed; varied in its articles; literary in its spirit; free from politics. We shall always welcome it.

William and Mary Monthly is another of our new exchanges. This old and historic institution has not been patronized largely of recent years, but judging from the *Monthly*, the eagle is renewing its life, the blood is once more coursing in the veins. This institution is the oldest college in America. We would enjoy reading a short sketch of it, and hope in some future copy such a history will appear. With pleasure we extend to them the hand of editorial fellowship.

The article in the *University Magazine* (N. C.), on the life of Governor Bragg is worthy of perusal by every living North Carolinian. It is charmingly written by Pulaski Cowper, who was his special friend, knew him well, his private as well as public life. If this magazine would have some article like that in each issue, it would place the State under lasting gratitude to it. It is a laudable effort to care for, like Old Mortality, the tombs of our former great men.

The *Vanderbilt Observer* affords us real pleasure. In size it is next to our largest. It is superior in that its contributions are from students. There is a variety, hence one does not become wearied. We read with unfeigned delight the article from the pen of our esteemed and talented friend Walter P. Stradley. "Government Control of Natural Monopolies" is an article that takes a somewhat advanced ground for a

Southerner, but we must not be wedded too strongly to old ideas. We have been thinking along the same line, but it is with fear and trembling that we approach such problems. The last number is a Shakespeare number, the articles being on the different characters of Shakespeare. We are pleased with the number, for it shows that English is not being neglected; that Shakespeare, whose mind was an endless ocean whose waves beat upon every shore, is receiving a careful study at the hands of the young men of the University.

Arthur Comstock was given five thousand dollars by his father for leading his team (Harvard) to victory over Yale's eleven.—*Exchange*.

You see there is money in foot-ball.

Harvard has just sent out its second astronomical expedition to Peru to join the first, which was sent out more than a year ago. The object of the expedition is to make a more careful study of the Southern stars. They will be gone three years. In the meantime, they will observe the eclipse of the sun, which takes place in 1893; they have made special preparations for this.

The University of Virginia *Magazine* contains an article on "Henry Grady." The authorities set apart a day to celebrate the memory of her honored son. The Washington Society elected Mr. George Conrad to deliver a eulogy on him in the society hall, which once resounded with the magic words of the immortal Grady. The oration is very fine; the speaker tells the life and character of his subject in a charming manner, devoid of all bombast and fulsome flattery.

We read with pleasure the article in the *Carolinian* on "Hayne's Eloquence in Reply to Webster." The writer proves conclusively that Mr. Hayne's part in the affair was neither insignificant nor inglorious. The writer distinctly says that he would not detract from Webster's glory, but is "not willing that the fame of Hayne should suffer at the hands of those who would cast a slur on his name and wrap his deeds in the cold drapery of oblivion."

Yale, Princeton, and Columbia have made arrangements to hold entrance examinations in Paris during the present year.—*Exchange*.

This shows how progressive the American institutions are.

IN THE CLASS ROOM.

ALUMNI EDITOR.

The cost of text-books is always an important item in the expense of an education; but at no point does a liberal outlay yield larger proportionate results. Some fanatical advocates of new methods would have us discard text-books altogether, but common sense unites with experience in proving this utterly impractical and absurd. No doubt many are far too dependent on the text-book. It is also true that text-books are of more consequence at one place than at another; but everywhere teaching is very difficult without some kind of text-books. It is economy to buy these needed books and to buy the best. Where there are two books of equal excellence, the cost should be considered and the cheapest should be bought. But where there is a difference of any consequence, as always, "the best is the cheapest." If our education is to be extended, we must expect to buy many books. We may save a dollar by failing to buy a needed book, but we lose ten, or fifty, or a hundred dollars in the value of our education. Every workman recognizes the importance of having sufficient tools, and those of

the very best. He who works in the workshop of the mind is no exception to the rule.

Messrs. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn, of Boston, are issuing a very excellent series of Latin text-books, called "The Students' Series." Editions of several Latin classics have already been published; but the most praiseworthy part of the series is the books on Latin Prose Composition. Instead of requiring the student to make detached sentences, each on a different subject, the exercises are based on the text of some author read. After reading a chapter, the student then has a variety of exercises in making Latin sentences similar to those in the text, and using the same words. Thus he draws his vocabulary and his constructions directly from the best Latin, he is led to devote additional and more minute study to the text read, and needing less time for the exercises, he is able to read more extensively in the authors chosen. Books to accompany Cæsar's Gallic War, Cicero's Orations, and Books XXI and XXII of Livy are already published, and another to accompany Cicero's *De*

Senectute and *De Amicitia* is nearly ready.

Certain French and German authorities have published quite curious theories about the color of sounds. It is said that twelve people out of one hundred have the power of detecting the color of sounds. We remember reading long ago of a blind man who said a harsh note of a trumpet was red. But without going into details, we quote some paragraphs translated from a French journal:

"Speech is usually blue, though sometimes yellow or red; green voices are very rare. The voice of a young girl gives an impression of sky-blue, in a middle-aged woman it tends to violet; contralto voices are deep indigo. A soprano voice is vivid red, a tenor light brown, a baritone very dark blue, a bass voice appears black.

"For a note sung the color depends on the vowel sound that forms it; still, one lady always perceived *do* deep blue streaked with lighter blue; *re* was pink; *mi*, vivid yellow; *fa*, blue; *sol*, red; *la*, lilac; *si*, deep brown.

"There are yet stranger peculiarities: Each language has its own hue. English is greyish black; French, greyish white; German, mouse grey; Spanish is reddish yellow with deeper spots over it and metallic reflections; Italian is reddish yellow and black with softer shades harmoniously blending.

"One person colored the days of the week; for him Monday was grey; Tuesday, Saturday and Sunday, deep red; Wednesday and Friday, white; Thursday, yellow.

"A lady asserted that she saw names in color: John was light red; Joseph, very deep blue; Louis, dark red; Louise, blue; Lucy, yellow; Marius and all names in 'us' she saw in green."

An English astronomer states that the oldest historical record of a solar eclipse is in Homer's *Iliad* (XVII, 367).

Every year a layer of the entire sea, fourteen feet thick, is taken up into the clouds, borne by the winds over the land, where it comes down in rain to flow back to the ocean through the rivers.

Professor Marsh has estimated that 97 per cent. of the words in the English Bible are Anglo-Saxon.

The oldest medical work, an Egyptian papyrus, dating from 1500 or more before Christ, and containing prescriptions then old, has been translated by George Ebers, the German novelist.

M. Camille Gonzy has demonstrated the superiority of electricity as a substitute for steam in supplying the motive power for working farm machines. On his farm in the Western Pyrenees he has set a neighboring stream to turning a dynamo. With

this machine he lights his house, works a wine-crushing plant and the irrigating pumps. All manner of lifting and driving is also performed by electricity. The farm itself is illuminated by electric lamps, 180 of these at the present time being distributed over the farm area.

When an old darkey first saw a street car run by electricity, he lifted

up his hands in astonishment, and said: "What wonderful folks dem Yankees is! First dey come down here and freed de darkeys, an' now dey has freed de mule." Who knows but a few more years may find electricity in a large measure taking the place of the mule on the farm and of the blooded trotter on the road?

ALUMNI NOTES

R. L. PASCHAL, EDITOR.

'75. We were glad to see H. R. Scott, Esq., of Reidsville, on the Hill a few weeks ago. He is president of a bank at Reidsville, and is a lawyer of great ability. He was attending the Supreme Court and came out to see his friends.

'80. We copy the following from the *Recorder*:

"IN MEMORIAM. — Rev. B. H. Phillips, who died in Reidsville on Thursday, January 29th, 1891, was born in Carroll county, Tennessee, May 6th, 1858. He was baptized into the fellowship of Selma Baptist Church by Rev. N. B. Cobb, on the third Sabbath in November, 1874. He graduated from Wake Forest College with the degree of Bachelor of Arts in June, 1880. He preached his first sermon in New Friendship Church July 3d, 1881, and was or-

daind at Reidsville April 4th, 1882. The ordaining presbytery was composed of Revs. F. H. Jones, P. H. Fontaine, H. A. Brown and W. H. Wilson. He became pastor of Reidsville Baptist Church in February, 1883. He has been pastor at Rockingham, N. C.; at Alderson and Ronceverte, W. Va.; in the Richmond County Association, and at Whiteville, N. C. For about six years his health has been steadily declining. He has struggled hard to build up that he might live to work for the Lord and care for his loved ones. During these years he often met his appointments when he was really not able to go, and when his companion feared that he might die on the road.

"Last August he was compelled to give up his work, and he went down to Colorado Springs in hope of restoration, but returned to Reidsville

about the 20th of December, seemingly not much improved, and he continually grew worse until his triumphant deliverance from mortal pain and spiritual harm at 1 P. M., January 29th.

"About one week before his death, in one of those sinking spells which seemed to indicate that the end was near, he called for a book containing some of the dates above given and said, 'You can use them and preach from the text 'By the grace of God I am what I am.' He then said, 'We are getting these things ready; you may need them to-morrow, or it may be longer, but it is right to be ready.' I said, 'Is there anything you would like me say to the brethren in the State for you?' He then said: 'Yes; I want to thank them very kindly for helping me to try to get well. Tell them to be resigned to my death; I am, and to remember that all things work together for good to them that love God. I want to say that I have been the recipient of much kindness in the various fields where I have labored. I have preached 760 sermons. I go hopefully, but not depending on anything I have done for salvation. For the encouragement of others, I would say that when I promised the Lord to preach I promised to have no other work so long as I would be sustained in the ministry. I kept my pléde, and God was true to me—He always will be.'

"His mind was clear, his hopes bright and his faith strong. An

hour before death he said to me, extending his hand as I came to his bedside: 'I am going; I shall soon be there—I'm almost there,' and then, throwing back both hands with an expressive gesture, he said: 'The will of the Lord be done.' This was his last utterance.

"He was buried from the church where he had often preached, nearby his own little Willie Wallace. Loving friends covered the mound with floral tributes, and there the body of our brother awaits the trump of God and the splendor of the crowning day.

W. L. WRIGHT."

'81. When a graduate of Wake Forest turns his earnest attention to any undertaking, he always succeeds in accomplishing his end. In 1885 Rev. N. R. Pittman, a Robeson county boy who took his degree here in 1881, accepted a call to the Patee Park Baptist Church of St. Joseph, Missouri. This church had at that time less than fifty members; more than three hundred have been added during Pittman's ministry. Their house of worship was not satisfactory to their pastor, and last spring he went to work to build a new one. A handsome, four-story building, one of the largest and most beautiful structures in the city of St. Joseph, bears witness to the success of his efforts. The *Gazette* says: "Mr. Pittman is an able, earnest minister, a brilliant and fluent speaker, and there is no task too large for him to under-

take, no matter the amount of labor involved or the length of time required to accomplish it." Six years ago he wedded a young lady of St. Joseph.

'83. Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., made an address at the February meeting of the Chicago Social Union. He was enthusiastically received, and the *Standard's* report of his speech is full of "applause" from beginning to end. Dr. P. S. Henson followed him, and, among other things, said: "I always feel after hearing Dixon as if I had been on a spree and wanted to go on another, for I see angels instead of snakes—legions of angels. You saw them, didn't you? Do you know how it is that Dixon comes to be so eloquent? I have the secret. He was brought up in a State which I learned from Olney's Geography a great while ago, that its principal commodities were pitch, tar, turpentine, and lumber. Now, what a mass of combustibles! And they are all bound up in Dixon, and fired with genius. That is the reason why he blazes so. He got his eloquence where I got my wife, down in dear old North Carolina; but while I admire his eloquence, I wouldn't swap what I got down there for what he got. I hope the little woman I belong to will place that to my credit."—*Standard*.

'86. Rev. J. L. White received a call to the French Broad Baptist Church

of Asheville some time since, but Durham would not give him up. He is doing a good work at Durham.

'87. Rev. T. C. Britton, a missionary at Shanghai, China, has a very interesting letter, relative to his work, in the *Recorder* of February 25th. The graduates of Wake Forest have, perhaps, done more than the alumni of any other institution of equal rank for Christianizing the heathen. We are always glad to hear from them and their work.

'88. Rev. G. L. Merrill is doing a good work in the Sandy Creek Association. He is now at Franklinsville.

'88. Journalism seems to be a popular vocation with our Alumni. Mr. R. B. Lineberry, who is teaching at Sanford, has become editor and proprietor of the *Express*. He is an able editor, and we predict that he will have marked success in his new profession.

'90. Mr. J. A. Hollomon has become editor and manager of Raleigh's new daily, the *Capital*. Mr. E. F. Early is local editor. We wish them much success.

Rev. W. B. Wingate has an article in the *Recorder* of February 11th, on "Union Meetings," which receives our heartiest endorsement. As the Alumni Editor has already expressed his approbation of it, it must certainly be a good article.

We were especially glad to see many of our students at Anniversary. It is really a pleasure to have them with us, and no class of visitors, the young ladies excepted, are more welcome.

The Baptist *Courier* of February 5th has a picture of Rev. Lansing Burrows, D. D., and a lengthy sketch of his life. We make the following extract :

"Lansing, the only son of Rev. J. L. Burrows, D. D., was born in Philadelphia in 1843. When ten years old his father became pastor of the Richmond Baptist Church; he entered Wake Forest College in 1858; graduated in '62; served as a private in the Confederate army. He was for two years after the close of the war journalist and teacher; ordained to the ministry in 1867; the same year he married a Kentucky girl; received calls successively to churches at Lexington, Mo.; Barnwell, S. C., and Bordentown, N. J. At the latter place he remained six years, leaving in 1877 to accept a call to Newark; became pastor of the church at Lexington, Ky., in 1879, and has been since 1880 Secretary of the Southern Baptist Convention. His longest pastorate has been at Augusta, Ga., where he has been seven years."

We clip the following from the *Augusta Chronicle*:

"Dr. Burrows is gifted with commanding presence and physical endowments capable of responding to the severest exactions. His fine executive ability would make him distinguished in any field of labor. He is a close student, and his ripe scholarship gives grace, illustration, and beauty to his presentation of Biblical truth.

"As a speaker he is forcible and eloquent; as a lecturer, happy and abounding with good humor. As a writer he is pungent and bright; as a citizen he is progressive and actively alive to what is going on, and contributes to every good work and laudable undertaking the magnetism of his influence.

"Dr. Burrow's pastorate has been unusually acceptable to his people and his ministrations faithful in church work. His congregations are large and increasing, and his earnestness in the numerous departments of his charge has witnessed here, as elsewhere, valuable accessions to his membership and larger resources from which to draw for extended usefulness in every field of benevolent and Christian endeavor."

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

R. B. WHITE, EDITOR.

It will soon be time for another lawn party.

The Phi. Hall was open at Anniversary in all its freshness.

We hear A ---- B ---- is running for poet of the prep. class.

Several boys went to Raleigh to hear Salvini, and reported it fine.

There were many visitors here Anniversary. Everything was a success.

Misses Lewis and Chesson remained on the Hill some days after Anniversary.

We are extremely sorry to have to say that Mr. A. S. Pendleton had to leave College on account of his health.

We are indebted to Mr. W. W. Vass for the excellent account of Anniversary, which everyone will find interesting.

Mr. E. V. Howell has had his arm broken, and this indefinitely postpones the proposed game of foot-ball with Chapel Hill.

Mr. E. V. Howell has been elected Business Manager to succeed Mr. S. M. Brinson, whose term expired with the last issue.

The Skating Club is, so far, a complete success, and a masquerade for the last Saturday night in March is the intention now.

Several telegrams were received purporting to be from young ladies, stating they would be here, but when the train drew up they were not.

Rev. G. W. Manly, Ph. D., late Professor of Latin in this institution, is now pastor of the Twenty-sixth and Market Street Baptist Church, in Louisville, Kentucky.

Howell received the following from some young ladies:

"Broken arms we can mend,
Bent hats we repair:
But for broken hearts we give
All we can - a tear.

Some boys went to Raleigh with two young ladies, but there happened to be on the same train a father and an uncle, who kept the young ladies occupied. The boys returned a little wiser and a great deal sadder.

Professor to Mr. K.: "What is the deviation of the earth's orbit from a straight line?" "I don't remember exactly, Professor, but think it is 240,000 miles." Prof.: "Yes, sir; it is one-ninth of an inch."

Professor (to Runt): "What are the physiological effects of electricity?"

Runt: "It causes spasmodic conjunctions."

Mr. J. L. Kesler has taken a position in the Raleigh Male Academy, but will come back to stand his examinations, and will graduate with his class in June.

The "squee-dunk" has met his match at last. While wandering along under the beautiful moon, making night hideous with his serenade, the long drawn howl of a dog broke into the melodious harmony of the sounds he was evoking. Turning around, he perceived the nearing form of a dog, and thinking discretion the better part of valor he entered a private yard. The dog finding the gate closed, had no hesitation in jumping over the fence. Then H---- saw there was "something rotten in Denmark," and clambered on the porch to escape contagion. The dog treed, and H---- stayed "treed" for a long while; then a bright idea struck him, and bending over he drew from his instrument of torture a long, wailing shriek, and the dog, driven to idiocy, disappeared. But they say that on bright moonlight nights the mystic form of a dog may be seen, and the dismal, tremulous howl wails through the air, bringing to mind the squee-dunk's mournful shriek.

ANNIVERSARY.

The 13th of February last, found the scene of what is deemed by many the most charming event of the year.

According to the usual fatality which attends such occasions, the customary rain-storm put in an early appearance, and the Fifty-sixth Anniversary of the foundation of the literary societies bade fair to become one of the gloomiest in the long catalogue of its gloomy predecessors.

These dismal expectations were, however, most happily disappointed, and despite the opposition of external nature, the assemblage which greeted the opening exercises of the day was the equal, both in quantity and quality, of any which has ever graced Memorial Hall on a similar occasion.

At 2:30 P. M. the president of debate, Mr. H. A. Royster, of Raleigh, N. C., called the house to order, and in an exceedingly neat and graceful salutory welcomed the audience to the annual exercises held under the auspices of the two literary societies. At its close, after reading the minutes of the last meeting, the secretary, Mr. W. G. Howard, of Tarboro, N. C., announced the query for discussion: "Would the Adoption of Henry George's 'Single Tax Tenure' be Beneficial to the Poorer Classes?"

The first speaker of the day was Mr. C. B. Williams, of Camden County, N. C. This gentleman noticed the existing evils which underlie the apparent rapid growth and flattering prosperity of the American Republic, and regretted the tendency of the modern era towards centralization and monopoly. He offered, as a remedy for this, the "single tax tenure" of Henry George, whose adoption, he claimed, would elevate the poor financially, intellectually, and morally.

The "single tax tenure" does not, as is the opinion of many of its opponents, necessarily imply communism. By the testimony of the deepest thinkers of the age, it is confessed to be in perfect harmony with the Declaration of Independence, and if, as is claimed by the opposition, its enforcement will destroy many of the existing forms of economy, it is nevertheless true that, as extreme evils require extreme remedies, so, in the social and political crisis of the present day, nothing can eradicate the seeds of ruin but a radical change in the relations of society. The "single tax tenure" would benefit the poor by an abolition of monopolies; by an equalization of taxes it would favor production; and, finally, by an adoption of this principle, the nation's wealth would be more equally distributed, and the abominable system of "indirect taxation" be lifted

from the overburdened shoulders of the poor.

Mr. J. L. Kesler, of Statesville, N. C., next addressed the audience in behalf of the negative. He opposed the adoption of the "single tax tenure" on the ground that it did not produce the effects for which it was intended. According to Henry George, poverty deepens as wealth increases; whatever the increase of production, rent steadily tends to swallow up the gain; and therefore we must substitute for individual possession a common ownership.

All of these, Mr. Kesler claimed, to be false. He showed by statistics that, under the present *regime*, the condition of the poor is constantly becoming better; that the average wages of the laborer have increased during the past century forty per cent., and that the average size of farms is decreasing, and their number increasing to a corresponding degree. By the abolition of land ownership, all inducement to improvement is removed. While land continues at a virtual auction, no sensible man will improve his property when the chances are so great that another will reap the fruits of his labor. The "single tax tenure" will rob the people of the very blessings which it proposes to bestow—land and opportunity; and its effect will be to drive the poor of the cities to the suburbs, the poor of the country to still poorer land; and to render

them servants of capital and slaves of monopoly.

Mr. J. A. Wray, of Knoxville, Tenn., upon the affirmative, recognized the difficulty with which he and all advocates of social reform are obliged to contend, but proceeded to show that an adoption of the "single tax tenure" would be a positive remedy for existing evils in the lower strata of society. He remarked the lamentable fact that in all the much-vaunted "light and liberty" of the nineteenth century independence, there is yet a large portion of America's population beneath the iron hand of oppression, servile slaves to the pitiless will of a moneyed aristocracy. The South is not so good an exponent of this fact as the North where the greater portion of our population exists. Ireland, Scotland, New York, all show the symptoms of a like disease. Poverty is regarded as a crime, wealth as a virtue; honesty is at a discount, fraud at a premium. It needs not the wisdom of a prophet to foretell the end of such a course. The analogy of history points to but one issue.

There must be a change—a radical change—and such a change is involved in the theory of Henry George. The "single tax tenure" does not mean the abolition of private ownership, but it does mean the death of monopoly; it does mean the increase of competition, and the abolition of land speculation.

The last speaker of the occasion was Mr. J. W. Millard, of Goldsboro, N. C. He claimed that the effect of the "tenure" would be to concentrate all land into the hands of the rich few, to the detriment of the poorer classes; that according to Henry George, the land-owner would pay all revenues. Such a condition of affairs would be ruinous to the poor farmer, and all land would drift into the hands of the capitalist who could afford to be satisfied with small profits. Thus, the theory would bring about the very evil which it was intended to avert—centralization.

The "single tax tenure" will indeed be a change in the existing forms of government, but a change that will favor monopoly and crush the poor. It will be a change calculated to destroy the fundamental and inviolable principle of Political Economy that to a man belongs the fruits of his labor, and any such change will overturn the foundations on which our government is established. The "single tax tenure" will oppress the poor and enrich the wealthy; it will favor trusts at the expense of labor, and impede the progress of civilization in general, and, as such, should not be adopted.

At the conclusion of a spirited and highly interesting debate, the question was decided by the audience in favor of the negative by a majority of forty-three.

At 5:30 the special train, chartered by the students, arrived from Raleigh, under the excellent management of Messrs. Daniel and Prince, bringing a large portion of the beauty and brains of our capital city.

Another large audience assembled in the evening to hear the annual orations delivered by representatives from the two Societies.

Mr. R. L. Burns, of Moore County, N. C., sustained the honor of Philomathesia in an eloquent address on "National Crime," while Mr. E. W. Sikes, of Monroe, N. C., ably upheld Euzelia's banner in an oration on "Crumbling Creeds."

So cursory a mention as is allowed by the limits of a brief synopsis of these addresses would be injustice to the speakers. We reserve them for a more extended notice.

After repeated calls, Hon. Geo. W. Sanderlin, of Raleigh, N. C., arose and honored the audience with one of

his inimitable "talks," at the conclusion of which Mr. E. S. Bostick, chief marshal, came forward and, in a few appropriate remarks, announced the conclusion of the exercises and invited the audience to the social gathering in the halls.

This, as usual, proved by far the most entertaining portion of the exercises, and a report of Anniversary would be incomplete without the mention of the usual number of young ladies who grace the occasion with their presence, and contribute to make this the most charming feature of the day. Beguiled away with the mellow strains of the orchestra, and other tones yet sweeter to the college-boy's ear, the midnight hours wore swiftly on until the first blushes of the east and the feathered heralds of the dawn warned the loiterers that the fifty-sixth anniversary existed but in memory.

Reported by

W. W. VASS.

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VOL. X.]

WAKE FOREST, N. C., APRIL, 1891.

[No. 7.]

A SKETCH OF EVOLUTION.

It will probably surprise some of the readers of THE STUDENT to find that a student of this college has attempted to write on the subject of Evolution; for it is the firm and conscientious belief of perhaps the majority of our people that "evolutionist" and "infidel" are almost synonymous terms. And so, in the beginning, I will state that I do not know enough about evolution to be an evolutionist, and I am sure that if I did it would never shake my settled belief in the Creator back of the evolutionary process. But knowing that so many people have an erroneous idea about evolution, I thought that I would write this little sketch, hoping thereby to benefit a few. My intention is, not to attempt to prove the theory, but to tell what it is, and give a few facts concerning it in the plainest and simplest language possible.

A great many people, knowing nothing of its history, think that

evolution was originated, nourished, and brought up to perfection solely by Charles Darwin, and that but few men had anything to do with it. They look upon it as a strange fancy of a deep thinker. Now let us see if we can learn a few facts about the history of evolution. Where did it first originate and with whom? It is claimed by good authority to be found first in Greek philosophy in the cosmic speculations of Thales and Pythagoras. Next, about 100 B. C., it is found more clearly expressed by that great Roman thinker, Lucretius, in his masterly poem entitled *De Rerum Natura*. After a long death-like sleep of about eighteen centuries, we find it almost suddenly brought to life and activity, and made a great deal clearer by the theological speculations of Swedenborg and the philosophical speculations of Kant. After them followed Buffon. He did not venture to say outright that he

believed in evolution; for if he had he would have been imprisoned in the Bastille the rest of his life, and cruelly punished by the orthodoxy of the Lorraine. He merely said, therefore, "If we did not know the contrary to be the case by sure warrant, we might easily have concluded (so fallible is our reason) that animals always varied slightly, and that such variations, indefinitely accumulated, suffice to account for almost any amount of ultimate difference. A bird might have developed from a primitive lizard. Only we know otherwise." See how artfully he expresses his opinion so as not to give offence. Erasmus Darwin, the grandfather of Charles, saw what Buffon was striking at, took his line of thought, went to work and stated his conclusions in these words: "Life began in very minute marine forms which gradually acquired fresh powers and larger bodies, so as imperceptibly to transform themselves into different creatures." The great Naturalist Lamarck followed him with his four laws of evolution: "1. Life by its proper forces tends continually to increase the volume of every body possessing it, and enlarge its parts up to a limit which it brings about. 2. The production of a new organ in an animal body results from super-vention of a new want continuing to make itself felt, and a new movement which this want gives birth to and encourages. 3. The development of

organs and their force of action are constantly in ratio to the employment of these organs. 4. All which has been acquired, laid down, or changed in the organization of individuals in the course of their life is conserved by generation and transmitted to the new individuals which proceed from those who have undergone those changes." These laws he published in 1809 in a work entitled *Philosophie Zoologique*. This work created a profound impression on the scientific mind of that day, but it afterwards fell crushed beneath the heavy weight of the authority of Cuvier. The world was not ready to receive this great revolution in biological science. Lamarck's theory, however, seemed to set scientists to thinking and to working, and here are a few of the great names who were working on this theory long before Darwin: Goethe, O'Ken, Bates, Wallace, Lecoq. Von Baer, Robert Chambers, Matthew, and Herbert Spencer. At last, in 1856, Darwin comes forth with the "Origin of Species," and places this long-growing theory of evolution on such a foundation that it must ultimately, in some form at least, be universally received. You may say that that is a rash statement; but look for a moment at the progress which the doctrine has made in the last few years. Almost every scientist and naturalist of note belong to some school of evolution, and it is

advancing at a greater rate to-day than ever before.

I very well know that there are thousands of well educated men all over our country, who, if you were to ask them whether the theory of evolution is plausible, would unhesitatingly answer in the negative. Why? Because they haven't the right notion of evolution. But let us spell the word *evolution* in a different way. Suppose we spell it *development*, and then ask our question? How will they answer now? Most assuredly in the affirmative. It might be profitable for us to note the meaning of the two words. According to Webster, "evolution" means an unfolding, an unrolling; "development" means an unfolding, an uncovering. According to Worcester, physiologically "development" means change from the embryo state to maturity, growth, increase; "evolution" means the unfolding or expansion of a germ in the theory of generation. According to the best authorities, therefore, they mean practically the same thing. And yet what a vast difference people make in them!

Now let us see if we can get a good notion of what evolution is. I give the definition of Le Conte. It is "(1) continuous *progressive change*, (2) *according to certain laws*, (3) and by means of *resident forces*." What does he mean by "progressive change?" He means a continual upward development from the lowest forms of life

to the highest and most complex. Take, for example, the human body. At first it is a single microscopic cell of protoplasm, "living, but apparently unorganized"; but this single cell commences to *develop*, and add cell to cell, tissue to tissue, organ to organ, and function to function, until at last we have the full-grown and mature man, passing through the different stages of germ, egg, embryo, and infant, to maturity. This series of progressive changes is called the *embryonic* series. It is an established law in zoology that the adult condition of lower animals represents approximately a stage in the embryonic development of higher animals. It is a strange but undisputable fact, that when the embryo of man reaches the so-called "gastrula stage," it is impossible to tell from its appearance or structure what kind of animal will result from its further development. It is impossible to say whether it will become monkey, man, dog, cat, eagle, or fish.

Let us take another example of "progressive change." We will commence with the dawn of life on our earth. The first fossil remains of life occur in what geologists call Eozoic time. They were the very lowest forms of vegetable and animal life, consisting mostly of unicellular plants and animals. In the next era, Palæozoic, we find a higher group of animals; they are multicellular, and have tissues, organs, nerve centres,

and brain. In the latter part of this era the lowest vertebrates are the predominant type. The next era is the Mesozoic, in which the animals of the preceding age are followed by reptiles, a much higher type of animals. Then comes the Cenozoic, the era of mammals, animals which are a great improvement on those behind. And now we reach the last era, the Psychozoic, or era of reason. So we see that there is an upward "progressive change" of animal and plant-life throughout these vast periods from the very lowest to the highest and most complex forms of life. This series is called the *geological* series. It must be observed that there is a striking resemblance between the embryonic and the geological series.

What laws does Le Conte refer to in the second part of his definition—"according to certain laws"? He mentions three: 1. Law of differentiation; 2. Law of progress of the whole; 3. Law of cyclical movement. What is the "law of differentiation"? It is that the earliest representations of any group, whether class, order, family, or species, were not what we would now call *typical* representatives of that group, but were in a great measure *connecting links*; that is to say, these animals, while having their special characteristics as a class, order, or family, yet had some very marked characteristics of other classes, orders, and families. Take for example the first vertebrates.

They were fishes, but not like our typical fishes; they were so closely connected with amphibian reptiles that you do not know whether to call them reptilian fishes or fish-like reptiles. And the first birds were not like our typical birds, but like flying reptiles. Some of their fossil remains have been found in the chalk beds of Bavaria. They had a mouth like a reptile with saw teeth; they had three claws on the butt of each wing, and had a tail of twenty-one joints, with a feather coming out on each side, right and left, of each joint. So it would seem that the various branches of animals kept on developing and getting farther and farther apart, through those countless ages until existing forms were attained.

The law of "progress of the whole" is simply the progress of the whole organic kingdom in its entirety. Now as to the law of "cyclical movement." By the study of geology we find that evolution has not moved at a uniform rate in the *whole*, and especially in the *parts*, but, on the contrary, it has plainly moved in *cycles*. These cycles are the ages of Dana. Now in the earliest Palæozoic times there were no vertebrates, but mollusks were the ruling animals. In the Devonian and Carboniferous, fishes were the ruling and the great prominent type; in the Mesozoic, reptiles; and in the present, man. So we see plainly that geological evolution has moved in cycles or succes-

sions. I said, previously, that there was a great deal of similarity between geological and embryonic evolution. How can I show this similarity? In the embryonic development the individual appears first as a single microscopic germ-cell. By growth and multiplication of this cell it becomes an egg, which is an aggregation of similar cells. Then commences the first characteristic process of development, viz., differentiation. Before this period the cells were all alike and differed in no respect; but now a marvellous process begins, "the egg separates into three distinct cell layers." This is called the "gastrula stage." The next stage is when the embryo becomes fish-like. Here we find on each side of the neck several *gill-slits* each with its gill arch, and therefore several aortic arches on each side. These arches are, in different animals, subsequently modified to form the one aortic arch, in some they are obliterated. In man they are modified into the great arteries coming from the heart to supply the head and fore-limbs. In the next stage the embryo resembles a reptile more than any other animal. The brain at this period is like a reptile's, and the embryo has a tail of eight or nine joints. Up to this period the brain has been smooth, but as it enters upon the mammalian stage it commences to change, and about the middle of the mammalian series it begins to be convoluted.

These convolutions become deeper and more numerous as we go upward in the scale, until they reach the highest degree of development in the human brain. So we see that the embryonic life of man can be divided into five stages corresponding, approximately, to the five ages of geological life: (1.) Invertebrate; (2.) Fish-like; (3.) Amphibian; (4.) Reptilian, and (5.) Mammalian. All through these stages the embryo is becoming man-like, and still it has never ceased to be a human being.

What does Le Conte mean by "resident forces?" He means that the causes or forces of evolution are material, and not supernatural. The forces resident in the acorn causing it to develop into the oak, or the forces resident in the germ causing it to develop into the animal, are just as much natural laws as those of chemical affinity and gravitation.

Now if I have given the correct view of evolution as defined by one of the foremost scientists of our country, it is plain that the popular conception of evolution is at many points erroneous. 1. To many, evolution is a theory which teaches that man "came from a monkey." No scientist ever taught any such theory, and Darwin himself would have thought it absurd. 2. Some think that it is directly opposed to the teaching of the Bible. Let us see how some of the defenders of Christianity have treated the great discoveries of

science in the last four centuries. I will name the three most prominent. The rotundity of the earth was denounced for centuries as "contrary to Scripture," and those that believed in it were cursed and punished as "heretics, infidels, and atheists"—until Magelhaens, sailing ever in one direction returned in 1519 to his point of departure. The Copernican doctrine, that our planet is not the centre of the universe, but that the sun is the centre of our system, and that the earth moves around this centre, not the sun around the earth, was declared in 1616, by the Cardinals of the Roman Inquisition, to be "absurd, heretical, and contrary to the teachings of the Holy Scriptures." For upholding this truth Bruno was burned, Campanello cruelly tortured, Galileo "terrified into perjury"; and Luther and Melancthon joined hands in trying to crush this heretical doctrine, to which Copernicus and Galileo owe their lasting fame. Again, for ages the belief that the creation of "the heavens and the earth" was completed in six days of twenty-four hours, was almost requisite to a man's salvation. When in 1850 the great Christian scientist Agassiz thought it necessary, in his geological lectures at Harvard, to make explanation to his audience for teaching that the works of "the Creator buried in the bowels of the earth testified irrefutably that it could not have been made in six days," it was denounced as

directly "contrary to Scripture." But to-day it is almost universally received as a fact that is quite consistent with an enlightened interpretation of Genesis. And so this same class of people rise up and say that evolution is in direct opposition to the Biblical account of the creation. The Bible says, "God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them." But the writer does not tell us the process of this creation any more than he does when he tells us that he made the world and all its inhabitants in six days. He merely gives us the bare statement of the result, and leaves out entirely the process involved in its production. The theory which I have sketched is an effort to ascertain the process of the creation.

With some this doctrine lowers their conception of God's creative power; but why should it! I believe that it involves a far higher idea of creative power to believe that God created matter and endowed it with certain laws and forces, which, once set in motion, have been acting under his immediate supervision through millions of years without the slightest conflict or deviation from the plan prescribed, and have culminated in our present world and all its complicated forms of organic life. The late Dr. Carpenter says it really involves a nobler idea of creative design to believe that a small number

of types of organic life originally introduced, were continuously evolved in the course of geological ages, according to a definite and unchanging plan, into a countless variety of forms suitable to the "conditions of existence" at each period, and finally into the flora and fauna of the present epoch, than to suppose that the changes which successively took place in those conditions necessitated interferences from time to time on the part of the creator, in compensating, by the creation of new species,

for the extinction of the old. For, to compare great things with small, we regard the production of a chronometer whose pendulum of balance-spring is furnished with a self-acting compensation for changes of temperature, as a higher effort of constructive skill than the production of an ordinary clock or watch, in which the needful compensations have to be made, as occasion requires, by the interposition of an external power.

W. T. BRYANT.

SOUTHERN LITERARY PORTRAITS.--NO. 4.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

It matters little to the student of men and minds where a man is born, whether in luxury with silken swaddling clothes, or wrapped about with the coarsest cotton fabrics. It matters little where he is buried, whether on the hill-top, a lofty monument rearing its cold white front, or down in the valley amid the sunbeams and the shadows, where the rank weeds sway back and forth in the soft breezes which forever murmur a sad requiem in the sighing trees, where in Autumn the boughs quiver and the yellow leaves fall one by one on the heaped up mound beneath. But what is of consequence is the life he

lived, the things he did, and the ideas he embodied.

John Esten Cooke lived the life of a Virginia gentleman, he did those things which would become any gentleman, and in him was embodied the very soul of Southern chivalry. It is customary, and in this case, perhaps, profitable, since so little is known of him, to give a brief sketch of his life.*

Born at Winchester, Va., November 3d, 1830, he spent his boyhood till ten years of age at his father's country home "Glengray," where he was reared in all the freedom and intimacy of Virginian hospitality,

*For the majority of facts hereinafter given, I am indebted to the kindness of Frank M. Beverly, of Clintwood, Va.

wandering over the pleasant hills and fields with his negro servant. Then his father moved to Richmond to practice law in the Court of Appeals, and young Cooke, as he grew up, studied law under him, being admitted to the bar before his majority.

But law did not suit the mind that had been nurtured in Virginia's groves and meadows, nor could it satisfy a taste for the romantic which was formed even in infancy; it was too dry, too commonplace; its details offered no enticements to his imagination; John Doe and Richard Roe were too stereotyped, and his spirit demanded a wider scope in which to unfurl its pinions. So while ostensibly pursuing a legal career, only a part of his talent was devoted to it. Many fugitive pieces came from his pen; at first articles, short stories, and the like for *Harper's* and *Putnam's*. His first novel, *Leatherstocking and Silk*, appeared in 1853, meeting with instantaneous and gratifying success. Then followed *Virginia Comedians* in 1855, *The Last of the Foresters* in '56, *Henry St. John, Gentleman*, in '58, all of which had the scenes laid in Virginia prior to the Revolution.

Then came secession and turmoil. The rumbling of cannon and the cries of "States' Rights" penetrated his study. He was a "Virginian, a Virginian of Virginians"; nor, after seeing that the die was cast and secession was the decree of his State, did he hesitate to lay down the pen and

take up the sword, to doff the student's shade and don the cap of a Confederate private. He entered as a private, sought no command except by bravery in the field, but gradually rose to the rank of captain, becoming a member of General Stuart's staff. His admiration and love for Stuart is displayed in *Mohun*: and a great many think he overrates Stuart's genius, which would have better suited a knight-errant than a commander of cavalry in modern warfare. After Stuart's death for some time he had nothing to do, the War Office seemed to pay no attention to his request to be assigned to service, and he was seriously contemplating entering the ranks again as a private, but fortunately was appointed Inspector General of Horse Artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia. He was with Lee at Appomattox, and after the surrender resumed his literary labors.

His first book, and probably his most famous, was *Surry of Eagle's Nest*, which met with astonishing success, considering the condition of the South and the fact that it was a book written by a Southern author, dealing with the Southern side of the war—all of these circumstances, of course, preventing much success outside of the South. Then came in rapid succession *Mohun* in '68, *Hilt to Hilt* in '68, *Hammer and Rapier* in '70, *Wearing of the Gray*, *Life of Stonewall Jackson*, *Heir of Gaymount*, and *Life of R. E. Lee*. He was not animated by any petty feelings of

hate or animosity, but what he wrote was the honest belief of a truthful soul, loyal to the South in literature as it had been in war.

In 1867 he married Miss Frances Page, whom he loved with all the devotion of a romantic spirit. It is said that Surry's courtship of May Beverley in *Eagle's Nest* is a counterpart of his own, but of the truth of this I cannot say. After his marriage he settled down in an old picturesque place called the "Briars."

It must have been a source of melancholy to live in a house that continually caused its inmates to contrast the former with the present condition of the South. The huge hoary trees, the old-fashioned walks lined with closely trimmed cedars could not but bring to mind the olden status of Virginia aristocracy and the prestige of its society.

This is the most pleasant part of his life to contemplate. Living on his plantation in ease and happiness, he had as neighbors F. F. V.'s such as the Randolphs, Pages, Nelsons, and Maryes. His favorite outdoor companions were his dogs, for he was a true lover of sport, finding, with these, unfailing sources of amusement.

But he loved best the quiet study, modestly stocked with his intimate friends, Shakespeare, Johnson, Addison, Swift, and other masters of English. He read a great deal in magazines, but always returned to the old masters, finding more of interest and benefit in their re-perusal than

in very modern productions. His special favorite was Washington Irving, whose writings he had read and reread till all the characters had acquired a peculiar reality. He went to see Washington Irving at Sunnyside once, and this visit ever remained as one of the most pleasant memories in his life. His ideal was shocked by the first sight of Irving, who resembled more a country esquire, given up to stock-raising, than a famous author; but he soon found the same spirit under the rough exterior that pervades Irving's works.

Cooke's life at the "Briars" was uniform, but not monotonous, and was charming in its simplicity. Ostensibly, his occupation was farming, but he knew little about such matters, and left it mostly to others; his chief sources of enjoyment were his dogs and horses, his books and study. He was an early riser, and went to work at six o'clock, often saying that two hours in the early morning were worth more than four later, for his mind was clearer and he could work with greater rapidity; but before commencing his work he took a cup of coffee and a roll. Breakfast was served at eight, and after taking a stroll over the farm to see that the "hands" were at work, he devoted the rest of the morning to gun or rod, finding plenty to vanquish in either case, roaming over a veritable hunter's paradise. The afternoons were spent with his books.

It is here we love most to see him,

seated in his arm-chair, the tobacco and pipe near by, at his elbow his favorite authors, on the table several magazines, and everything denoting it the room of an ardent lover of literature. Here he showed his true character, first lawyer, then warrior, and last, and best of all, a true *litterateur*, a creator as well as a lover of the beautiful. He had found his true occupation, that for which nature had destined him; he loved literature for its own sake, and not to appear learned. Indeed, he was so afraid of being thought pedantic that he never wrote letters true to his taste and character except to the most intimate friends; and when he did write one of these it was worthy of the attention of its receiver, abounding in wit and learning gathered from the quaint and curious volumes of ancient and modern literature, often containing pleasant Horatian satires on farming and a farmer's life. He was an example of the olden-time letter-writer, who, unfortunately, has disappeared.

He possessed to a great degree what is called personal magnetism, captivating one and all by his winsome smile. He was of medium well proportioned height, with dark complexion, and eyes that irresistibly attracted. Himself an adept in all the courtly graces he has described, he was indeed a type of the ideal Southern gentleman, and might well have been the prototype of *Mohun*, *Mordaunt*, or *Landon*.

In this way he lived till the sum-

mons came, and he was suddenly stricken down at the "Briars," September 27th, 1886. Some of his last works are *Dr. Van Dyke*, *Her Majesty the Queen*, *Canolles*, *Justin Hardy*, *Professor Pressensee*, *Mr. Grantley's Idea*, *My Lady Pokahontas*, and the *Maurice Mystery*. The works which give the best idea of his style and creative power are *Surry of Eagle's Nest* and *Mohun*. He once said to a friend, "In my novels I aim to paint the Virginian phase of American society—to do for the Old Dominion what Cooper has done for the Indians, Simms for the Revolutionary drama in South Carolina, Irving for the Dutch Knickerbockers, and Hawthorne for the weird Puritan life of New England."

If this was his aim, he had nothing to regret. He proved the first one to draw a life-like picture of the old-time gentleman, bringing to our elders remembrances of the pleasure and distinction of former days; and to us of a later generation a regret that it is not our fate to meet and have actual intercourse with such men as adorned the ancient country homes, who rivalled each other in the courtly grace of behavior and in the performance of the hospitable rites, meeting one and all with a pleasant smile, a winning demeanor, nor sparing any expense to entertain. In truth, he has succeeded in picturing them with a faithfulness that rivals Irving's quaint descriptions of Brom

Bones, Ichabod Crane, the long lank Dutchman and the short thick one, Ten Broeck and one-legged Peter Stuyvesant. Not a trait is wanting in the portrait of his ideal hero, who is as devoted in love as he is brave in war, as tender as he is heroic, and who is always hospitable and genial.

In Dr. Bagby's "Old Virginia Gentleman" there is a beautiful picture of the old gentleman, the old mansion, its rooms and stairs, the white skirts flitting here and there in the spring-time; but in the works of Cooke we have the characters so portrayed that they are for us living human beings. We see the young girl entertaining or wandering in the shady groves, and it is a pleasure to watch the two together, man and maid—on one side, manliness united with humility, love proclaimed and characterized by every action; on the other, all the arch coquetry concealing a soul tender, bright, merry, and loving, from the beautiful eyes to the tips of the tiny feet.

Perhaps his fame rests more on his portraits of historical characters, and what he says of these may be relied upon, for he wrote what he himself heard and witnessed, nor did he ever have to delve down into his imagination to find romantic incidents or heroic deeds; for the war abounded in such incidents of heroism and adventure, public and private, that Scott could have written another series of novels; it was full of so

many deeds of sacrifice and patriotism that they would have made hundreds of unknown and unhonored Balaklavas. He bore a soldier's part in the famous battles he has described; and what is more he lived with the soldiers, partook of their joys and sorrows, saw the death unwept, save by his comrades, of the private who fought, not for rank or gain, but battled in defence of a people, and who was nerved in every sinew by patriotism and love; and it is to this his intimate knowledge of "Lee's Miserables" that is owed so much of the interest in plot and story.

He describes the generals around camp-fires and in battle. Jackson praying or riding at the head of his "foot cavalry;" Stuart under the trees listening to the merry twang of Sweeney's banjo, laughing and singing, or we see him making one of his startling raids, cavalier-like always, reckless of danger ever, caring more for the excitement of a daring dash around the lines than all the honor of a well won battle.

Often our author mingles with the privates, nor loses anything by it, for, indeed, one of the most touching things in all literature is the scene in the horse-artillery: Pelham holding the form of little Jean, the rough Tigers sitting around with moist eyes and bated breath; and as the spirit passes away, the tears roll down Pelham's cheek and his voice is choked and husky as he bids a sad farewell

to one of his invincibles who, though so young, had the spirit of the Old Guard of Napoleon.

Cooke has the capacity for recognizing the picturesque, and often wanders from the beaten track of war to show a beautiful scene or describe a touching incident. Also he had a taste for the mysterious and uncanny, and attests this by ghostly meetings on dark nights at some house away from the road, lone and weird; but wherever his mood takes us, it is a pleasure to follow. To the Southerner the finishing of one of these war tales brings a tinge of sadness, perhaps regret, that history has made such an end necessary, fortitude and bravery deserves a better fate.

As to the merits of these works, it would of course be admiration degraded to folly to liken them to those of the great masters. He makes no attempt to describe any society except that of Virginia, and only one phase

of that—the aristocratic phase—his heroes being all blue-blooded, with a distinguished ancestry behind. The diction is pleasing but often florid. However, considering the theme, the heroes described, and the deeds related, we can but forgive a fault so natural and excusable. We cannot call him a master or an analyzer of human character and emotions, but we can call him a story-teller, telling a tale pleasantly and well. He does not pretend to create, but with living models around him, he records only what he has seen and heard.

And thus he lived and moved in the scenes he has pictured, among the companions he has described. As was said above, he lived a life harmonizing in every detail with the principles that ruled the conduct of a Virginia gentleman, living to see the old order supplanted by the new, and perhaps not for the better.

ROBERT BRUCE WHITE.

WAKE FOREST INSTITUTE—WAKE FOREST COLLEGE.

"And scenes long past, of joy and pain,
Come wildering o'er my aged brain."

Scott.

In response to a recent suggestion of Dr. C. E. Taylor, I purpose furnishing some "crumbs of reliable information," some "facts and incidents"—*Quorum pars fui*.

And now, as I open wide the chambers of memory, a bright and ever-shifting panorama of the varied past meets my gaze. As I pause in the ante-room of 1834-'5, then enter its sacred portals, I see before me young and merry faces in the glad spring-time of life. Distinct to my

view are: A. J. Askew, B. F. Atkins, O. H. Prince, M. M. Wise, J. L. Pritchard, C. Skinner, Wm. Jones, Jno. Watson, G. L. Wyche, and others. The last three were my classmates—two little boys, two grown men; three of the four have passed over the river as have all the others named above; and I know not that there are living any who were there during the first session (1834), save myself: I am left, the “last leaf on the tree.” With dimmed eyes I turn from the sad picture with the wish, if it be God’s will, we may all meet above.

I now copy from an autobiography written ten years since:

“In June, 1834, my father, Rev. James Delke, carried me from Murfreesboro, N. C., to Wake Forest, Wake County, N. C. Here opened up the first great trouble of my life. Hitherto, like other boys, I had suffered the petty annoyances and vexations incident to childhood (I was not yet thirteen), but these were short-lived, transient, compensated in some way, so as to leave no impression. But when I found myself far from home and mother and sisters, surrounded by unfamiliar faces and chilled by unsympathizing hearts, making a hasty but close calculation of what I had left and what was around me, I took my first practical lesson in Loss and Gain—to me, at that time, an unknown rule. I well remember the utter hopelessness and

crushing despair which, like a cloud, shut out the past, darkened the present, and enveloped the future, when, for the first time, I heard a class in Latin recite—I shall never forget it—the first chapter in Cæsar’s Commentaries. Imagine, if you can, the consternation of a wrecked and starving mariner cast on an unknown island assailed by a curious throng, his ears stunned and his senses bewildered by their incomprehensible jargon, and you will have a faint conception of my unutterable distress. Had the Latin been pronounced then as it is now, the last feather would have broken the camel’s back. As it was, giving way to hopeless despondency, I wept! I had wept before, but my home-tears were April showers that hurried lightly down my cheeks, barely wetting the surface; but these exile-tears, wrung from a bleeding heart, plowed like molten lava, scorching furrows as they lingered on their way. But I *lived, learned, was conquered*.

“The next day my father left me—left me alone, though in a crowd, the most insupportable of all loneliness. I, however, entered on my assigned labors with the determination to apply myself diligently, if not looking to the benefit to be derived therefrom, at least considering that I should have less time to count the imperceptible revolutions of the wheel of time.

“Boarding-houses have been and are still generally not only noted, but

some of them notorious, for feeding the mind more than the body, teaching

‘The young idea *how* to shoot,’

without furnishing the necessary pabulum for the growth of the muscles. And though we were not, like Smike and his companions in suffering, subjected to the tri-daily regimen of treacle, yet we were furnished at breakfast with a dish which we called Hodge-podge, similar, I suppose, in its ingredients and getting up, to Shakespeare’s Hodge pudding. At any rate, though highly flavored, it was not sweetly savored. I shall not recount the many pranks, both harmful and harmless, which, in common with school-boys, we perpetrated to our own amusement and to the annoyance of others; ‘Let the dead past bury its dead;’ yet they have often since then been repeated when I, in the role of teacher, have witnessed them with far different feelings from those that prompted their performance when I was an actor.

“In 1835, the last year of my stay at school, we were blessed with a wonderful outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and many young hearts were born unto the Lord. I was among the happy number (in my fourteenth year), and well do I remember the Bethel we constructed in the silent woods that so often resounded with our songs and prayers. I know not, God only knows, how many, then hopeful and happy, made shipwreck of their faith; but for myself, in the

years that followed, I had well nigh been a castaway.

“The most objectionable feature connected with this school was its manual labor department. Its sapient founders, putting their wise heads together, concluded that the physical needed culture, development, as well as the mental; and that a giant intellect might not be cramped in a dwarfed body, it was thought necessary that the two, mind and body, should move on *pari passu*, and thus secure what is so desirable, *mens sana in corpore sano*.

“Again, they argued that the scheme was desirable, as many would thus be enabled to obtain an education who otherwise would be barred from this privilege, not having the means to defray the necessary expenses of board and tuition. Some who were too poor to pay anything might be admitted as regular hands during the crop season, taking as remuneration such instruction as they could receive when not necessarily engaged in their labors. A few were enlisted as carpenters, blacksmiths, &c. The majority, called “field hands,” were called out daily (Sundays excepted), three hours *ante* sunset, and these laborers in the field of Ceres received for the sweat of their face the paltry sum of two and one-half to four cents per hour. If this be deemed poor pay, it was, like the preacher’s salary and preaching—poor work, too. A very little knowledge of arithmetic

will enable us to see how far this went toward diminishing the current expenses. I remember that Dr. N. B. Cobb (before he was a D. D.) told the Chowan Association that he had examined the books of the institution and found a credit against my name of \$3.62.

"In June, 1837, one year before Wake Forest Institute was incorporated as Wake Forest College, I matriculated in the Freshman class at Chapel Hill, N. C.; yet, though not at any time a student of Wake Forest College, at a meeting of the Alumni Association I was unanimously made an alumnus of Wake Forest College.

Twenty-five years after leaving Wake Forest, I came from a distant State to visit the scene of my mental and physical training. How changed! The Past lived only in memory, save a few scattered oaks now classic in history, under whose friendly shade I had so often refreshed my weary limbs, and to whose sympathizing leaves I had told the sorrows of my aching heart; and even these sorrows, deep as they were, have long since

been entombed with the fallen leaves! Oh, if these trees could find voices, what strange strains would they tell of the old long ago!

"The skill of the horticulturist has embellished the grounds which once resounded with our merry shouts by day, and which we stealthily bisected at night by a rail fence whose demolition and restoration to its proper place we cheerfully accomplished the next day for the pleasure afforded us in its secret construction.

"What is now called the Dormitory was not then begun. This, with the more recent structures, known as the Heck-Williams building, the Wingate Memorial Hall, and the Lea Laboratory, have supplanted the double-story plain building in which we learned the 'rudiments'—and *rud* they were, but *meant* well. The town at present occupies, in part, the ground where we took our first, and some of us our last, lessons in husbandry."

This is not the end, but I will make it so.

J. A. DELKE.

PAGES FROM THE PAST.

Below the everlasting snows of the Sierras, whose towering peaks provide a shelter from the northern blasts, lies the Eden of the world.

Here, beneath the balmy heavens of this most beautiful of all the lands of romance, where nature gives its choicest gems to that which art can beautify no more, once stood the mosques and minarets of the Granada of the Moors. Here, in days long gone, occurred the opening and the closing scenes in the grand drama of Saracenic conquest and Ottoman ambition.

Unequalled in the annals of the past, unrivalled in the boundless realms of fiction, the advent of its era marks a crisis in the records of the world, when Western freedom bowed a suppliant at the shrine of Eastern despotism, and the rising splendor of Mohammed's crescent outshone the paling glory of the cross of Christ. Distinguished as the one redeeming feature of an otherwise inactive age, the record of that race of men, who lived and died in almost solitary grandeur, whose existence spanned the gulf between the ancient and the modern, whose civilization linked in twain the Orient and the Occident, flits with meteoric splendor across the starry vault of time, and illumines with a weird fantastic glory the forgotten pages of the past.

Nowhere in the misty realms of days long gone will we find a more exalted type of chivalrous glory; nowhere in the unseen records of the generations yet to come will we meet a more imposing exhibition of sublime grandeur; and if from the hidden memories of long ago we draw the veil of time, if from the shadowy by-gone ages we remove oblivion's shroud, we shall find beneath the dust of centuries the relics of a glory long forgotten, the ruins of a grandeur which Rome itself could not surpass; we shall bow before the shrine of unrestrained ambition; we shall weep above the sepulchre of one of the noblest types of man—of a strange, peculiar people.

Seven hundred years after the Star of Bethlehem filled with wondering awe the simple shepherds on the Judean hills, the crescent of the Moslem rose above the dying embers of an ancient superstition, and, with promise of the grander things to come, began its wondrous course.

Gifted with the insight and penetration of a god, endowed with the fortitude and resolution of a hero, Mohammed lived and taught, and, as the years rolled by, was numbered with the dead. But what a few short years had done, centuries could not undo; and though his shining life was hidden in the silent tomb, its

influence, its memory, the grave of time could not destroy. Rising from the hallowed ashes in the sacred tomb at Mecca, Mohammed's followers raised aloft the standard of their prophet, and, obedient to no archon save him alone on whom the mantle of their founder had fallen, with the courage of a martyr and a ferocity begotten of fanaticism, began alone, unaided, the conquest of the world. The setting glory of Rome's eastern empire bowed before the rising splendor of the Saracens' increasing power. City after city fell before their conquering march. Empire after empire yielded up the flower of its realm to the insatiate monster of Oriental despotism.

Like an overwhelming deluge the tide of Islam conquest burst the flood-gates of Gibraltar, and poured in deadly torrent on the smiling plains of southern Europe. "Bowling," like Napoleon, "at no shrine except ambition, acknowledging no criterion but success," the Moslem leaders burst the pale of Christendom, and placed the banner of their prophet on the sunny hills of Spain.

On the fertile soil of this most favored realm they reared a mighty structure, which, though unknown to fame, the "glory that was Greece" could not exceed, nor the "grandeur that was Rome" surpass.

Bathed in the mellowed glory of a tropic sun, cooled by the gentle zephyrs of a southern clime, the lofty

turrets of the city of the Saracen once rose from the rounded hills of Spain, rivalling in their beauty the far-famed glory of an ancient Babylon. Here once lived and died a long-forgotten race, a people on whose doubtful course hung the destiny of unborn ages, and the fate of generations yet to come—a nation whose virtues were many, whose one fault was ambition.

Worshipped with a love almost divine, cherished with a fondness almost maternal, the city of the Moors formed the idol of the Moslem's heart. Sparkling in the brilliant sunshine, to his exulting vision its thousand domes and spires formed the impersonation of grandeur; wrapped in the moonbeam's lambent glory, it seemed to his enraptured gaze the incarnation of loveliness. The influence of departing ages, which left their impress on the growing beauty of its capital, gave to Moorish civilization a culture and a polish which age alone can bring. Separated by the natural bars of situation from communion with their kindred, removed by the barriers of time from their heritage of Eastern barbarism, the "Ottoman empire of the West" possessed a civilization far exceeding in refinement the European nations by whom they were surrounded. Beneath Granada's sunny skies flourished all the youth and beauty of that most favored realm. Within its massive walls Mars and Venus reigned supreme, and from a combination of

the two came the chivalry of Europe, which, though altered by the changing fortunes of departing years, yet took its rise upon the smiling hills of Spain, and found its first disciples in the ardent natures of the noble Moors.

Unexcelled in manly valor, unsurpassed in gentle courtesy, this peculiar people stand unrivalled in the war-like deeds of that most war-like age. Superior in culture to the Oriental nations whence they came, excelling in refinement the peoples of the West by whom they were surrounded, the Moorish race marked an oasis in the desert of the world's semi-barbarism, and formed the heroes of the century in which they lived. All the minions of the Lord of Arragon, all the flower of the Castilian chivalry, could not have marred the mighty structure of Saracenic glory. But, though invincible to foreign foes, the Moslem empire proved its own worst enemy; though unshaken by the blasts of war, the worm of civil discord had settled at its roots; and at the climax of its splendor, at the zenith of its power, this modern Babylon saw the handwriting on the wall, the still small voice of fate had spoken, and the city of the Moors was doomed.

Temples, domes, and fallen ruins, graven stones and sculptured marble, rise up to witness the departed greatness of the Saracen. But, though the memory of Greece is wrapped in fame's eternal mantle, though glory weeps above the tomb of ancient

Rome, the splendor of this Moslem realm is remembered only in its plaintive Moorish ballads, or the dusty page of history long forgotten.

Above the smiling hills of Spain yet rise Alhambra's crumbling ruins; remaining remnant of a mighty race, it stands unconquered by the ravages of time, a lasting monument on the sepulchre of Ottoman supremacy. Its silent walls still echo with the tread of spectral pageants, and the weird and ghostly memories of by-gone days yet hover o'er its hallowed portals. Beneath its massive walls the Xenil's silver stream still pursues its silent journey towards an ocean home. Alone, unruffled by the iron hand of age, calm and unmoved, it mourns the requiem of Granada's faded grandeur, as when in days long gone it crooned the lullaby of childhood's hour, or sang the pæan of an unrestrained ambition. But where the Moorish cavalier once placed his lance in rest, where the troubadour once tuned his lyre, now rise the thistle and the thorn. Where stood Boabdil's throne, where rose the sounds of revelry, now the solitary spider weaves his lonely web. Buried in Lethean slumber, Alhambra's grand, majestic towers sleep the sleep that knows no waking, and every zephyr which sighs its melody around its desolate battlements murmurs an eternal siesta.

The straggling Bedouin still wanders o'er the silent wastes of his paternal desert, or reins his Arab steed

across Sahara's sands; but to him fate has bequeathed no legacy save the heritage of by-gone days, save the everlasting records of the past, which time itself cannot efface. To this modern scion of a noble race there remains but the brief span of a few short years before his name shall die forever, and his memory be no more. In every wave that beats with hollow moan the lasting barriers of his rock-bound coast, he hears the mournful dirge of the departed glory of his people.

Every night-wind which strikes with dismal sound its sombre elegy on the harpstrings of the lofty palms, weeps the sad, the solemn requiem of

the forgotten grandeur of his race. Before him there remains no future; around him there exists no present; but from the dim time-honored vistas of the long-forgotten past, from the weird and shadowy borders of the realms of long ago, memory has raised the dusty veil of time; phantasy has unlocked the portals to the mausoleum of the ages, and allowed his fading vision to unloose the treasures of the past, to steal away from rude reality, and on the soaring wings of fancy to contemplate a glory which time cannot replace, a grandeur which the world cannot restore.

W. W.

ERIN'S PATRIOTIC SON.

Freemen have ever delighted to pay due reverence and merited honor to the memories of those who have fallen in defence of freedom's cause and in behalf of the eternal principles of justice, truth, and right. We, as Americans, pay homage at Liberty's shrine. We cherish as a sacred inheritance the memory of those who in the darkest days of our country's history donned their soldier trappings, and in cruel war's embattled lines, where shot fell thick and fast, fought for our liberty and gained our independence. The names of Washington, Lee, and Jackson, together with

hosts of others no less noble, have come to be household words in our sunny Southland. Marble shafts are reared to perpetuate their memory. Memorial days are set apart when our orators recite their deeds and our fair ladies strew the sweetest flowers of Spring over the graves of our soldier boys, thus paying a fit tribute to noble men for brave acts and worthy deeds.

Thus it is in every land, among every people, where liberty is held dear or freedom is prized. Yes, every people keeps sacred the names of its heroes, and doubly dear the memory of those who, as martyrs to liberty's

cause, have shed their life's blood to free the land that gave them birth..

While the freemen of other lands delight to honor their country's worthies, Ireland, though down-trodden and oppressed under the cruel tyrant's heel, and chafing under her galling yoke, has had a patriot worthy of a nation's praise—one whom the admirers of eloquence, self-sacrifice, bravery and true patriotism will always reverence and respect. It is of Robert Emmet, Erin's martyr son, that we speak.

Our hero was born in the city of Dublin in the year 1782. His ancestors were a high-toned, honorable people, and in their veins flowed the purest blood of the Irish nobility. Dr. Emmet, his father, was for many years state physician, while Robert was one of three brothers, all of whom were devoted to liberty's cause. The eldest of these, Temple Emmet, after graduating at the University with highest honors, entered the profession of law, and at an early age attained to the highest rank in his chosen profession. His second brother, Thomas Addis Emmet, like Robert, was a strong advocate of reform in Irish affairs, and a life-long devotee to liberty's cause. After four years of cruel imprisonment, under the grave charge of having taken the United Irishman's oath, he left his native land and came to America. Here he applied himself to law, and was for many years a prominent member of the New York

Bar, practicing with distinguished success. By his manly virtues, his noble bearing, and his commanding talent, he ingratiated himself into the favor of all who knew him.

Robert, the martyr to the cause of Irish freedom, was the youngest of the three, but was no less talented than the other two. His early surroundings, his home training, and school life, were such as to leave a lasting impression upon the plastic mind of the youth concerning the despotic government and the misrule of his native island. Here those principles of hatred and detestation for tyranny and injustice were instilled into his mind which were to characterize his whole life; principles which were to grow with the flight of years, and which reached their full maturity when, with coming manhood's vigor, they nerved him to make one great attempt to establish Irish freedom.

At the early age of sixteen he entered Trinity College, where, by close, careful, painstaking application, he won honor and distinction for his attainments in mathematical knowledge and classical lore. Here he began to show decided indications of the course he was to pursue in future years.

The suspicions of Lord Chancellor Clare were excited by the free expression of his sentiments in regard to English influence on Irish affairs. Ere long he is expelled from college for denouncing the English form of

government and advocating a republic instead.

Such was Emmet's ancestry, such the royalty of his family, such were his boyhood days and his college career. Amid such surroundings as these his early years were spent, until the time came when he should go forth as a leader of men to labor for, and, if need be, die for his country, if by the sacrifice she might be delivered from the fetters that bound her.

Because of the bold and active part he had taken in the rebellion of 1798, he must leave Ireland for his own safety. He takes refuge in France. Though in exile, he never once lost sight of his much cherished purpose, but instead, during all of this time, he carried on an active correspondence, which led to the organization of another revolution—a revolution which was to decide his fate, whether he should live in history as the liberator of his country, or be left powerless in the hands of his enemies. The causes which led to these continuous revolutions I need not narrate. The cruel laws which deprived Irish Catholics of every right as free-men are already too well known. That “the domestic spoliation of the Catholics was the part of the Irish Protestants, and that the spoliation of the Irish nation was the part of England,” has long been an established fact. Emmet became the leader of this new uprising of his people. Although he did not live to behold the triumph of

the cause he had so ardently espoused, yet “he saw, or thought he saw, all the materials for a successful struggle for freedom in the internal resources of Ireland.”

Returning to Dublin secretly, and passing under an assumed name, he was busily engaged in developing his plans for the intended revolution. He was gladly welcomed back by many of his countrymen, and in words of burning eloquence he laid before them his plans, and informed them of his sanguine hopes. “Tyranny,” he said, “was expelled from Rome by the rebellion of her people; and Switzerland and Netherlands are memorials of successful revolts.” He pointed his countrymen to thirteen American Colonies fighting for their independence; and in their triumph, in their liberty, in their free country and republican institutions, he showed to them an earnest of what might be their own lot if success should only lend her smiles to the undertaking. From his glowing zeal the heat radiated, and his countrymen were encouraged to make the risk. To the undertaking he gave his legacy and ventured his life.

After months devoted to careful and thorough preparation, the fatal day came. On the evening of the 23d of June, 1803, the forces were to assemble to make the attack upon the Castle in Dublin. But, alas for those who trust too much to weak, fickle, human nature. Instead of

having a force of thousands at his command, on the evening of the eventful occasion he could muster but a few hundred. Although grim failure stared him in the face, yet to retreat was impossible. The attack must be made. His forces were routed and driven from the field. His hopes were blighted, and his long-cherished plan and his bold attempt in liberty's cause must fail. Emmet escaped to the fastnesses of Wicklow mountains, and, by means of fishing vessels, might easily have made his escape. But while patriotism was burning in his bosom, another passion had its seat there—a passion which will not down at human bidding. Against the entreaties of friends, he attempts to pay a last sad visit to Miss Curran, his lady-love, his betrothed. He was captured and lodged in prison to await his trial. He was tried by a special commission, and was adjudged guilty of death. It was in this trial that he delivered that famous speech in his own defence which has justly been considered a masterpiece of eloquence, and which will tell to generations yet unborn of Erin's noble son, and will cause many a heart to wax warm in behalf of his country, for which he so faithfully lived, in whose defence he did not fear to die. So eager were his enemies for the blood of their victim that the execution could not be long delayed. On the first day of September, 1803, deserted and alone, after

being exposed to the calumny and ignominious penalty of felons, from the executioner's scaffold the brave, pure soul of Robert Emmet winged its eternal flight.

He unflinchingly offered up his life upon the common altar of his country for principles which to him were dearer than life, and for which he was proud to die. "Surely, never was a dawn more splendid overcast, or a fairer spring blighted in its promise."

Of his character, another has said that "he was moulded in nature's happiest form for his destined service. He possessed the the physical qualities necessary for an accomplished speaker; with high intellect to master and employ knowledge—with imaginations and feelings to sway the passions and command the hearts—with power of incessant labor to collect, discipline, and perfect the valued materials of a revolutionary measure—he was eminently calculated for the task which he had undertaken. And had success depended upon the worth and the virtues of one man, Emmet would now have been hailed as the liberator of his country." But he has been charged with ambition. That he was ambitious it is true, but his ambition was to see his country free. Liberty was his goddess, and he worshipped her with a zeal never excelled, and accomplished that which no other man dared to undertake. There was sincerity in every word he uttered,

patriotism was the ruling passion in every measure, while a deep love for humanity breathed through all.

"He lived for his love, for his country he died, They were all that to life had entwined him."

It is to be hoped that this pure, unselfish life has not been in vain, but that Irishmen, imitating his example, and aroused to action in a cause so inspiring and by a sacrifice so noble, will yet rise in their might and free their native land. We

believe that instead of an uninscribed tomb, a massive marble shaft shall one day mark his grave, inscribed by a freeman's hand, and not that of a slave, while the more fitting monument to his memory will be found in the liberty of his country and in the onward progress of his people, and enshrined in the hearts of the Irish nation the name of Robert Emmet shall live for ever.

E. S. REAVES.

EDITORIAL.

THE NEW FEUDALISM.

The result of the great War of Secession was the freedom of a large number of negroes from a state of mild bondage; but the struggle for the freedom of the negro witnessed the origin of other forces which, if not soon checked by some very potent remedial agencies, will result in the enslavement of the great majority of the citizens of our country—an enslavement of all the energies of our people—the bondage of body, mind, and soul. The civil war saw the birthday of the new feudalism: during the contest the foundations of the fortunes of the greater part of our millionaires was laid. The hawks, ever ready to snatch their prey from the field of carnage, were always eager to render among themselves the spoils of the conquests of the Union armies. The laws enacted at that period made it possible for those once in possession of a small amount, and that invested in mining or manufacturing, to increase their wealth at a prodigious rate. In 1861, there were only two millionaires in the United States; now there are thousands, many of them worth more than one hundred millions. The acquirement of large fortunes seems to be the sole object of the life of many; the billionaire may be reasonably looked for

within fifty years if there is no change in the laws which are so strongly opposed to the interest of the poor. We are rapidly differentiating into the very rich and the very poor. Every dollar of the wealth of the great millionaire represents so much labor; it represents the labor of those whom his own machinations or the workings of discriminating laws have made his bondsmen. The laws have made it possible for him to take to himself the shares which rightly belong to others, to crush out weak but honest competition, and to make of his less wealthy competitor an agent for the advancement of his own interests.

It is no longer the day of small enterprises; the small establishment must succumb to the powerful opposition of the large and wealthy one. The day of the small merchant is rapidly passing away; this is so, even here in the South, where there is so strong a spirit of conservatism. The small dealer is now only an agent for the prince-like merchant; he is bound to his more wealthy brother by the strong bonds of dependence; "trusts" have either crushed out weak opponents, or made them subservient to their interests. The small manufacturer is merely a foreman, and is no longer an independent factor in the business of the country.

One feature of this new feudalism which, perhaps, recommends it to many, is the fact that it has been financially beneficial to the purchaser and consumer. The Standard Oil Trust is now practically without opposition, but it has cheapened the price of oil more than one-half. Sugar has become cheaper since the combination of the refiners, and thus it has been with other articles of general consumption, the control of which has passed into the hands of trusts and combines. The large manufacturer, having better facilities than the small, can make an article at less cost, but we should remember that, were it not for legislation which makes possible combinations, the price of every article of general use would be much less.

The monopolist, the proprietor of the large concern, has immense power. Thousands are dependent upon him, their number being limited only by his millions; his serfs are tied to him by no oath of allegiance, but their dependence upon him and connection with him are none the less strong than if they were so. The bond of union is life itself. The mercantile prince of to-day cannot, by his heralds, summon his serfs around him as he marches to battle; but they are so obedient to his will that they obey him at the distance of a thousand miles.

Is not so great power in the hands of a few a menace to the freedom of

the individual and the welfare of the country? It must be so; such is the lesson of history, which likewise shows that no people have ever emerged from such a depth of feudalism except through torrents of blood. Will it be so with us? A writer in the January *Forum* says that it will not, because the remedial agency will be supplied by the repeal of the present tariff laws, which make the acquirement of such large fortunes, and so a state of feudalism, possible. Edward Bellamy, in *Looking Backward*, taking also an optimistic view, says that the lessons taught by trusts and combines will result in socialistic nationalism. If such should be the case, it will be contrary to past experience. But unless there is a radical change in human nature nationalism can never be realized, so we hesitate to believe that such will be the result. Either those laws which now so powerfully aid the rich and oppress the poor must be repealed, or the great body of the people will become the dependents and bondsmen of the few lordly millionaires. In this condition of serfdom they will not long remain; it is contrary to the spirit of Anglo-Saxon freedom. Americans will not long endure such a vile servitude, and when they rise to shake off their chains, those who have riveted them may beware; the wrongs of many years will be avenged in an hour, and the liberty-loving citizens will resume their normal condition of free and independent men. R. L. PASCHAL.

CAPITAL—GRUMBLERS.

There is a disposition among some of our people, but more especially among certain politicians who are fishing for popular favor, to indulge in indiscriminate tirade upon capital. The rapid accumulation of wealth and its increasing power has hardly escaped any thinking mind. Yet whatever its power elsewhere, whether in business or in politics, its dangerous centralizing tendency has not been seen in our own State, and it little becomes men to vociferate without reason, or to indulge in wildly gesticulating and gratuitous buncombe.

The pateless editor of a weekly, or *weakly*, patent outside, nothing inside, newspaper can decide all questions both great and small for the rest of the world, then sit down perfectly composed after delivering himself *free gratis* of half the world's wisdom.

Did you ever notice how easy it is for a crowd of boobies to decide all questions of church and state with absolute certainty and dismiss them perfectly satisfied with their decision, while old philosophers and statesmen, in the study of the same questions, burn the light of their lives out till the wick is consumed, and leave them still undecided? This you see is hard on the philosophers. The loafer at the cross-roads, nowadays, can settle all public questions, and, for that matter, private questions too,

for his knowledge is practically unlimited (in his own estimation). He can give instructions to Zeb. Vance on the most momentous questions, to which the old Senator has given a life-time of study. He shakes the gourd that grows immediately under his hat, and Cleveland is out of the race for President, because he expressed himself like a man on the silver question; he knows *all* about the silver question, that's settled—he has settled it. He impeaches the President, sums up the mistakes of Congress, blusters about the blunders of the Legislature, and yet he himself, with all his accumulated wisdom, is contented to do nothing save inform a generous public whose business brings them to the cross-roads—*generous*, we say, because they suffer themselves to be tormented with such astounding conceit and still be polite. As for us, to save our politeness, we have business elsewhere; but for all that we cannot help saying to ourselves, "Tut! your wisdom die with you!"

His favorite theme, however, is "capital and labor," the "battle for bread." Yet in this battle he has not so much as entered the skirmish lines, nor lifted a burden with the tip of his finger. Still, with his characteristic presumption, he puts himself with the "laboring class," a term which he is never tired of using. The dude belongs to this class, but having no sense to speak of

talks less. Would that the poor knew more of how the rich toiled day and night, and that the rich knew how *some* of the poor toiled and lived, but as for our wise friend of the cross-roads let us leave him alone, while we pity his wife, who patches his breeches and makes him a living. Bye and bye she'll be sick, and die early, but the doctors will say it's consumption. Consumption it *is*—a fair, happy life *consumed* and destroyed in supporting a wretch and a heathen. A heathen! A "worse than a heathen," who is seen too often in this land which we boast of and live in, where our daughters are fair and are wooed and are wedded.

Laziness is a crime which God punishes with poverty. This grumbling because we don't own the world when we haven't worked for it is an abomination. We might remind ourselves that *every* dollar of the millionaire's wealth does not represent the labor of his operatives. He himself labors with his own hands and his brains, and by the friction of business they are brought to such a heat that they are fused, are *wrought* into gold. We perfectly agree with our friend and brother editor in his able editorial on "The New Feudalism," when he says that the laws which now so powerfully aid the rich and oppress the poor must be repealed; but these laws, so often referred to in the most indefinite way by those who

could not point out one if they tried, are largely the creations of the imagination. Do not understand us to say that they do not exist, but that their influence is vastly overestimated. After all, human laws have less to do with fixing our place in the world than the laws that exist in the nature of things, engraved on the ages, ensconced in the clefts of eternity. In the "Game of Life" we are largely our own creators. We never rise higher than our own aspiration. We make the moulds that shape us—

"In battle or business, whatever the game,
In law or in love, it is ever the same;
In the struggle for power, or the scramble
for pelf,
Let this be your motto: *Rely on yourself!*
For whether the prize be a ribbon or
throne,
The victor is he who can 'go it alone.'"

There is a class who think the world owes them a living, do what they may. They've never put the world in their debt. They've done nothing. They are poor and they are mad; they ought to be poor and die poor. If "it is sweet and honorable to die for one's country," knowing that when they die it will be for their country's good, we wish them good luck in dying for theirs. They may have all the pleasure they can get out of it.

The miser represents another class of grumblers. He grumbles because he cannot get labor for nothing. He grasps his gold and will not convert it into capital. One wants a living without labor; the other

wants labor without giving to the laborer his living. Neither wish to render a fair equivalent, and both are pests of society, enemies to themselves and to others.

But capital and labor are friends; they are wedded, and "what God hath joined together let not man put asunder." As one stands on the seashore and hears the roar of retreating waves borne seaward, and sees here and there old ocean's stranded wrecks that tell their mournful story, just so he sees the waves of capital also leave here and there a stranded wreck to tell its tale. But while he looks upon the wrecks he does not curse the sea nor the storm. The waves are as beautiful as ever and the voice of the "sounding sea" is still divine. Were there no sea its bosom would never have been whitened with sails. Were there no capital there would be no resources for labor. Then all that is needed is the proper adjustment of these two mutual friends that are equally dependent on each other. Every necessary business in the world, from the man who digs in the ground to the man who sits on the throne, is mutually interlinked and dependent. Much foolishness has been declaimed about the farmer of late. Farming is no more worthy than other work, though it is as worthy. It gathers fruit right out of God's hands, breathes the fresh air, and hears the birds sing. He who says "*even to farming,*"

ought to be scalped on the spot. To plow is as noble as to preach or to be king. Yet all this should not lead to the conceit that the farmer is independent, that he feeds the world and clothes it, and that all others depend upon *him*. The truth is, he is *also* dependent; and he doesn't feed the world, either. He simply welds the first link in the chain; then the miller, the trader, the transporter, the baker, add link to link until the chain is completed. Nor does he clothe the world. The raising of wool and of cotton is only the beginning of a long series of production which must be passed through before the clothing is finished. Isn't the last link in the chain just as important as the first? The sawyer had as well say he makes all the furniture and builds all the houses, because he saws the lumber; or the paint-maker, that he paints all the pictures; or the quarry slave, that he is a carver of statues, as for the farmer to say, "I feed you and clothe you." The farmer who is starting in life with a sweet little woman to cook for him, sometimes caresses himself into believing that *he* is making the money and *he* is feeding the family, when the fact is, he simply picks up the burden of creation where God lays it down, and brings it to the woman to make perfect. So, the manufacturer and others take up the farmer's work where he leaves off, and carries it on to completion.

But, perhaps, this is wandering

from the question. Each occupation, and every department of each, should regard all the others as interdependent parts, with themselves, of an intricate whole, that by each working into the hands of the others the whole machine may work smoothly and productively with the least possible wear and tear and loss of labor. So, let us see at once that the spirit which would put one occupation at daggers' ends to another, or would stir up antagonism between labor and capital, or hard feelings between one class and another, is the spirit of anarchy, and will eventually throw a shadow across the track on which the headlight of progress flashes. Wherever there is need of adjustment, let us have little legislation where little legislation is sufficient; but much and strong legislation where much and strong legislation is needed.

In one of Addison's most charming letters he tells of a dream: he saw a vast plain covered with an innumerable multitude of people. In the midst of the plain there stood a mountain with its head above the clouds. Suddenly was heard from the top of it trumpet sounds, but so exceedingly sweet that they filled the hearts of those who heard with raptures, and gave such high and delightful sensations as seemed to animate and raise human nature above itself. And so, he says, he was very much amazed to find so few in that vast throng whose ears were fine enough to hear or relish

the music. But his wonder abated when, on looking around, he saw three sirens, dressed like goddesses, to which the most were attentive. Their names, he tells us, were Sloth, Ignorance and Pleasure. Do not these same sirens sometimes lure us of the South to repose and to pleasure when we might climb into crowns? Do we not slight capital, sometimes, when labor might make it productive? Do we not neglect the education of our youth, while these sirens transform us into beasts? As Ruskin says, "Toil is the law; pleasure comes through toil and not through self-indulgence." So, let us toil and climb mountainward toward the music,

"And scatter like the circling sun,
Our charities on all."

J. L. K.

THE CAROLINA CORSAIR.

The first years of the last century were familiar with desperate deeds of many bold corsairs who boldly roamed the ocean wild and wide. Among them there was no name which won greater renown than Edward Teach, the bold buccaneer of the Carolinas. It must be remembered that in those days all high-seas were infested with these robbers. But few efforts had been made to exterminate them; and frequently they were sent out with letters of marque and reprisal to prey upon the commerce of the seas. Teach won his *nom du guerre* of Blackbeard from his long, flowing

beard, raven-black, which he always wore in long plaits when about to engage in some desperate encounter, or to perform one of his diabolical deeds. Tradition tells us that he was a noble specimen of physical manhood; his eye was dark and penetrating; his courage dauntless; his will indomitable; his strength gigantic.

Among those islands that nestle on the bosom of the Atlantic just where the waters of the gulf and the ocean become mingled, is the beautiful island of New Brunswick. It is a perfect Monte Carlo in beauty. Nature most lavishly has bestowed upon her the richest gifts from her bountiful store. The sea breeze continually fans its coast. The cocoa and all tropical plants and fruits grow luxuriantly. This beautiful island was made a gift by the English government to the Lords Proprietors of the Carolinas. They improved the island, and placed it under wonderful culture, till it became a perfect Garden of Hesperides, whose golden beauties were the pride of the English coast.

In Europe the peace of Utrecht agreed that all nations should combine to destroy piracy.

One bright morning the peaceful and quiet citizens of New Brunswick were amazed to see a vessel entering their port with that bloody ensign, cross-bones and skull and a black flag.

It proved to be the fleet of Blackbeard, which needed some place of rendezvous from which he might leap

down on passing vessels and take them for his prey. They took possession of the place without asking permission, and this was the place of their many revelries; here transpired many of their blood-curdling deeds; here was the scene of midnight orgies. He knew the sea well. He had once been in the service of the government. He had made ventures in the trade with Jamaica and failed, and then turned to piracy to replenish his depleted exchequer. He captured a vessel and called it *Queen Anne Rena*. It was one of the best armed vessels that roamed the sea; and brave must be the sailors and wise must be the captain who withstood his bold attacks. The hope of spoils had brought to his aid many wild and desperate adventurers. With these he formed and disciplined a most formidable crew, who reddened the fields of ocean with their blood.

The deeds of this man are evidence of a nature strong, desperate, daring, and cruel. When the King offered pardon to all pirates who would surrender within a certain time and quit their nefarious business, he sailed up the Cape Fear river and surrendered to Governor Eden, and sought protection under that proclamation.

His followers dispersed and became quiet and peaceful citizens. He settled down on a rich plantation, bought by his ill-gotten gains. But his nature was not such as to be contented with the more peaceful avocations of

life. To him there was something of pride in the perilous hour, whatever be the shape in which death might lower. He soon fitted him up a ship and preyed upon the farmers who lived along the banks of Cape Fear and Chowan.

With his crew of desperate renegades he anchored in the harbor of Charleston once and demanded of the mayor a box of medicine, which demand was promptly acceded to. His men walked the streets of that city with impunity. The strong arm of the law was powerless. One of his lieutenants, Bonnet, a most desperate man, in after years essayed the same feat, when the indignant people fitted out a vessel under command of the gallant Captain Rollinson, who captured the desperate Bonnet after a hard fight and hung him at once.

To illustrate the baseness of Teach's character, when he sought the benefit of the King's proclamation, thinking his crew too large, he sailed to an island, told them to go ashore for water, and then he deliberately sailed away, leaving them there to die of starvation. Baseness is always served by baseness.

Finally, the people of Eastern North Carolina became so oppressed that they asked the aid of Governor Spotswood, of Virginia, in capturing the pirate. They had waited for their own Governor, Eden, to stay his course, but he would not, and subsequent disclosures show that he probably

received a reward for his inactivity. Tobias Knight, Associate Justice, was thought to have been implicated. Thus it was, the Governor and State Judge so far departed from the course of true statesmanship as to favor these impious acts.

Spotswood sent Lieutenant Maynard to capture the bold corsair. He found him in the Pamlico river, and attempted to run the pirate down, but his vessel was stranded. The bold pirate then turned and swept the decks of Maynard's vessel, and it seemed as if one more victory would crown the brow of the desperado, when Maynard resorted to a stratagem. He ordered all his men to go below. The pirate, thinking no one was on the vessel save dead men, called for men to board the vessel with him. As he and his desperate men crowded on the deck Maynard ordered his men up, and they met the enemy in the iron grasp of death. Maynard and Teach met in hand to hand conflict. After discharging their pistols, the bold rover of the seas bore down upon him with his mighty cutlass, when Maynard thrust him through with his sword.

Thus fell a man whose prowess and valor were worthy of a nobler cause; in the battles of freedom his deeds would be immortal, his name lisp'd on the tongue of millions.

During his stay on land he won the affection of a planter's beautiful daughter who was charmed by his

adventures, and married her—his thirteenth wife. She followed him over the sea and partook of his reckless, daring nature, but was finally the means of his capture.

We are thankful that the days of the wild corsairs are past, and that a life on the ocean wave is robbed of one of its terrors.

The islands where these mercenary robbers once found safe retreats are replete with legends of their deeds, and tales of money and buried valuables. "The Burning Ship" and other legends will some day be woven into charming stories, and other generations will read them with as much interest as the deeds of the heroes of old.

E. W. S.

A DREAM OF INDEPENDENCE.

It is now time for the Senior to build his air-castle, to think of the time when he will begin to struggle with the world.

Already he sees the diploma, sees his name with some letters attached, and indeed it seems so sure that he begins to put on the airs of an old graduate; he thinks himself entitled to a seat at the Alumni banquet. When he first came to College, a graduate seemed something to be admired at a distance, a man of wisdom immeasurable; now he seems to him a very ordinary mortal with only a moderate share of brains; the Senior concerned will be a Saul among the prophets.

He is a curious animal, made up of incongruous parts, which life and its struggles have not yet brought to order—part false prophet and part true; part pessimist and part optimist.

He predicts for others an ordinary career (probably truly); for himself the conjunctions of stars and planets predict only good fortune; his mind cannot conceive of his worth being unrecognized, his merit unrewarded; he looks at the world as a pleasant habitation, made expressly for him, and peopled with beings like him only in form, to whom he speaks and they are honored; he condemns and they have no right to murmur; he praises and they adore.

Its legislative halls are for his voice alone; the words he utters will "go sounding down the ages; the corridors of time will echo and re-echo to his footsteps, the temple of fame will sound his praises, his statue will deck every city, and his deeds and acts will be the wonderful stories of history."

This is his favorite way of speaking, yet he has sense enough not to talk in this style to a brother Senior, but gets an humble "prep." in a corner and there belabors him with high-sounding metaphors and bombast as to his future career, to which poor "Freshy" can only nod assent in wondrous awe of the hero before him. Then he writes home and casually mentions the fact that Mr. Blank paid him some high compli-

ments, and furthermore that Mr. Blank is one of the most sensible boys in College.

Now he has the assurance to criticise the Faculty and Trustees. The management of the College does not please him, and he airs his views on it till, contrary to the law of nature, they become positively offensive. He has special talent for reminiscences, personal usually, or never getting further off than cousin, which degree of kinship he emphasizes. He delights in telling of the work he has to do, the recitations he has, and if anything is said of any study he gives a history of the class he was in, what the Professor did and said, and how he used to fool him.

After hearing this for the tenth time it naturally gets monotonous, and one vainly desires to label him the only patent bore, a genuine disseminator of dry and useless information, press the button and get anything you want.

But it was with reference to his dreams and aspirations that the above title was taken, and coming down to a more serious vein we will try to show what they are, and how they turn out. He has a great many ideas as to things of all kinds; he has his theory of love, his explanation for any occurrence, and, above all, he has cheek—a supreme confidence in himself that is simply wonderful, a thing to be avoided.

This time is like teething, it must come. He walks with his head in the clouds, communes with unseen spirits, and builds air castles.

Taking for an example the prospective lawyer, he begins by deciding where he will study law, for a month discusses the advantages of every State for a field, and finally leaves it undecided. Naturally, he jumps into Congress; his maiden speech electrifies everybody, and he becomes famous; next year he is chosen speaker, and then it is but a step into the Senate, and he keeps stepping till he steps on nothing, and finds himself only a Senior with several examinations between him and his degree. He composes part of his inaugural address, makes several stump speeches to the rocks and trees around College, a kind Providence preventing him from making them elsewhere.

His speech at Commencement is an intricate mixture of abstruse ideas and sophomorical eloquence, and he sits down with the consciousness of having at least mystified his audience, if not entranced.

In the summer he attempts to read law, but concludes that it is his due to rest after four years of work. Later on, either of two things happens: he entirely gives up law and teaches a free school, or possibly he perseveres, is admitted to the Bar, and after some

years is elected town commissioner. We can safely leave him there, since he is apt to stay.

In other professions the same general course is run, with nearly the same conclusion.

It is a pity that we cannot prevent the existence of all Seniors by making them graduate a year earlier.

R. B. W

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

G. W. PASCHAL, *Editor pro tem.*

The World's Fair at Chicago now promises to be a success despite the unfavorable attitude which the European powers first assumed towards it on account of the passage of the McKinley Bill. The Republic of San Domingo was the first foreign power to make an appropriation for the purpose of an exhibit. Lord Salisbury has expressed himself as desirous that England should be represented, and Germany is also taking steps looking in the same direction. If all the great countries of Europe are well exhibited at Chicago, they will make the Exposition especially attractive and assure its success. All of the States, with the exception of Alabama and Tennessee, have made appropriations sufficiently large to secure a creditable exhibit of their

resources. North Carolina has given \$25,000 for that purpose, while the donations of many of the States are very much greater. The beginning seems propitious, and, doubtless, in the hands of Americans, the World's Fair will be made to surpass any of the great European expositions of recent years.

The whole South felt a shock of grief when, on Sunday, March 28th, the news was flashed over the country that General Joseph E. Johnston, another of her military heroes, had passed away. The old soldier had been ill for several days. At the funeral of General Sherman he was one of the pall-bearers; the day was very raw, and he contracted a deep cold, from the effects of which he never recovered. The admiration of

his soldiers, and especially beloved by the people for whom he did battle, he died full of years and honors, and highly respected by those who had been his bitterest enemies.

General Johnston was born in Virginia in 1807, graduated at West Point in the same class with General R. E. Lee, and was immediately called into active service. He signalized himself by his valor and ability in the Black Hawk, Seminole, and Mexican wars. When Virginia withdrew from the Union, he resigned his position in the Union Army and offered his services to the young Confederacy. He was first made Brigadier General, and afterwards Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Northern Virginia. He participated in the early battles in Virginia until he was severely wounded at the battle of Seven Pines and forced to resign. General Lee took his place, and successfully carried out his plan of campaign against McClellan. He next comes prominently into view in connection with Sherman's "On to Atlanta." His Fabian policy displeased President Davis, who was not very favorably disposed towards him, and he was relieved of his command and superseded by General Hood, whose failure shows the wisdom of the policy of his predecessor. It is said by those learned in the arts of war that Johnston's policy was a sound one, and that had he been left to carry it out he would very probably

have worsted his antagonist. At last he was reinstated in the command of the fragment of his old army, but it was too late; he could only retard the advance of Sherman, not prevent it, and he was forced back into North Carolina. The surrender of General Lee rendered further resistance hopeless, and he likewise surrendered to General Sherman near Greensboro.

Since the war our people have not forgotten him, nor have they ceased to love him. The following, clipped from the *Atlanta Constitution*, voices the sentiment of us all:

"The dead General's fame is safe. History is on his side. But it is pleasant to think that our departed leader was something more than a soldier. In war he was noble and magnanimous as well as brave. No charge of cruelty or ruthless destruction was ever made against him. He came out of his baptism of fire like the old-time Bayard—a knight without fear and without reproach. In peace he was the model gentleman and patriot, devoting himself to the interests of the South and a restored Union, without bitter regrets for the past, and with no pessimistic views of the future. Serenely and with a happy smile on his face, the old hero met his death, followed by the touching tribute of a nation's tears."

The chances are quite favorable to a war in Europe during the present year. It had been predicted that at the expiration of the treaty whereby

Germany, Austria and Italy are bound to assist each other in the case of a war, France and Germany would renew their ancient quarrel. A few months ago the time for the expiration of *Dreibund*—the offensive and defensive league of the three countries above mentioned—which would have been in 1893, was set forward several years. So France has lost all hope of having an opportunity to fight her old adversary single-handed, but if war breaks out she will be compelled to meet the armies of Italy and Austria as well as those of Germany. She will, however, have the aid of the Czar, and with this powerful assistance will be about equally matched with the *Dreibund*. The conferring of the degree of the White Cross of the Legion of Honor on President Carnot by the Czar, an honor never before conferred on others than Russians, is considered by some as expressing the intimation of the Czar to unite with France in opening a general European war, and this opinion seems to be strengthened by the fact that Russian troops in considerable numbers are being massed in the western parts of their country. The recent visit of the mother of the German Emperor to Paris reveals how ill the French people bear the humiliation of the treaty of 1870. The prowess of their troops previous to that time has not been forgotten, and the writings of Alphonse Daudet have kept constantly open that old wound,

Alsace-Lorraine. It is not, then, a matter of great surprise that the visit of the German Emperor's mother to Versailles, the scene of the defeat of the French, should have so much incensed them. Signor Crispi, the late Italian Prime Minister, has expressed his opinion that this year will see the beginning of a great European war; he does not speak officially, but much weight should be attached to his opinion, and it is to be feared that his prediction may be verified. Still, we can hardly see the necessity of a war, or why a little province should cause so much bloodshed, and the wanton waste of treasure enough to purchase it many times. We hope the time is near at hand when some grand tribunal of the nations will obviate the necessity of wars.

The election in Canada on the fifth day of last month was the most exciting and important that ever took place in that province. The great issue was reciprocity with the United States, the Liberals favoring "full reciprocity," even to the extent of laying a tariff on English manufactures, while the Conservatives, under the leadership of Sir John Macdonald, claimed to favor "limited reciprocity." At the first of the campaign the Liberals had the great advantage of being on the aggressive, and it seemed that they would be successful; but by the shrewd political trick of charging his opponents with treacherous designs,

the wily leader of the Conservatives made his own party the offensive one and carried the elections. The former numbers of the two parties in the Canadian Assembly were not much changed. But while the election left the Conservatives masters of the field, yet it revealed that the number of Canadians who favor union with our own country has greatly increased. There is a strong party who boldly declare themselves as desirous to unite with us; their ranks are being swelled daily, and at no distant day they will be in the majority. The destiny of Canada is certain. When our Congress shall announce that we are ready to receive her, she will forsake her old idols forever and take her place in the list of American States. As a free and independent government Canada is a geographical impossibility. When she shakes off the shackles of English rule, she will look to us to receive her. Senator Ingalls uttered a prophetic truth when he said that the North Pole would, one day, mark the northern boundary of our republic.

If it is ever right for the people to take the execution of justice into their own hands, we think that the people of New Orleans were completely justifiable in exterminating the members of the Mafia, guilty, without doubt, of the murder of Hennessy. We regret that they did not hang up the bribed jurymen while they had their hands in the affair. These men were,

if possible, more deserving of such a fate than those in whose interests they were bribed. Though these Italians were slain as individuals, and not because they were foreigners, it may teach us a salutary lesson about the effect of unrestricted immigration. The criminals of European countries are making ours an asylum, and when they disobey the laws or attempt to rule things with a high hand, summary justice should be meted out to them. The Mafia has been crushed in Sicily, its first home. An Italian criminal, if he remains at home, receives the merited punishment, but when he has fled from the restraints of the law of his own country he becomes an object of tender solicitude, even on the part of King Humbert himself. Italy has threatened to send her men-of-war to the mouth of the Mississippi if the lynchers are not promptly punished, but we hardly think she will; it is not natural to suppose that a fox would trouble a sleeping lion. King Humbert says that Italians will no longer be allowed to emigrate to the United States: a means of retaliation. We shall not cry our eyes out if he does retaliate in some such manner. Tom Dixon is right in saying that we do not need Italians here, but we can tolerate Italian-Americans. Italy is the place for Italians.

The lynching of the eleven members of the Mafia gang has brought out a strong point in favor the sov-

ereignty of the States. If Italy gets any redress she must get it through the courts of Louisiana. The United States can only pension the families of the deceased, and as pensions are always in order in Congress, this will probably be done. Some of our

dailies are greatly terrified at the prospect of Italy's sending her war ships to lay our cities in ruins, but we assure them that if Italy dares to do any such thing, the pugnacious element of Wake Forest will turn out and conquer them in a trice.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

J. L. KESLER, EDITOR.

OPPORTUNITY.

Master of human destiny am I!

Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait;
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe,
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore—
I answer not and I return no more.

The above is from John J. Ingalls in the *New York Truth*. It brings a lesson and puts it none too strongly. Opportunity is the master of destiny; it visits all places; comes to all men; comes but once. It brings to every man that supreme moment of which Lowell speaks, when he says:

"To every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood for the good or evil side."

It is said that the bad handwriting of Mr. Hornung barred his way to several positions to which he aspired. But, perhaps, if he had been successful in obtaining those positions he never would have been the author of "A Bride from the Bush," which has made him the "latest literary lion," whatever that is. He is still under twenty-five years of age.

William Wallace Cook is engaged in writing two stories: "The Gold of Gopher Butte," a Dakota story, and "The Basilisk; or How Jones and I Won a Bodkin and a Sheckel." He was born in Marshall, Michigan, is only twenty-three years old, and has served as apprentice, compositor, reporter and editor. His first story was "Mr. Fitt, Astrologer." The *Detroit Free Press* says, "There is no doubt about his success."

Edward Eggleston's home is in Northwestern Vermont, out in the

"forest primeval." *Harper's Weekly* says: "He is as vigorous as his books, and his flow of spirits is as generous as his physical proportions.

* * * His versatility is as amazing as his energy is unbounded. He has been a Methodist preacher, a poet, a journalist, a novelist, and is now an historian." He is engaged on a "History of Life in the Thirteen Colonies." He says while he is at work on his history, his mind is often haunted with novels that he longs to write, and, we might add, that his admirers long to read.

Mrs. May French Sheldon, who recently started to the interior of Africa for material to write a new book, was born in America. She is the great-great-granddaughter of Sir Isaac Newton. The frail and beautiful but brave little woman with "piercing black eyes" sets foot upon soil and moves among fierce tribes where a white woman was never seen before. The *New York Recorder* says "she goes forth among the savage hordes a free-lance, but still a gentlewoman, carrying with her the graces of the highest civilization."

The *Current Literature* says: "Mrs. Marion Baker, better known to the literary world as Julie K. Wetherill, is one of the strongest and cleverest of the young women writers of the South. The work of Mrs. Baker is characterized by a certain vigor of expression that makes it im-

mediately recognized as work of a very high degree of excellence. Her editorials on literature in the Sunday edition of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* have for the past few years been a noticeable feature of that journal. * * * Some very beautiful poems have been written by Mrs. Baker, but, untrammelled by the restrictions of rhyme and metre, her ability appears at its best in her unsigned essays and editorial work."

The *Current Literature* says: "Clinton Scollard, one of the most prominent of the younger poets, will soon issue a book, 'Under Summer Skies,' his published papers of foreign travel, and also a new book of recent verse."

William Winter's new volume of poems is to be called "Gray Days."

Who would have believed it, that the man who wrote "Spartacus to the Gladiators" and "Regulus to the Carthaginians" is still living? His home is in Harpswell, Maine, and his name is Elijah Kellogg. He is a clergyman, eighty-one years old, and still preaches occasionally.

Walter H. Page, who was recently elected editor of the *Forum*, is a native North Carolinian, was raised in Wake County, and is the son of A. F. Page, of the Aberdeen Railroad in Moore County. He was educated at Trinity College; afterwards graduated at Johns Hopkins, and studied in the universities of Germany. After

returning to this country he taught out West for a while; then became connected with some of the New York papers. In 1883 he came to Raleigh and began the publication of the *State Chronicle*; did well on the weekly, but the daily didn't pay. He now went to Brooklyn and took a place on the *Brooklyn Union*, but soon went on the staff of the *New York Evening Post*. About three years ago he became business manager of the *Forum*; in this position he made a great success—so great that when, on account of failing health, Mr. Metcalf was unable to perform his duties, he resigned and recommended Mr. Page to fill his place as editor of the *Forum*. The company immediately elected him. For the above we are largely indebted to Mr. Josephus Daniels.

It is no small position to be at the head of one of the first, if not *the* first, magazine of its kind in the world. This is the simple story of a North Carolina journalist whose genius and honor we claim. But while he was here in our own State we did not appreciate him as he deserved. His ideas were in advance of ours. We lost, but he gained. North Carolinians are not without honor save in their own country. We neglect whatever of genius may aspire toward literary fame. How different from California. She watches for every opportunity to show her appreciation, not only of her native-born writers, but of everyone who sets foot upon her

soil. Sidney Lanier came to our State to live in his failing health, but how many know of it?

Why doesn't genius in our State turn towards literature? Genius is a sun-plant, it seeks the light, it flourishes in an atmosphere of praise, and blossoms in the smiles of fame. We have the material for literary labor, we have the talent, we fail to furnish the conditions to inspire it, to develop it, or to retain it among us when developed. To show you that we do not keep up with our writers, not to say stir them up to greater efforts, last evening we asked a number of leading men of quite literary tastes the name of the gentleman who married Miss Frances Fisher (Christian Reid). Not one of them knew his name, though they knew he was a civil engineer and lived in Salisbury. How many know even that much? How many have read even one of her books? Yet she is North Carolina's greatest novelist, and is so well known in literary circles as to have received forty-nine votes in the election of *Immortelles* last fall, when it took only eighty-four to elect. No wonder much of our talent goes abroad. We do not furnish the stimulus for it at home. "The birds and winds conspire to bring the suited seed to the suited soil," and so we have ourselves to blame if our talent goes elsewhere.

The *Wilmington Messenger* has been purchased by Jackson & Bell, publishers in Wilmington, N. C.

Kingsbury will still continue as editor. That means that it will continue to be one of the best papers of the State, of the South, or of anywhere else.

Engineering is an illustrated magazine devoted to industrial progress. Its first number appears this month. Its contents are from the pens of able men, and on subjects of unusual importance.

The "Dreams" of Oliver Schreiner are simply delightful, but not the kind of reading in which one finds pleasure long at a time. They must be read as dreams, a dream at a time, to be fully appreciated and enjoyed.

Rev. J. J. Hall, D. D., of Raleigh, is compiling a volume of sermons to be called "The North Carolina Pulpit." It will contain sermons of distinguished North Carolina preachers, and also several from Dr. Broadus.

Prof. E. A. Johnson (colored), of Raleigh, has recently published "A School History of the Negro Race in America," which is a production

creditable both to the author and the race he represents. It is used in Shaw University, Livingstone College, and a great many others of the best colored schools in North Carolina, South Carolina and Virginia. It is selling in twenty-five States. It is well arranged, brief, and full of interesting information, not only for the Negro, but for all. Mr. Johnson was born and raised in Raleigh, graduated at the Atlanta University, Atlanta, Ga., and was principal of Mitchell Street School in Atlanta. Afterwards, he graduated in the Law School at Shaw University, and is now principal of the Washington School in Raleigh. The price of his book is one dollar.

Whoever wishes a copy of the Constitution of Brazil can obtain one by sending twenty cents to the School of Political and Social Science, Trinity College, N. C.

We have several times had occasion to use the name of Rev. Howard McQueary, but, by accident, it has always been mis-spelled.

EXCHANGES.

E. W. SIKES, EDITOR.

The *Richmond Messenger* presents to its readers two very readable articles on Longfellow and John Dryden. These pieces show a familiarity with the characters, which leads us to con-

clude that the taste for literature at Richmond College is on a rise. These articles are well worth reading. Articles of this nature are a move in the right direction. A knowledge of the

author's life intensifies the interest in his writings. You are better able to feel what the author says. We notice improvement in this number of the *Messenger*. The contributions are appropriate—a rare quality in a college periodical, because it is with difficulty that the editor can get suitable contributions. The *Messenger* has been severely criticised for containing political essays. We believe that a magazine should strive to keep out such as much as possible, but it is an open question as to the advisability of filling up with the stories of love-sick swains, pic-nic excursions, etc. The average college love-story is a "rehearsing" of some old story that has been read before.

C. W. P. Breckenridge will deliver the literary address before the societies of Richmond College at their next annual commencement.

The University of Atlanta, Ga., offers a thorough course in blacksmithing. There are very few who expect to spend their lives at the anvil that can afford to attend a University.

President Andrews of Brown University has introduced a new scheme for marking the senior class in psychology. The class is to choose eight or ten men, who will mark every recitation during the term. This marking will be averaged, and the averages thus obtained will be the marks of the class for the year.—*Exchange*.

It is said that Mr. Benjamin Harrison is at the head of a movement to

establish at the Johns Hopkins University a woman's medical department. This is a move in the right direction. There is no reason why a woman should not have a knowledge of medicine. God has endowed her with powers that eminently suit the sick-room or the chamber of death. Her tenderness brings comfort, she soothes the troubled, and "knits up the ravelling sleeve of care." Sense, not sex, must rule.

Negroes take a very high stand at Harvard. In the recent oratorical contest the prize was awarded to one. This is very complimentary to Harvard. Are the Harvardites inferior to the negroes?

The Exchange Editor of the *Alamo and San Jacinto Monthly* for March seems to have "soured" on all his exchange brethren. He thinks all the February numbers failed to sustain the usual standard. We are sorry for an editor in that state of mind when everything grows faulty. He says "Are We Patriots Still?" was a very fine contribution to the STUDENT but "detracts from the individuality of the magazine." To us that is an incomprehensible statement. A criticism ought to mean something. The editor thought that it was his Christian duty to find some fault, and truly did the mountain labor and the mouse was brought forth. We cannot refrain from quoting his oracular philosophy while moralizing just after reading the STUDENT: "Our fancy is tickled

by light things; we admire and love charming, brilliant things; we are satisfied with solid things; hence, the broad dissatisfaction created among the masses by the average college magazine." We all have different views of individuality and solidity. "The Germ Theory of Vaccination" is very thoroughly and instructively discussed. The articles on our Electoral College will have the effect of letting the people know just where the evil lies.

A vote was recently taken among the Professors of the University of Pennsylvania as to the advisability of admitting women to the benefits of their curriculum. The result was that nineteen out of twenty-one favored it. All over this country the "little heaven" is at work for weal or for woe. "'Tis a condition and not a theory that now confronts us." The women are demanding better opportunities for mental culture. They demand the same as men; they have a right to expect the same. If they cannot find them outside the pale of colleges for men, they must obtain them there. To the boys of North Carolina are offered the instructions of superior men at very reduced rates; to the girls, the crumbs that fall from inferior faculties, but at a still greater cost. This is not right. You cannot make it so. There is ground for grumbling, and I say let them grumble, and cease not till something better is offered.

The Trustees of the great University of Chicago will soon ask the citizens of Chicago for \$500,000 more for buildings. Stagg, Yale's famous pitcher, will have charge of the gymnasium. The President and Instructor in Gymnasium were the first officers elected.

Ann Arbor has been honored by the appointment of one of her students to a professorship in Heidelberg University, the first instance in which an American has been appointed to a chair in a university in Germany.

The Trustees of the new Baptist University of Chicago, which starts off with an endowment of over a million, have just adopted a partial report of a committee on organization, prepared, it is understood, by Dr. Harper, the President-elect of the University. There are several things in this report which are worthy of notice. The report proposes "the abandonment of the class system, so far as trying to push men along at the same pace and graduate them at the same time. A certain quantity of work is required, but this is so graduated that a bright man may obtain his degree in three years, while a duller man may have more than four." This is regarded quite a new thing in institutions at the North, but is quite common in the South, having been in operation at Wake Forest ever since the war.—*A Clipping.*

The students at Lehigh will not be able to boast of their conquests among the "College Widows" in their college term. Twenty-eight young ladies have formed a society to discourage the attention of the college boys, and for the first time in the history of the college their attentions will not be welcome.—*Exchange*.

It is said that one hundred million postage stamps are used yearly in the United States. Some mathematical Dutchman has revealed the startling fact, that owing to the change made in the size of the stamps some time ago, the American people have two and one-half acres less to lick than formerly.

There are six hundred and fifty Freshmen at Oxford this year.—*Ex*. Things must be unusually "fresh" there this year.

The University of Virginia was founded by Jefferson, and is the only one in the country modeled after the French system. To obtain a degree one has to be a graduate of a certain number of schools or departments of the University. This takes an amount of patience, time, and study which few men are disposed to give.—*Ex*.

One of our best exchanges is the *College Journal*, of College Station, Texas. It seems to have two distinct divisions: one for its friends and readers, the other for students, faculty, and citizens of College Station. The contributions are thoughtful, well expressed; there is an absence of gush

and bombastic display. The articles are written on abstract subjects. The *Journal* would appear more literary if the subjects were more concerning literary men. We shall welcome and read the *Journal*, and be disappointed if we do not enjoy it.

In one of our exchanges a discussion is being carried on as to "whether a college student should have a sweet-heart." We say "yes," if he can get one.

We have just received our first copy of the *Kastalian*, published by the young ladies of High Point Female College. We believe Salem Academy publishes a journal. Why is it that the other female institutions do not rouse up? The *Voice of Peace* was a welcome visitor, but it soon passed from the realms of journalism. There is surely no lack of literary talent among the young ladies. We hope that they will consider the question and act accordingly.

The library of William College is now kept open on Sunday from nine o'clock to two every Sunday afternoon.—*Ex*. The Library and Reading-Room of this place ought to be kept open longer in the day-time, and on Sunday as well as the other days. Students would be enabled to spend their time in profitable reading, and not indulge in so much Sunday afternoon worthless talk.

A one hundred thousand dollar gymnasium is to be erected at West Point by the Government.

I had a dream the other night,
When everything was still;
I dreamed that each subscriber
Came up and paid his bill.—*Ex*

Delinquent reader, will you not try
to make this Utopian dream a reality?
Harden not your heart.

TWO PROFESSIONS.

Focus Editor.

You ne'er can object to my arm round your
waist,
And the reason you'll readily guess:

I'm an editor, dear, and I always insist
On the "Liberty of the Press."

She.

I'm a minister's daughter, believing in texts,
And I think all the newspapers bad;
And I'd make you remove your arm were it
not
You were making "waist places glad."

We are glad to add to our list of
exchanges the *Arkansas College
Magazine.*

IN THE CLASS-ROOM.

We recently caught from a distinguished preacher the following striking alliterative description of Ahab's wicked queen: "The daughter of a king, the sister of a king, the wife of a king, the mother of a king, the bold, beautiful, brilliant, bad Jezebel."

HEREDITARY INTEMPERANCE. — Every one, who has extended familiarity with the history of many families, has observed the fact that the children of a drunkard are usually specially disposed to the same vice. Sometimes the vigorous constitution inherited from the mother, with her pious example and common sense teaching, serves to make a family of boys an exception for sobriety, notwithstanding the drunken father; but even in this case there will probably be

found one son who is like his father. So that it can scarcely be denied that the children of such a father are born with a weakness at this point and are, therefore, in greater danger of falling victims to evil habits. It is scarcely less evident that a similar weakness, only less pronounced, is generally observed in the constitution of the children of moderate drinkers. Those who have made a special study of this question are almost unanimous in the belief that such is the case. We often hear older people tell how fifty years ago, on public occasions, the supply of ardent spirits was unlimited, and people were invited to drink to their satisfaction. And then they add, that it was a rare sight to see a man drunk; that a drunken young man was never known,

and only now and then an old man would forget himself and take too much. Suppose such custom prevailed now; suppose a washing tub full of whiskey or brandy were set at the corner of a court-house and a tin cup hanging by should invite every one to help himself; would there be a drunken man only here and there? No judge in the State would undertake to hold court with such a vessel of free whiskey in the neighborhood. But they could do it in the good old times. Why the difference? It is a case of the old proverb, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge." Our fathers were moderate drinkers, but rarely became drunk. We, their children, have inherited a weakened constitution and a depraved appetite. They could drink a little and stop; we cannot. They could drink much without getting drunk; only a little is more than we can stand.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE MOON.— If we should ask the question, "Has the moon any influence on the weather, or on vegetation, or on the killing of meat, or on the making of soap?" many would laugh at us as asking about old superstitions long since exploded. And yet there are thousands of thinking people who believe in some such influence, and base their belief on numerous incontrovertible facts. May it not be that there is some scientific explanation of these facts? May it not be that the moon

affects the atmosphere, and through it, affects the weather and even vegetables and animal life? If the moon produces tides in the ocean, ranging from a few feet to sixty, how much greater must be the tides produced by the moon on the exceedingly mobile atmosphere extending above us to an unknown distance! Sometimes these tides are augmented, sometimes they are diminished, by the influence of the sun and stars. Is it unreasonable to suppose that these tides have some effect on the weather? We are told that the weather at any particular place is not determined by local causes, but has its origin in influences arising sometimes in the Caribbean Sea, sometimes near the Arctic Ocean. But what originates these influences in those remote regions? Are they purely accidental? Are they in no wise connected with tidal waves in the atmosphere? May it not be that there is a field here for the investigator to extend the limits of human knowledge? The observations of the Signal Service furnish a vast mass of facts, which might be studied with reference to the possible influence of the heavenly bodies. Similarly, through the atmosphere, may it not be that these influences extend even farther than we are disposed to think?

THE WORD-METHOD OF TEACHING READING.— A few years ago, along with Normal Schools and Institutes and other influences, there came

into many of our schools almost a craze for new methods of teaching. The Word Method, already in use in some schools, was, in this connection, brought to the attention of the people. Recently there has arisen something of a reaction against new methods, and there is danger that it may be too sweeping, and not leave even that which is good and practical in the new methods. Long experience has convinced us that the Word Method, if wisely used, is the best method of teaching beginners in reading. It is the method of actual practice. No good reader stops to spell the words as he reads, but he recognizes them as *words*. Sometimes the omission of a letter will not be noticed in reading, or the very observant reader will see that something is wrong, but must stop and spell the word to see what letter is omitted. Many a time the child will learn twenty-six words almost as easily as he would learn the twenty-six letters. The names of these twenty-six letters give no intimation of the more than forty sounds represented by them. By the time the child has learned two or three hundred common words, he will have learned also the names

of the letters, without any trouble to him or anyone else. If proper attention has been given, he will also know how to write these words, and will never need to stop and think as to the proper letters, but each one will be necessary to make up the word. Then he needs training in the sounds of the letters, so that he can form other words similar to those already learned, and in a little while he will learn to recognize any ordinary word. The student taught in this way may not be as expert in oral spelling as one taught by the alphabet method; but he will know how to write the words, and this is all the spelling most of us need. And yet some of the most expert spellers we ever knew in the old-fashioned spelling race were taught by this method.

From more than a dozen years' use of the method and observation of its use by others, we are led to believe that much time and labor will be saved by its use, and no one who is now teaching or expects to teach should pronounce the Word Method a humbug till he has carefully examined the points in its favor, both in theory and in practice.

ALUMNI NOTES.

R. L. PASCHAL, EDITOR.

AN HONORED SON OF WAKE
FOREST.

It is a matter of pride to Wake Forest that so many of her sons are occupying high and honorable positions, both in and out of North Carolina. In a recent issue of the *Intelligencer* we saw the statement that there are ninety-four lawyers among the Alumni of the College. One of the most prominent of these is Judge Benjamin J. Lea, who was recently elected to the Supreme Court Bench of Tennessee. A brief sketch of his brilliant and successful career may not be out of place in the STUDENT. Judge Lea was born in Caswell county, North Carolina, in 1833. The interest felt by his family in the progress and prosperity of the College, is shown by the munificent gifts made by relatives of his during the past few years. He entered Wake Forest at an early age, and graduated in 1852, being then in his nineteenth year. In the following year he married, and soon after, guided by the "Star of Empire that westward takes its course," he left the land of his birth to seek fame and fortune in our sister State, Tennessee.

The ensuing three years were filled

with toil and hardship for him, as he taught school by day and studied law at night. In law, his chosen profession, he soon won distinction, and in 1859 he was sent from Haywood county to the General Assembly of Tennessee. As a member of the Legislature, though young, he soon went to the front as a man of brains, firmness, and sterling integrity.

At the beginning of the war, although many of Tennessee's best and bravest sons joined the Federal army, he cast his fortunes with the glorious, but ill-fated, Confederacy, and became Colonel of the 52d regiment. As a soldier he was bold and brave; as an officer, dashing and efficient. Remaining in the service until the gallant Lee surrendered at Appomattox, he, at the close of the war, resumed the practice of law. In 1878, he was appointed Attorney General, with a salary of \$3,500, which office he filled intelligently and acceptably for eight years. In 1887 he was elected to the State Senate, being the only Democrat ever elected from his senatorial district. He is exceedingly popular with both political parties.

In the exciting Democratic Con-

vention last July he was nominated over ten candidates, and, later, was elected by sixty thousand majority, this being the largest majority ever received by any man in Tennessee. He received the votes of both Democrats and Republicans, a thing heretofore unknown in Tennessee politics.

That Judge Lea is a man with a very bright political future no one can doubt who knows the man and his great intellectual and moral worth. His elegant home, situated near Brownsville, is one of the most beautiful and highly improved stock farms, for which Tennessee is so noted, is presided over by a charming and cultured lady, who can best be described in the language of Tennyson as—

“The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife.”

His fine horses are “things of beauty,” and have won many premiums on the race track.

He is an earnest Mason, a consistent Christian, and an enthusiastic member of the Alliance. Tennessee is proud of Judge Lea, and with open arms will gladly welcome from Wake Forest a *hundred such intellectual giants*.

MRS. D. V. CARLYLE.

We cheerfully give the greater part of our Alumni notes this month to the very interesting sketch of the life of Judge Lea. We shall always be glad to receive contributions of like character.

'78. Rev. W. J. R. Ford has accepted a call to the church at New Berne, leaving Blenheim, South Carolina, for the latter place.

'81. Rev. H. A. Brown will deliver the Alumni Address at our next Commencement.

'83. Rev. C. G. Jones, familiarly known as “Cujus,” while at College, is the editor of an interesting little paper, *The Co-Worker*, published at Danville, Virginia.

'87. Rev. W. F. Watson is now located at Carthage. He also preaches at the enterprising town of Dunn, Harnett county.

It may be interesting to some to know that eight of the twelve professors at Wake Forest College are her own Alumni. Prof. L. R. Mills, Professor of Mathematics, graduated in 1861, and has been in his present position for nearly a quarter of a century. Rev. W. B. Royall, D. D., Professor of Greek, also graduated in 1861, and has been connected with the institution in the capacity of teacher and officer of the Faculty many years. Prof. W. L. Poteat took his degree in 1877; he has made the School of Natural History an honor to the College and to himself. Prof. G. W. Greene, graduated in 1870; he had made so great a reputation as a Latin scholar that he was elected to fill the vacancy caused by Dr. Manly's resignation of the Chair of

Latin last June. Since he has been at Wake Forest he has sustained his reputation as a master of Latin and a progressive educator. Rev. E. G. Beckwith, Assistant Professor of Mathematics, graduated in 1882, and afterwards took a course at Johns Hopkins. Prof. C. E. Brewer ('86) after his graduation went to Johns Hopkins,

but was called to the Chair of Chemistry before he took his course. Prof. J. B. Carlyle took his degree in 1887, and was elected Assistant Professor of Greek and Latin in 1888. T. S. Sprinkle, Director of the Gynasium, was elected to his present position immediately after his graduation in 1889.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

R. B. WHITE, EDITOR.

Alas! for Senior Vacation! It is not.

The Hill has been lively for some time with visitors.

Miss Lizzie Hobgood was the guest of Mrs. T. E. Holding.

Soph., entering store: "Mr. W., I want one of those Torshon pipes."

Miss Elva Dickson has gone to Raleigh to spend some time with friends.

Misses Anna Walters and Allie Dickson have returned from a visit to Raleigh.

It seemed like old times to see Mrs. S. W. Brewer on the Hill. We should be glad to see her oftener.

Easter came and went, and was enjoyed by everyone. It is a pity that it does not come oftener.

Some of the students have received circulars advertising speeches, theses, etc., at low prices, on any subject.

The ticket for Commencement has been selected, and we can promise that it will be both neat and pretty.

The bell-clapper mysteriously disappeared the first of April, and the rising bell had to be struck with a hammer.

Misses Willie Simmons and Lena Allen, of Peace Institute, came home from college to spend Easter. * Come home again.

The speakers for Thursday of Commencement are E. W. Sikes, R. L. Burns, J. L. Kesler, B. K. Mason, B. W. Spilman, and R. B. White.

Wharton, the Raleigh photographer, was out here taking photos of the grounds, buildings, halls, and groups. You can get some good pictures from him.

The Serenading Club has been re-organized, and in the wee sma' hours of night sweet music is wafted

over the trees by the soft spring breezes.

Misses Lallie Lewis and Mattie McLeod, two of St. Mary's most charming young ladies, spent Easter on the Hill to the delight of their many friends. We will welcome them with pleasure again.

One of our grave and reverend Seniors was in Raleigh on a rainy night, and seeing an electric light, exclaimed: "Why, it's going to fair off. Yonder's the moon."

Marshals for Commencement are: Euzelian Society, W. B. Daniels, W. W. Vass, and C. D. Graves; Philomathesian, W. R. Hannum, J. G. Blalock, and E. T. Barnes.

The STUDENT returns thanks for a very beautiful ticket to the Debate at the University of North Carolina, which occurs April 11th, 1891; also, one from Wofford College, Ga.

Prep. in the Library: "Have you got Victor Hugo's 'Not a Damn' in here?" The Librarian was about to report him for misbehavior, but fortunately discovered that he meant "Notre Dame."

Senior, speaking to one of the Professors: "Don't you think there is something in calculus similar to Senior Vacation?" Professor: "I can't say that I do. What is it?" Senior: "A vanishing fraction!"

Dr. Royall gives two lectures each week to the young ministers on the preparation of sermons. If ability to

preach is an assurance of ability to teach others how to preach, these lectures will assuredly be of great value.

Dr. Taylor has resumed his classes which he turned over to other Professors last fall in order to travel in the interest of the endowment. He secured \$26,000, and this, together with Mr. Bostwick's offer, makes about \$40,000.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker, after nearly three months in Baltimore, have returned to Wake Forest. Mrs. Baker enlivens the company at the Purefoy Hotel, and Mr. Baker spends most of his time on the road, but spends all his Sundays on the Hill.

The April meeting of the Missionary Society was attended by Rev. Dr. Durham, Corresponding Secretary of the Baptist State Convention. Though just recovering from the epidemic, he made an address full of enthusiasm and hopeful encouragement concerning the future of missions.

Usually we have holiday on the 10th of May, but this year it happens to come on Sunday, and it will be best, in our opinion, to take the 8th. By all means, we must have a picnic. Probably there will be several visitors here, and it would be an occasion to be enjoyed just before the grind of examination.

Everybody is glad to see new enterprises springing up in Wake Forest,

especially when these enterprises bring additions to the number of ladies. Two of our business firms have millinery departments, that of Wingate & Simons in charge of Miss Cook, and that of Purefoy & Reid in charge of Mrs. Heller.

The base-ball club has been organized, and there is a promise of games in the future. We need something of the kind. The college has seemed almost dead, from an athletic standpoint, all the winter; now spring has come, let's see if we can't enliven things. The tennis courts should resume their former prominence, and the grounds become a place of activity instead of being only a dreary level over which the winds scour.

The long-promised masquerade by the Skating Club came off Saturday night, April 4th, in the hall of the Academy. There were costumes of all kinds, and of all the colors of the rainbow. There were none but students on the floor, and it was an interesting and amusing sight to watch the falls and rough tumbles. Everyone did his best to contribute to the amusement of the spectators, caring nothing for sundry bruises or jars. The ghost, however, was laid up for a day or two afterwards.

On Sunday, March 8th, Rev. T. P. Bell, Assistant Corresponding Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, visited the College and made two very interesting addresses. In the

morning, with a map of the world, he pointed out all the missions of the Southern Baptist Convention, and gave a brief sketch of the condition of each. At night he addressed the Missionary Society on the "Three Needs of our Missions: Men, Money, and Spiritual Power." Mr. Bell always makes able addresses.

We saw some time ago an invitation to a celebration at this college when it was not a college, but an institute. As it was something curious to us, we give it below:

"Samuel Dunn, Esq., and Lady are respectfully invited to attend the Anniversary of our Independence by the Philomathesian and Euzelian Societies, on the 4th of the ensuing month at the Institute at 9.30 A. M."

P. A. K. POUNCEY,
A. L. YANCEY,
E. T. H. JOHNSON,
J. H. BROOKS,
R. B. SOWELL,
E. BURNS,

Committee of Arrangement.

Wake Forest Institute, June 11th, 1835."

Monday night, March 30th, the Phi. Hall was opened, and there was a pleasant social gathering. It was the first time it had been opened to the public since its completion, and everyone thought it beautiful. But the boys had no eyes for the hall. Their attention was taken up by the young ladies who graced it, and they thought not of recitations next day, nor of examinations soon to come.

Everyone was pleased with the night, and declared that we ought to have another like it. This is not a bad suggestion. Why not open both halls and the Library the 8th of May? There would be no recitations to bother next day, and it would be the very time.

Spring has come; the buds are breaking forth, and all nature is putting on her summer suit. The campus has become the loitering place of melancholy idlers, the club-hall of merry groups. At every hour it is dotted with recumbent figures, some reading, a very few studying, the Senior for once being intimate with the "Prep.," and everybody in good humor with everybody else. The flower-beds are beginning to bloom forth, the grass is the deepest green that Nature can paint. Soon the mower will be heard in the land, and Professor Tom, like Father Time, will be cutting down the too rank weeds. Now is the time for the Soph. and the "Freshy" to forget all petty grievances, and, together on the pleasant sward, with bean-shooter concealed, hunt the innocent sparrows and chirping yellow birds. Now is the time for one and all to get home-sick, love-sick, and sick of recitations. Now the love-lorn fool and the Platonic crank mingle tears, and their sighs rise on the same breeze; for has it not been written,

"In the Spring the young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love?"

On the afternoon of February 28th, our village was somewhat startled by the arrival of an Indian in full Indian dress. His name was Kekioukah Star. He is one of the Cheyenne tribe. This tribe was removed from Wyoming to the Indian Territory about 1876. At its removal Star was placed in the Osage government school to be educated. During his stay at school he was converted; he united with the Baptist church. For six years he has been travelling over the States speaking on "The Indian Problem." He is smaller than the average, with long black hair, and copper-colored skin.

On Sunday afternoon, March 1st, he spoke on Indian Missions. He gave us a sketch of their history, and their effect on the lives of the Indians.

On Monday afternoon he spoke of life among the Indians. He told about their manners and customs, their religion and sports. He sketched briefly the cause of Indian wars. He attributes them to the Indian Agency system. This system was shown in its true light—from the stand-point of an Indian who has lived under the system. He said that of the nine hundred treaties made with the Indians, only one had not been violated by the white men.

He is a good speaker. He held the attention of the audience during the entire lecture. His use of the English language is good. The lecture was appreciated, as evidenced

by the fact that the people presented Mr. Star with a purse of about twenty dollars. After the lecture he illustrated the use of the bow.

THE WAKE FOREST SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.—A long-felt need has been supplied by the organization of a scientific society in connection with this institution. After several preliminary meetings the permanent organization was effected, and the following constitution was adopted, February 10th, 1891:

ARTICLE I. The name of this organization shall be The Wake Forest Scientific Society.

ART. II. Its object shall be to promote interest in the progress of science and to encourage original investigation.

ART. III. It shall consist of active, corresponding, and honorary members. Those who are, or who have been, members of the Faculty, or students of Wake Forest College, are eligible to active membership. Anyone interested in science may be elected a corresponding or an honorary member. Such members may submit papers and participate in discussions, but not vote. A two-thirds vote of members present at any duly organized meeting shall be necessary to elect a member of any grade.

ART. IV. The officers of this Society shall be a President, Vice-President, and a Secretary and Treasurer, who shall hold office until their respective successors are elected. Election of officers shall be by ballot and shall be held, except in exigencies, at the regular meeting in February.

ART. V. There shall be an Executive Committee, which shall guide the work of the Society by appointing duties among the active members, shaping communications with corresponding members, calling special meetings, etc., etc. This committee shall consist of the President as chairman and two other members appointed by him. All papers to be sub-

mitted to the Society must first be approved by the Executive Committee.

ART. VI. The regular meetings of the Society shall be held on the first Tuesday in each month of the sessional year.

ART. VII. Nine active members shall be necessary to constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

ART. VIII. The Constitution of this Society may be changed by a vote of two-thirds of the members present at any regular meeting, provided notice of such change has been given at the preceding regular meeting."

At the same meeting the following officers were elected: Prof. W. L. Poteat, President; Prof. J. F. Lanneau, Vice-President; Prof. C. E. Brewer, Secretary and Treasurer.

The first meeting after the adoption of the constitution was held on the evening of March 10th. Dr. J. B. Powers read a paper on Measles. He discussed the bacterial theory of the origin of the disease, its characteristic symptoms, its treatment, and some of its more common and dangerous complications. Prof. Lanneau gave an illustrated account of the successive stages in the progress of statical electricity. Prof. Poteat exhibited a specimen of the "Resurrection Plant" (*Selaginella lepidophylla*) and explained its behavior—unfolding into a flat mass on being put into water—as due to the not uncommon phenomenon of hygroscopism. Papers followed by general discussions.

The second meeting occurred April 7th, Prof. Poteat in the chair. Prof. Brewer read a paper on the

work of Lavoisier, particularly the work he did in destroying the false theories of the transmutation of matter and the separative nature of the process of combustion. Prof. Mills explained, with blackboard illustrations, the cause of the excessive rains and the small amount of wind in the month of March. Storms which, ordinarily, would have lasted only

twenty-four hours, hung over us for four days, being retarded by a high-pressure anti-cyclone barrier lying across the northern Atlantic. Discussions followed each of these papers.

The Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society will hold its May meeting with the Wake Forest Scientific Society May 1st and 2nd.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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J. L. KESLER-----	EDITOR.
E. W. SIKES-----	ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

VOL. X.]

WAKE FOREST, N. C., MAY, 1891.

[No. 8.]

THAT BOY.

I shall not discuss my subject, but simply say some things about it; nor shall I attempt to be either profound, original, or witty. I shall say a few simple things simply; describe scenes which you have witnessed thousands of times, if you live in the country, and relate a bit of experience which is little more than the common reminiscence of a backwoods lad.

The scene is familiar and suggestive; you can see the colt and the cow in the clover, the lambs gamboling on the green, and the farmer at work in the field. The honeysuckles form a kind of archway over the door of the little brown cottage; the asphodels, the golden crocuses, the daisies skirt the meadows; the geraniums and hyacinths are blossoming in the yard; the garden is clean and tidy, and the roses are blooming in profusion. Here and there are seen a woman's taste and a

woman's wonder-working hand. But the tenderest flower in that cottage home is the baby boy, pure and sweet and God-like—his father's joy, his mother's *life*. Ah! happy, foolish, beautiful, idolatrous mother! She hears the glad poetry of the cradle—a voice fresh from the isles of light, lisping the prophecy of a new creation. See! "What is the little one thinking about?"

"Ah! who can tell what the baby thinks;
Who can follow the gossamer links,
By which the manikin feels his way!
Out from the shores of the vast unknown,
Weeping and helpless and all alone,
Into the light of day?"—

"Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man," the possibilities of *that boy's* life. He will not always be wrapped in swaddling clothes nor sleep in a manger. All that man has been he may be and more.

Soon, as the years begin to tell on

his little form, early in the morning, especially when it is cold, he must bounce out of bed and build on the fires. Before day-dawn he is out in the keen, frosty air, feeding the hogs and horses, and milking the cows betimes, and with trusty old Fido, he goes scampering off to his rabbit hollows, brings back two or three jack-rabbits, and sometimes a sleek-tailed opossum. Now off to school he hies and yells lustily, and as he brushes the silvery frost aside or crushes the thousand stars of beautiful crystal snow beneath his feet, he often stops to course the rabbit paths through the pines to the covert in the snow, or chase the blithesome squirrel to his den.

In summer time he hoes corn and cotton incidentally; his principal occupation is to learn the songs of all the birds; to learn all about their haunts, their nests, their eggs, their young. He witnesses their battle with the snakes, and weeps to see the snakes gulp them down. He finds time to see every bird and crow that flits through the open sky, hear the squirrels chattering in the woods, and every dog that strikes a trail or trees his game; learn every fish that swims the brooks and every coiling serpent on its banks.

That's a boy for you in good weather. When it's too wet to work he goes fishin' or rabbit huntin', stalking through the tall, wet weeds. It never gets too wet to go fishing. Mark that.

In the fall of the year, when the yellow leaves, all golden and crimson with the sun's caresses, and brown with the frost king's touch, begin to fall—

“When quietly through the gathering twilight,

The rain from the dripping eaves,
Stirs, with a tremulous rustle,
The dead and the dying leaves;”

when the air is bracing and the odor of the woods is delightful; when the “beautiful night” with “a dewy freshness fills the silent air”, the grapes hang thick on the clinging vine, and not a sound disturbs the revelry of the forest—at such a time as this, when all nature is in a full tide of luxury, you could not expect a boy to lie quietly down when his day's task is ended. No! Exulting in the exuberance of his spirits, he blows his hunter's horn and off to the wooded hills he hies. There's something thrilling in the hound's deep bay, as it echoes many and many a time repeated from the dark, haunted glen. Ghost stories and superstitions lend enchantment to the marvelous poetry of the night, and his feet trip lightly through the tangled vines. Ah! the night hath songs that the day never heard! The darkness sees visions of which the light little dreams!

The moon looks tenderly down upon the silvery landscape, and patches of snow-white clouds swim silently above. The midnight air is

filled with the music of a thousand insect wings, and little birds, chirping "from the cold, thin atmosphere," in their migratory flight, hallow the night with song. Have you never heard them, your soul all drunken with poetry, sitting all alone with your thoughts for hours and hours together, while all the human world is sleeping? If you have not, you've missed the best half of your life. He hears All-Father Odin on his air-throne, with his swan maidens, as of old, hastening to some distant battle-field to select the brave to dwell in Valhalla, Glad-home, Hall of the Blessed. He sleeps on a couch of leaves, to rise and see young Horus conquer the darkness and sit in the lap of Sate, the bride of the morning, queen of youth and of gladness. He sees old Osiris sink into the arms of Hathor, queen of love, goddess of the dying day, and Balduhur, the beautiful, the fair, mild Balduhur, "the chief nourisher at life's feast," and Isis, mother of all living, fondling her children. Thoughts throng him. God is imminent; He has not finished His world and left it. It has never been finished. He is still in it "creating and *re-creating* hour by hour."

"O blind, blind seeker to the primal cell,
Tracing this spirit with dissecting knife,
Dost thou not hear in every passing bell —
In pain and darkness, sin and doubt and strife,
The voice that breathes through Heaven and earth and hell,
Sun, moon, and farthest star—'*I am the life?*'"

Ah! these are happy days; but he eats of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. He makes the first great discovery. He finds himself naked. He has risen above the brute instinct that cannot sin and cannot be a saint. He begins to feel the strange flow of life that plots one moment a deed and blushes the next at the thought. He learns the gospel of toil—"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." He leaves the paradise of voluptuous ease and pleasure for the soul's infinite longings, to toil, to win another Eden where more spiritual flowers bloom; he grasps the spade and lays the foundation of a New Jerusalem—developing from the animal to the spiritual—throwing off the "brute-inheritance," taking on the image of God, "growing into His likeness," as the flower grows, opens its blushing petals to the sun, and throws back the kisses of light to its Creator. The spirit thrills him, possesses him, dominates his life.

Have you not seen the engine stand throbbing and panting with all its energies dormant, waiting *only* the hand on the throttle? Have you not seen the ship at the wharf ready to leap into the sea and rock and rise to the wild cry of the tempest? Have you not seen young manhood with all its restlessness pulsing and chafing, ready to spring the valve and cleave the sky? So stands the farmer boy, the hero of the woods and fields, living in the open air and under the clear sky, away from the smoke and taint

of the drunken, staggering city. The fire in his soul is neither kindled by Venus nor Bacchus; he is not drunk with new wine; 'tis a fire of divine enthusiasm, the inspiration that roots itself in native soil; the divine drunkenness that rolls back the mist and clouds that gather 'round the brain; that stoops to drudgery to sit upon the throne; that often flings aside the gloom of night, else we faint, and makes the life sublime. This is ambition, whose dreams come like dawn upon a sea, where night has stalked and brooded, and storms have swept and hissed, kindle the soul with fire and feed the eye with flame. 'Tis the foe of destiny. It grapples man and pulls him loose from home and friends, and makes him great. 'Tis the moving of the deep sea that sleeps eternal beneath the wind and waves as it feels its God brooding over the waters. Quickened by new resolves and moved by the eternal love of truth, his "*deathless energies expand forever.*"

O, thou Truth! humblest and brightest child of God, hiding from those who gad about, but like the trailing arbutus that blushes behind the leaves, blooming the fairest blossom of the fields, let us all, let us *ever* worship thee. But while we worship and aspire, let us *strive*; for never since that ancient being, little more than beast and little less than man, strode among the mammoths of a fiercer age; never since

God commanded Adam to subdue the earth, has man made one upward stride without a struggle. The scientist tortures Nature to make her tell her secrets; the farmer scourges the soil to make it yield its fruit; the truth-seeker in *every* sphere must grapple the embattled foes of truth as attraction grapples atoms and worlds. The divine command to the kingdom-seeker is to *strive* to enter in. Men who light the lamps of truth, that push back the borders of the dark veiling the face of God, are men who *strive*.

This age, though crowned with the laurels of centuries, is still imbrowned with the shades of ignorance, and prejudice, and strife among men where Nature is at peace, because men ever worship the sirens of Sloth and Indolence, rather than listen to the more enchanting strains from the Delectable Mountains of Wisdom. I speak of sloth and indolence because they are the curse of our South-land. The sun does not write his name upon the flowers nor paint the fields with green, nor rivers go winding to the seas, that lave the shores where the orange blooms and the cotton whitens to the breeze, upon a land more fair than ours. God knows I love it, and am proud of it. But it cannot be denied that there is a sickly sentiment among us that labor is dishonorable. The negro has robbed it of its fitting dignity. We, the weekly offspring of a great past, sometimes look longingly back

to the good old days, and imagine that they were days of indolence and ease ; but the fact is, the past *earned* its right to be called great—won its title by toil. The past is hallowed. It comes to me like a strange romance; it stirs me like the weird tales of proud knights that rode on phantom steeds through the haunted plains of Albion. But when I turn my face to the Future, that great land to which Time has given no boundaries, and ask the universe for its uttermost limit and receive no answer ; that great land where the immortals dwell ; that *strange* land where each of us is building a kingdom to fade into nothingness or widen its dominion, like the memory of Shakespeare and Homer, after the grass grows green above the silent grave—then I know to live in noble deeds is not to die, to reign in the thoughts of the future is to live *forever*. In *this* kingdom, I say, 'tis he who works and serves his race who'll be remembered and crowned in death though stoned and starved in life. No man wins a crown that he does not wear ; no man wears a crown that he does not win. If he wear the crown of *another* 'twill be no crown to *him* ; while thorns, meant for mockery, on worthy brows are transformed into crowns of glory.

The high aim of each human life ought to be the training, the developing, the inspiring of the mind, which knows no limit, which starts

in youth inquiring after the way of knowledge, still grasping after the truths, that elude its grasp—yearning, longing to know, having in itself the germ of the Infinite, striving after its own, the infinite world of truth—with such an aim, in such a strife, toil will be hallowed with sweetness and its rewards life-giving, refreshing, beautifying, making of life that better Eden, of which I spoke, fair as the lilies of the valley or the roses of Sharon.

But I fear that there may be some, even here, whose vision has never penetrated beyond the diploma. When they receive their degree their little mind's circuit will be complete. Their life is *finished* where it ought to *begin*. Their ambition ends with the pusillanimous mark of examination. The saddest thing in the wide, wide world, it seems to me, is a "*completed education*." What folly ! The mind, as boundless as the infinite universe of God, can it be curbed by these gossamer threads ? This ought to be but the dawning of the day whose sun shall light the pathway on to learning, to a broader knowledge, to ripened wisdom.

Here is Vanity Fair ; there the enchanted ground and old Giant Despair with his crabtree cudgel, and there strides a great Apolyon midway across your path like a mighty Collossus. What must we do ? What *can* we do, but meet him boldly and flay

him as Ormuzd, Prince of the Power of Light, met Ahriman, Prince of Darkness.

It makes no difference whether you are plain farmer John or Bridget in the kitchen, or stand before kings. There is no aristocracy but the aristocracy of intellect and of heart. *The best families!* The best families are those who have the best sense, the most intellect, the most virtue. There are *cooks* that are greater than kings; there are servants that are wiser than lords; there are women whose names have never been heard, whose lives have been sung in the poetry of thousands of bards. Your work may seem small, the preparation large;

but remember that divinely beautiful, inimitable life, the thirty years preparing, the three years' toil, laboring among a few and tramping over a small district in the solitude of the Galilee lake, but the influence gathered there in the little circle is transforming the world. From hidden springs flow on everlasting streams. Man breaks a few clods and God sends the sunshine, the rain, the whitened harvest, but the clods *must be broken*. Man blows the horn, but the breeze sets the wild echoes flying—

"O love they die in your rich sky;
They fade on hill and field and river—
Our echoes roll from soul to soul
And grow forever and forever."

J. L. KESLER.

THE BROWN MANSION AND ITS HERMIT.

It was my good fortune during the past summer to visit Ferrior, a little town in Virginia. A great deal of business is carried on here, being the headquarters of a large iron mining company, which has three blast furnaces within a radius of four miles of town. The Tucknor river flows by, and on it may frequently be seen huge rafts floating to a large saw-mill in town. Ferrior is situated on one of the great trunk lines of the South. Tall mountains rise on either side of the town, it being in a wide

valley. The scenery in and near here I need not try to describe—how could it be other than beautiful, thus hemmed in by Virginia's mountains? The reputation which it has for health, and also the ease by which the cities of that State may be reached, causes many wealthy families to move here to live, and several hotels accommodate the summer visitors. Its residents are as hospitable as any you ever saw.

Two or three days after I had arrived here, a number of pleasure-

seekers came out from Richmond. Not long after a party was organized to go down the valley about fifteen miles to the "Falls of the Tuck-nor." On the Fourth of July they set out, riding in hacks, buggies, dog-carts, and on horseback. The crowd left town about 8 o'clock, and it was as happy a party as one could wish to see.

After most of the jolly picnickers had been gone about an hour, I was one of a party of six to follow in a hack. We caught up with them long before they reached the Falls, as they had all stopped at one of the blast furnaces on the way. It appeared that the crowd was having a fine time. They seemed to be testing their lungs from the way they were shouting. But soon we reached the Falls. Words would fail should I attempt to describe this scene—the rapid, surging river (for we are just below the cataract) flowing through a beautiful valley and tall mountains rising not far off on either side. The things that happen at picnics are always hard to describe, and especially would it be difficult to write up the proceedings of this one. At last dinner hour arrived, and we found that our chaperons had our lunch spread out on large cloths, and it was "perfectly lovely," as a young lady in the crowd expressed it. Having our appetites sharpened by the ride, and by walking in the valley on the mountain sides, we ate with a relish.

Soon after dinner, my uncle proposed that we take a ride down the valley, saying that there was something about three miles from where we were that he was sure would interest me. We took horses and followed the road winding around the edge of the mountain in full sight of the river. Soon we leave the main road, and seem to be nearing a house, and so it was—a large stone mansion. I was surprised to see such a castle as this away in the valley of the Tuck-nor. As we near it, I find that it is very much dilapidated. The windows and sashes are broken out, the doors have been battered down. Many panels of the iron fence are gone, and the whole is a scene of desolation. None would think a human being lived there.

In a grove of aspens in full sight of the house, dismounting, we reclined under their shades, while he told me the following story :

"A rich English trader named Brown came to America in 1834, and located at Baltimore. He owned two vessels which sailed between that harbor and all the ports of the world. In his speculations he was very successful, and collected in the course of twenty years an immense fortune. In 1854 he became tired of the busy scenes of life, decided to sell his vessels, wind up his business and build him a home in the seclusion of the mountains of the South. He traveled for many weeks through several of the Southern

States, and at last selected this valley as the place for his mansion. Here he bought two thousand acres of land. While exploring this tract he found a splendid quarry of granite—'twas from this that the beautifully polished blocks used in his castle were gotten. Fifty acres were laid off as a park around the house, which was attended with the greatest care. He had carried with him two hundred slaves and an overseer. He transformed the lonely mountain side and the fertile banks of the Tucknor river into a valuable plantation. The house had been furnished handsomely without regard to cost. In 1857 the Brown family, consisting of Mr. Brown, his wife, two daughters and three boys, moved into this mansion. Who would not be happy in such a home, such a castle, in the beautiful valley of the Tucknor, with its lovely scenery—the tall mountains for a background, and the beautiful park sloping down to the river, whose gentle murmur can always be heard and the distant roaring of the Tucknor Falls?

"But no signs of happiness can be seen from the bare walls that stand before us. Some great change has taken place—everybody for miles around knows the story. Sherman's army, in the late war, was plundering in this section of Virginia, and, hearing of this mansion, had gone several miles out of the way, especially to pillage it, and left it a wreck.

"Would you believe me if I were to tell you that that is a hermit's home? That a woman has lived there alone ever since the day it was plundered? Well, so it is; but I will not tell you the rest. If you would like, we will go up and see her."

Of course I was greatly interested in his story, and gladly consented. We enter through a gateway, though the gates were down, several hundred yards from the house. The yard, once so well kept, was now grown up with briars and bushes. As we approached, better still do I see the wreck of the Brown Mansion. The granite of which the walls were built was finely polished. The tall stone columns of the porches were grand. But all is now a wreck, yet beautiful and sublime in its ruins.

We now enter through the front door, and proceed through the dilapidated hall. We find that the back of the house looks more like the abode of some human being—some flowers are there to be seen. As we enter we see a form approaching. She is clothed in a long black dress, her hair is as white as the snows of winter, and trouble is written deep in the furrows of her brow. She is the sole inhabitant of this neglected castle, and the same person who was lady of this mansion before its grandeur was destroyed. She sees us, and stares at us wildly and comes toward us. "O," she said, "you look strangely at my castle, and think it

was always thus. Come, sit down; let me tell you my story." She led us to two benches in the yard, and took the one opposite us. Then she continued: "My husband and I left the city, came to this beautiful valley and made this our home long years ago. 'Twas a handsome mansion, and we lived happily in it for many years. We had five children—three boys and two girls. At last we heard the murmurs of a civil war, and then my trouble began. My three boys, having heard the story of the wronged South, donned the gray. Before a year was gone they sent me back the sword of William, my youngest boy, and told me he was dead. And in another month the sword of John came, with the same sad message. But each was killed while fighting bravely.

"One day in 1865, as we sat at dinner, a regiment of Federal soldiers came into the house. Yes; I must tell it—they shot my husband while trying to protect me. They carried his body off from the house, and I could not find it until the vultures had begun to devour it. The brutal officers of that company took possession of our household. My eighteen-year-old daughter could not bear the scenes of disgrace that followed. Committing her spirit to the God who gave it, she plunged a dagger into her heart, which eagerly drank her life's young blood. My twelve-year-old daughter, they thought they

had killed; but a little spark of life yet remained, which we fanned for several months until she died. My house—you can see how they served that. They carried away every negro from the place save one, and she, Aunt Louise, an old house-servant, was allowed to remain. Aunt Louise and I dug a grave for my suicide daughter, and, too, buried my husband about four days after his death, when his body was found. And soon we dug a third grave for my little girl. About four years after, I alone placed the dead body of Aunt Louise by the side of those I loved so well, and ever since have lived here alone. Come, now, I will show you my room."

She had told her story without a tear or sigh. Alas! it seems to me that the frail body of a mortal could not endure the suffering of these long years of trouble.

We followed her to a house that in other days was used for a kitchen. A little cot in the corner, some cooking utensils, a large open fire-place, were to be seen. She showed us the dagger which had taken her daughter's life, her boys' swords, and other relics of by-gone days. Then we followed her to the little grave-yard near the house, the inhabitants of which she had told us, whose graves were decked with flowers.

Then she said: "I have told you the tale of my sorrow, you will please leave me, now. I must scatter some

flowers on the graves I have shown you."

We left, as we knew it was her custom to tell visitors to depart when her story was told. "She is crazy," my uncle said, "yet every word of her story is true."

She has a son in the neighborhood who is a wealthy farmer, and he daily sends her the necessities of life, and a servant, whom she will sometimes allow to help her. She will not think of leaving her old home, and her son,

who is her only kinsman in America, wishes her to remain among her treasures and scatter flowers over the graves of her loved ones. In this she takes great delight, and laughs in her idiotic way.

We went back to the Falls and found that all had left, and I cared but little. I could not enjoy the merriment of a pic-nic crowd, for my mind wandered to the Brown Mansion and its lonely hermit. P. H. NEAL.

Wake Forest, N. C., March 6, '91.

BATTLE OF GUILFORD—A CRISIS.

Sometime ago a prominent gentleman of this State, well known for his superior learning and ability, when asked to state what was the most important battle of the Revolution replied: "In my opinion, that struggle was upon the field of Saratoga." He fortified his position with strong argument. We admit the worth of an opinion coming from this talented gentleman, yet we must disagree with him.

Perhaps patriotic emotion has blinded reason, and the stirring stories of heroic ancestors, told around the firesides of their descendants, have depreciated the bravery of the undaunted soldiery upon other fields, yet we candidly believe the battle of

Guilford to be the most important in respect to its influence upon the American Revolution.

The battle of Guilford was fought March 15th, 1781, between the American forces under General Nathaniel Greene and the British Regulars commanded by the Earl of Cornwallis. This was the only pitched battle fought upon North Carolina soil.

At this time, Washington was watching the movements of Henry Clinton at New York; Benedict Arnold, traitor, was commencing his depredations upon Eastern Virginia; Cornwallis had subjugated all Georgia, South and North Carolina, except a few faithful patriots who remained in the swamps under the command

of Marion or Sumpter. The crisis in the American Revolution had arrived. Defeat now meant destruction to the hopes of the oppressed colonies. The next battle would decide whether the blood of patriots had been spilt in vain.

That battle was Guilford Court House.

Cornwallis, eager to meet his foe, had been for two months pursuing him, thirsting for revenge and for glory. Through mud, rain, and storm he sought the affray. Looking upon his proud, well-disciplined legions, with their burnished armor and fluttering banners, the noble Earl felt encouraged to attack and humble the ill-disciplined militia patriots, who, half-clad and half-armed, had met and repulsed his haughty regulars upon the sanguinary fields of Cowpens and Kings Mountain.

Thursday, March 15th, 1781, was a beautiful spring day. A protracted winter had delayed mother earth in giving birth to her annual green fields and fresh foliage. But to-day the warm sunshine poured its effulgent rays upon the cold ground, and warmed into growing activity the germs of life, hidden during the long winter.

Early in the morning Greene arranged his line of battle. He placed the North Carolina volunteers far in advance of the regular line of battle, supported by only two pieces of artillery, forcing them, though raw

militia, to bear the brunt of the first attack. These men were ordered to fire two rounds and then retire. Behind these, a distance of three hundred yards, was stationed the Virginia militia, drawn up under the command of Generals Lawson and Stephens, while the Continentals were stationed over one-half mile in the rear.

Ere the sun broke over the hills, Cornwallis began to march from his camp on the banks of Deep river. Having arrived upon the field, he at once directed an attack upon the North Carolina militia. It was now noon. With a firm, steady tread and undaunted spirit the war-tried veterans of England advanced to drive back the inexperienced volunteer soldiery of North Carolina. The English were allowed to advance within one hundred and fifty yards before the patriots opened their deadly fire. Nearly one-third of the advancing troop fell, many never to rise again. The British commander, Colonel Webster, rode forward, shouting to his soldiers: "Come on, my brave fusilleers!" This call acted like an inspiration, and they rushed forward at a sharp run amidst the enemy's fire. "Dreadful was the havoc on both sides. At last the Americans gave way, and the brigade advanced to attack the second line." But the militia did not withdraw until they had fired every shot possible, and then only retired when they were

pressed by the English bayonet, and the combat had become a hand-to-hand struggle. Perhaps they were too zealous in obeying the order to retire, so that their retreat became almost a rout, yet they did *obey orders*. What more could be asked or expected?

Despite the unkind epithets, the infamy and disgrace which some have sought to heap upon the volunteer troops of North Carolina, recent research has clearly proved that North Carolina did then, as she ever has done, her duty.

The British line advanced, to be driven back by the Continentals. Again and again they charged with fixed bayonets before the sturdy patriots could be driven from their position. The left flank, under Colonel Campbell, was pressed, fighting and retreating, nearly a mile from the field. A line of British dead marked the path of his withdrawal. The centre and right wings stood firm. The 23d and 33d regiments of the British Regulars, having driven back the front line of militia, now attacked furiously the Continental forces. "The Americans awaited the charge until the enemy were within forty paces, and then poured in upon them a most destructive fire. Webster's line at first recoiled, then broke and fled in disorder into the forest out of which they had just emerged." But reinforcements were coming to the dejected English. Lieutenant-

Colonel Stuart, with the Second Battalion of Guards, marched double-quick to the relief of his defeated countrymen. Foot by foot the Continentals were being driven back toward Guilford Court House. The British line, reorganized, was slowly advancing. The raw recruits had retreated from the field. Harry Lee, for unknown reasons, had withdrawn from the fight. The combat deepened.

At last the decisive moment has come. Col. Washington, commanding the Continental cavalry, sounded the bugle for the charge. His men rush forward like messengers of death upon the gallant English regiment in the valley below and sweep them from the field. Turning swiftly, they furiously attack Stuart's Guards, who stubbornly refuse to fly. The carnage was terrible. One gigantic American killed eleven men. Cornwallis beheld this struggle with dismay. "Reascending the hill, he orders Lieut. McLeod to open with grape-shot upon the mass of struggling soldiery beneath him. O'Hara, who lay bleeding in the road, remonstrated and begged that his men might be spared, but Cornwallis was determined and desperate, and repeated his orders. The remedy was dreadful, but effectual." By this savage slaughter of friend and foe, Cornwallis was enabled to retain the field of battle, but not the laurels of victory. He retained his position, but at a terrible cost. More than

one-third of his army was killed or wounded; his bravest officers were enfeebled by wounds, or cold in death; his foe, though driven from the field, was prepared at any time to renew the battle. Only one course remained open—retreat, a hurried, miserable retreat through a hostile country, with an enemy having more than twice his own force, ready at any moment to attack his exhausted battalions.

Leaving his dead in the kind hands of the New Garden Friends, Cornwallis began his miserable retreat. The morning of the 18th found him with his face turned toward the seashore. Along his line of march, the pursuing Americans found here and there the abandoned dead and dying. His route was marked with blood.

How different the reality from the visions that must have floated through the mind of the English commander as he pursued the feeble patriot army through piedmont Carolina. No longer was he the pursuer, waiting on the banks of the overflowing Catawba or the swollen Yadkin, but the pursued, seeking refuge, but finding none until sheltered by his ships at Wilmington.

Greene, at the urgent request of South Carolina, entered that State and repulsed the English forces under Lord Rawdon at Hobkirk's Hill and Eutaw Springs. Cornwallis, leaving Wilmington, sought a refuge

in North Virginia, where he was hemmed in and captured.

Fox, in the English Parliament, declared that the victory belonged to Greene, and in passionate language exclaimed: "Another such victory will destroy the British Army." Cornwallis himself, a few days after the battle, using almost the identical language, declared, "Another such victory would completely annihilate us."

Had Greene been defeated at Guilford, defenceless Virginia would have been subdued; North and South Carolina prostrated would never have been aroused by the bugle call of liberty; Cornwallis would have taken his triumphant march to the sea, to be welcomed amid the plaudits of his fellow-countrymen at Norfolk and New York; fickle France would have forsaken the hopeless cause of her infant allies; Washington would have been defeated or driven into Canada; the power of Congress would have been destroyed, and the Declaration of Independence would have become a meaningless bit of paper. These things, we believe, would have been the natural result had Greene been defeated at Guilford.

Our American liberties were not gained by the bombardment of Yorktown. They were secured at Guilford Court House. Senator Benton truly said: "The philosophy of history has not yet laid hold of the bat-

tle of Guilford, its consequences, and effects. That battle made the capture at Yorktown." Upon its field, Cornwallis the conqueror was transformed into Cornwallis the cripple. His army, weakened and enfeebled, struck no longer terror into the hearts of the liberty-loving patriots.

Washington had formed the daring but imprudent plan of attacking Henry Clinton, fortified within New York City, but upon hearing of the success of Greene at Guilford, and the enfeebled condition of Cornwallis, then in Virginia, he changed his carefully formed design in order to attack the weaker position at Yorktown. This stratagem was successful. Cornwallis surrendered. Yorktown was taken, and with this ended the memorable seven-years' struggle.

"The battle of Guilford put that capture into Washington's hands, and thus Guilford and Yorktown became connected; and the philosophy of history shows their dependence, and that the lesser evil was father to the greater."

A few years ago a number of patriotic gentlemen, under the leadership of Hon. David Schenck, purchased this historic battlefield, and they are now using every care to preserve the field as it was over one hundred years ago. This spot is being made beautiful by all that wealth and labor can procure, and in a few years it will be the loveliest spot in piedmont Carolina. Monuments are now being erected over the dead already buried there, and it is the hope of those interested to make Guilford Battle Ground doubly hallowed by conveying thither the dust of Carolina's unjustly forgotten heroes, some of whom now rest in unhonored graves.

North Carolina, and America, too, should feel the patriotic sentiment expressed by our distinguished poet, William Cullen Bryant—

"Ah, never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save."

RUFUS WEAVER.

THE LOWERY OUTLAWS OF ROBESON COUNTY.

It is always a pleasant and a profitable task to engage in the study of those events in our country's history in which signal heroism and dauntless bravery have been displayed in defence of a noble principle

or an honorable and just cause. And it is equally as pleasant for us to engage in perpetuating the memory of those who have made themselves famous and won the hero's laurels in such a cause.

While this would indeed be a pleasant and a profitable occupation, yet it is not our purpose to review the history of such events or to herald the bravery of men thus engaged. However, it is concerning true and matchless bravery that we would write, but it was called forth by the harsh spirit of revenge, rather than in response to liberty's call and virtue's guidings—exemplified in outlawry rather than in freedom's cause. The history of these events partakes more of the nature of an indelible stain on the pages of North Carolina's history than of heroic deeds to which memory reverts with pleasure. We refer to the Lowery band of Robeson County, and the awful tragedies there enacted almost two decades ago. But, in order that we may give the actors in this terrible feud at least a fair representation, let us begin with first causes and take a brief view of their career.

About a quarter of a century prior to the opening of our late civil war, a vessel was wrecked on the coast of North Carolina under somewhat suspicious circumstances. Her captain, a Portuguese, having gone into the interior of the county, invested in a fertile estate and settled down to the quiet pursuits of farm life. Soon after this he was joined in marriage with a Creole woman, having a trace of African blood in her veins. From this marriage there sprung a family of half-breeds, consisting of a half dozen

stalwart sons and several daughters, who are said to have been beautiful brunettes, and adorned with more than ordinary comeliness. The sons were splendid specimens of manhood, powerful in physique, dead shots and daring riders. By marriage the sons and daughters strengthened their family connections, and thus by many living links bound themselves to the people of Robeson County. These were the actors in that bloody tragedy which was to be enacted a few years later, for the sea captain to whom we have referred was none other than Captain Lowery, and his sturdy sons the immediate actors in that strife.

When the question of the war came on the Lowerys were strict Unionists, as they were more or less intimately connected with the negroes and held no slaves, consequently they had no interests at stake. Thus, their views placed them between two feudal fires. But there is also another statement to which some credit is given, and it is more probably the true one, viz., that they were willing to enlist as soldiers in the war and as Southern freemen, but the Confederates did not wish to receive them as such, because of their taint of negro blood, and, on the contrary, wished to conscript them, as they did the common negro slaves, to build up the military fortifications in and around Charleston, South Carolina. But which of the two, the former or the latter statement, or both, was the real cause of

their not entering the Southern army, we do not know; but we do know that they became deserters and refused to enter the Confederate service.

Now, about this time there sprang into existence a military company known as the "Home Guards," commanded by a man named McLean, the one purpose of the originators of this organization being to force their unwilling neighbors into the service of the Southern Confederacy.

In 1863, after numerous unsuccessful attempts to capture the Lowery boys, Captain McLean, in company with his command, rode up one day to the house of Captain Lowery, who was now passed life's meridian, and ordered him to make known to them the whereabouts of his sons, which order he naturally refused to obey. Then he was stripped, tied to a tree and whipped until his back and arms were a mass of raw and bleeding flesh, but still he would not divulge his secret. As if not satisfied with their already cruel work, Captain Lowery was savagely murdered, and, to make a long story short, Mrs. Lowery, on refusing to give the desired information, was still more ruthlessly murdered in cold blood, and the two helpless, defenceless old people were left lying side by side in death, stained with their own blood, for refusing to betray their sons. Here, then, in these bloody deeds, were sown the seeds of strife which, for years, made Robeson

County the scene of terror. For when Henry Berry Lowery discovered the mutilated bodies of his aged parents, the family was called together and a solemn oath was registered in the old family Bible that they would never cease to wreak vengeance as long as a McLain, a McNeil, or a McCleary (the principal participants in the murder) remained alive. This was a terrible oath, but the crimes calling it forth would have aroused the sleeping fires of vengeance in a family descended of a nobler stock than were the Lowerys. We would not attempt to justify their numerous murders or their organized system of outlawry, but was not the cause which kindled these hidden fires sufficient to arouse the brutes, much less those who bear the name of men?

The occasion was unpropitious for them then, but they bided their time and kept the slumbering desire for revenge nursed until, 1867, when McLean fell as their first victim. Two McLeans and a McNeil followed in quick succession, and the people began to awake to the reality of the circumstances. Ere the close of 1869, half-a-dozen members of the offending families had bitten the dust, and the Lowerys had scarcely begun. All attempts at arrest proved unsuccessful, for they betook themselves to the deep recesses of the swamps, known only to themselves, and from their rendezvous went forth on the errand of plunder and death

by ways unknown to all others save themselves and their allies. Once Henry Berry Lowery was captured and lodged in jail, but he soon escaped; for he and his followers seemed to defy iron bars and the most secure prison cell. Matters grew worse and a dozen or more of the hostile families fell, together with an occasional Lowery. Their band increased in numbers to about one hundred, and was made up of the most lawless desperadoes of the whole country. Depredations were made on innocent families, and they became the terror of the land. No force put forth to exterminate them was successful, until in 1872 by a strenuous effort of the State the band was finally crushed out.

Such is an outline of the true his-

tory, so far as we have been able to gather it, and such was the end of one of the bloodiest feuds on record. While it has not been my purpose to justify a single one of their criminal deeds, the many murders committed by them, thefts without number and the wholesale destruction of property, yet it seems to be a fact that they did not enter upon those acts which brought about a reign of terror without some just cause. But while this is true, be it distinctly understood, that the final outgrowth was not at all justified by the cause which first set this horrible movement in motion. May no part of our glorious Union ever again be made the arena of action and the scene of terror by such a band.

E. S. REAVES.

THE LOVERS' LEAP.

In Virginia, about twelve miles above the city of Lynchburg, projects, from a cliff rising almost perpendicularly from the James river, an immense rock several hundred feet from the surface of the water. The ground from the summit of the cliff slopes gently to the edge of the rock. This rock is generally known as "The Lovers' Leap." The story of how this name was given it is a sad one, and runs something like this:

Many years ago there lived several miles back of this rock an old farmer who had three sons and an only daughter, in whom he placed all his hopes and pride. He had always been a kind and an indulgent father, gratifying every wish of hers, and leaving nothing undone which he thought would contribute in the least to her happiness. She was well educated, and, as her father would often boast, "was fitted to become any

man's wife." Soon her father saw that he was about to have a rival in his daughter's affections, and that, too, in the shape of a poor country lad whose only recommendations were his noble heart and his generous nature. In vain he pointed out to his daughter the folly of marrying this poor young man, when she could pick her choice from the whole country. At length he became so enraged that he forbade the lover to enter his house again. She, forgetful of all her father's past kindnesses and loving care, and unmindful of his advice, determined to marry her lover despite all her father could do. The lovers met clandestinely and concocted a plan to elope. A certain night was agreed upon, in which she was to slip, in the dead of night, from the house and meet him at the gate, where he was to await her with his horse, for he had only one. The evening in which she was to leave the home of her childhood, the home that had nursed her from infancy, and the dear old father who had known no wish but hers, was the scene of a dreadful storm. Nature seemed to be angry with herself. The winds would howl in the greatest fury and then die away in a piteous moan in the tree tops, while the rain poured down in torrents. Around the hearthstone of the old farmer all the faces were bright and cheerful save that of the daughter's. At every gust of wind and at each slam

of a loosed window blind she would start tremblingly. Soon the rest of the family retired and left father and daughter alone. She arose and, clasping him about the neck, sobbed: "Father, if you were to lose me would you care much?" He, thinking she was frightened by the storm and referred to dying, replied, while stroking her hair: "My child, my darling daughter, do not talk like this; you know I could not live without you, and I know God is too good to take you from me." "O, my dear father, when I am gone will you not remember that to-night I love you, and remember what a kind, dear father you have been to me? And will you not forgive your little daughter for all the trouble and all the care she has imposed upon you?" The poor old man was so overcome that he could not speak, but put her gently from his knee and left her alone. She, tremblingly, found her way upstairs to her room. Listen, the clock strikes twelve! The wind is still raging, but the rain has stopped. Dark clouds, like phantoms, now and then pass over the moon. All inside the house is as still as death. She rises, and taking a small bundle of clothes under her arm starts for the stairway. How the floor creaks, and what was that? It is only the occasional slam of the blind. She has reached the front door. How it creaks on the hinges! A glad bark greets her as soon as she reaches the porch.

"Down, Fido; down, my good dog!" says she, patting him on the head. With a sudden outburst of feeling she throws herself upon her knees by Fido's side, and taking him in her arms she weeps bitterly: "Good by, Fido, my old friend, and take good care of my poor father! O my God, forgive me if I am doing wrong!" At length she remembers her lover, and springing to her feet she hurries swiftly to the gate. There she finds him impatiently waiting for her. He dismounts hastily, and taking her in his arms, he places her upon his horse, springs into the saddle, and sets out at a swift gallop towards the ferry. On they go at this rapid pace for nearly half an hour. Occasionally the crashing of a limb torn from its trunk would tell them what a rough night it was. "Hark!" cries the girl in tones of affright, "I hear the sound of approaching hoofs." Ere long they became painfully distinct. "It is father and my brothers," exclaimed the girl in tones of agony. "Never mind, my darling, we will turn into this by-path and mislead them." So saying, he turned his horse into a path leading from the main road, but, unfortunately, the moon darted from behind the clouds just in time to show the pursuers which route the lovers had taken. The moon again disappeared behind the clouds boiling up from the

west, which bespoke another coming storm. On rushed the pursuers and the pursued. The lover dug his spurs into his horse's sides and urged the frantic steed on. Listen! it is the roar of the river; they are going down a slope! In vain the lover endeavors to stop his horse, but it is too late. The neigh of the flying horse echoes and re-echoes through the crags—a splash, and the cruel waves, like a child clapping his hands for joy, beat upon the banks. The father springs from his horse and rushes to the edge of the rock just as the water grows calm, as if to hide its crime. "My child, my child! Oh, come back, my child!" cries the poor old man in deepest agony. His sons bore him home. The next day the river was dragged, and the two lovers were found locked in each others arms. At the old family grave-yard was soon added another tombstone for the mother of this unfortunate girl. The old man lost his mind, and still has the idea that he must look for his daughter. If a stranger goes there, he always meets him at the door with a look of gladness in his eyes and asks him: "Have you seen my child? She has been gone so long, and she told me she loved me." When answered in the negative, he gives way to his grief: "O, bring me back my child, my only daughter!"

R. E. MAJOR.

SHIPS AND MEN.

A war-ship well rigged, going out to sea with colors flying, while the guns are firing a parting salute, is truly beautiful. The sailors sing—

“A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep.”

All on board seem to be happy, as the gentle breeze has dried their tears and the sweetness of the parting kiss still remains, but perhaps there may be sadness hidden deep in the soul, as they try to get another glimpse of the waving white hands on the shore.

But all the joy has passed when the winds are howling, or a battle is being fought. The sails are lowered, and all prepare for the coming conflict.

“The floods are raging and the gale blows high;
Low as a dungeon roof impends the sky.”

The ocean, with a reputation of six thousand years for shipwreck, is all around, roaring like deep peals of thunder, bullets flying thick above, and the sails are fast being cut to pieces. No chance to run to harbor; no cavalry with swift feet to bear them from danger. A shot has left its mark from port to starboard; decks are plowed up and the blood of brave men streams from the deck.

There is peculiar risk for the navy. They must have special courage.

We sometimes consider these men as a degraded and despicable class. We honor those who have fought on land, but, in a great measure, neglect those who have fought on the sea, and who were buried in the blue waves at midnight.

The Queen of England inspects her navy. Even the Czar of Russia reviews his in the Baltic Sea. We fail in this. We praise the ancients for their valor. We are delighted as Homer pays his tribute to the God of the Sea; as Horace prays for the swift winds to bear the galleys safely home, and as Wallace describes the galley-slave. But the glory of all these sinks into insignificance when we compare them with the men of the American Navy. Never since the fight at Salamis, where the Persians were crushed by the Greeks, has the world witnessed such deeds as those of the Revolutionary War. England, with her powerful fleet, came to force us to submission. We had no ships and few sailors. But we knew well the wisdom of the old heathen saying, “Jupiter helps those who help themselves.”

In 1772, the British schooner “Gaspel” troubled us and Captain Whipple went down one night and burnt her. He fired the first gun in the

naval service of the Revolution. Capt. Brougham received the first authorized commission from the Continental Congress. The first American war fleet was fitted out in 1775. Mr. Hopkins was appointed commander-in-chief. What kind of a flag did they have? As each chose, his own device, John Paul Jones hoisted the first flag ever displayed at the mast-head of a regular American cruiser. These men went to fighting.

The "Reprisal" did the noble work of carrying Dr. Franklin to France. It was in 1776 that Benedict Arnold so distinguished himself while fighting on the vessel until she was nearly a wreck. Had he then died, he would have been cherished by Americans as one of the noblest champions of liberty.

Paul Jones sailed in European waters and carried terror to the people along the coast. But it was in 1779 that Jones led his men to victory in the dreadful battle between the "Pallas" and "Serapis." The English had nailed their flag to the mast-head, but had to haul it down. All honor to "The Chevalier John Paul Jones." Poor, neglected, and an outcast, he died in Paris, and no one knows his resting place. We might tell you of Talbot; of the wreck of the *Saratoga*; of the noble deeds of Barney, who led, as Cooper wrote fifty years afterwards, "one of the most brilliant actions that ever oc-

curred under the American flag." But we must pass to those brave seamen of 1812. When Capt. Rogers hailed the British sloop-of-war he was answered with a shot. "Harrass her ships and destroy her trade and you will soon conquer her," rang from one end of the land to the other. We remember how Hull came out victor in the battle between the "Constitution" and the "Guerriere," and how he, stooping until his pants burst from waist to knee, shouted, "Now pour it into them." The brave Decatur, "Lord of the Sea," comes forward and gains a great victory. But sadness and defeat soon come. The gallant Lawrence while fighting was shot, and with courage even in death shouted, "Don't give up the ship." His body, with the flag of his ship as his winding sheet, rests in New York.

"No more he strikes the quivering chords with
fire,

Or sings the glories of the martial wreath."

But the most signal victory was on the lakes. Commodore Perry, having performed one of the most gallant exploits on record, gained a complete victory. At the close of that beautiful September day, when

"All heaven was wrapped in a mystic veil,
And the face of the ocean was dim and pale,"

the bodies of the brave men were buried in the blue waves. Was England ever so humbled? Trafalgar did not do it. Napoleon could not.

But America humbled her the second time. None so brave as Lawrence, Perry, and Decatur!

But *never*, since the first sea captain, has the world seen such fighting on the sea as in 1861-1865. Only two hundred seamen in all the stations and a few old ships, yet there was 2,500 miles of coast to blockade, besides the rivers, amounting to 2,000 miles, to be controlled. Look at Farragut and Jones at Fort Jackson! Look at the "Merrimac" as she glides over the waves! Great hopes were in her, but the "Monitor" conquered her. The "Alabama" lighted the sea with the burning ships of merchantmen. Behold the "Tecumseh" as she sinks with all on board! See Admiral Farragut as he pushes his vessels into battle. Follow the "Tennessee" as she strikes her deadly blows and gives battle to half-a-dozen Federal boats for a whole night, and, then, see her lower her colors as gloom gathers over the Confederacy.

The "Albamarle" runs into and out of the Roanoke and up and down the coast, pursued by more than ten vessels, all trying to catch her, until Cushing blows her up. Many a victory, which the people shouted themselves hoarse over, was gained by the

aid of the navy. Never since Lepanto; never since the siege of Tyre, has there been such courage. All honor to those who fought on the sea. "But in a piece of this kind, when the material is so abundant, the men must be like boquets gathered from the field in June, when hundreds of flowers will be left in unvisited spots as beautiful as those which have been taken."

Let all the boats of the Revolution, of 1812, and 1861 come forth. Let Hill, Perry, Dupont and Farragut come forth. "And now all the squadrons of all departments are in line; decks filled with men who have fought on the sea under the old flag. Sail on before all nations! Run up all the colors! Open all the port holes! Unlimber the guns and load and fire one great broadside that shall shake the continents in honor of peace and the eternity of the American Union."

"The good ship Union's voyage is o'er,
At anchor safe she swings,
And loud and clear, with cheer on cheer,
Her joyous welcome rings:

"Hurrah! Hurrah! It shakes the wave;
It thunders on the shore—
One flag, one land, one hand,
One nation evermore!"

J. S. CORPENING.

EDITORIAL.

A LAY SERMON—FROM SHAKE-SPEARE.

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in running
brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

The trees "in eloquence of beauty" speak a universal language; "for our gayer hours," "a voice of gladness;" for our "darker musings," "a mild and healing sympathy." How often the student, awearied of his lessons, hears these sylvan tongues calling him to "the darkling wood, amid the cool and silence." Here the anthems of the trees soothe his hot, restless longings, and inspire "the depth, and not the tumult of the soul." In a long tramp this afternoon, the sun shone brightly after the storm, the birds sang, the trees smiled, the leaves clapped their happy hands, the flowers waved and blushed and scattered perfumes. All Nature in loveliness and beauty exhibited, it seemed, a little excusable vanity.

While the woods greeted us with applause by a low chattering of sylvan voices—squirrels, birds, and the crow's ominous caw, caw, caw to its mate—and while a kind of muffled whisper, an audible rustling of wings, and faint rills of laughter seemed to spread in widening circles through

bush and brake, up popped a shrill-voiced piper. "A penny for your thoughts, a penny for your thoughts," it seemed to say, breaking rudely in upon the mind's "beautiful longings," and happy half-shapen fancies. Abashed somewhat, at first, in this society of gossipers, we yet, at length, resumed our musing while still the wind droned a mellower note, kissed the wild flowers, and lingered about, like an unhappy lover, to kiss again the honey-sweet lips where the humming-bird sips and the bee and the butterfly loiter. Happy, happy voices from tenanted trees and hedge-rows trilled their myriad songs. The wood-thrush "singing down the golden day," having rivalled all other birds in the sweetness of its song, now rivalled itself—such a volume of sweetness rose, from tremulous whispers, to wild thrilling bursts of joy, that quavered out through the enraptured wood till in tremulous silvery waves it circled away into silence; or, perhaps, as the poet would have it, was caught up to heaven in whispers. These are some of the "tongues in trees" which were singing joyous songs of deliverance from the bondage of winter, while the leaves and the blossoms, like so many fairies, were merrily dancing.

But we must hasten on. The "books in the running brooks." These are the books which never grow old, never wear out, never need to be edited anew. They are books of which we do not tire, the most satisfying, the completest, with a rythm which makes silence eloquent and beauty vocal. They flow round pictured isles and sing in language more divine than that of Homer the storied lessons not conned in schools. They brood o'er solemn depths of thought, murmur low through tragic scenes, laugh in rippling waves of joy. Some pages stir to action, some in wandering dreams flow on, and some in mad, sweet music rhyme and sing. They ripple on more merrily now than when the ice-beads fringed their edges, and floating snow drifted down their swollen streams.

It is spring! and bright painted flowers, fair prophets of the coming year, fall at our feet. Come away to the South—to the land of birth and joy! The old drowsy, world has waked up from her nap and has wedded young Horus, the sun, and their children are playing in the green, happy valleys, and the hills are all blushes and smiles and boquets of blossoms. Happy, happy hour! our thoughts come free, but limp into words. Nature, no pen thee hath painted, nor can ever paint, till the songs of the birds have been written and the music of the streams and the

wind have been sung in Nature's own musical language, which only the gods can interpret! Yet

"One impulse from the vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral, evil and of good,
Than all the sages can."

And so the woods and fields and stones are full of sermons. And what sermons! How divine! How full of "peace, good will to men!" When Nature speaks, "let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad;" let the world be silent and listen. In her harmonies sweet and majestic, the rythm of all truth swells into song, tells of God, the centre, the circumference, the Unit of which all else is a part. And, finally, "good in everything," which may be interpreted, "God in everything." In the green grass, as well as in the burning bush, dwells God. O vain man, if thou art "exempt from public haunt," the ground on which thou standest is holy, put thy shoes from off thy feet; listen in silent meditation to the voice that shall make thee both leader and deliverer. God comes on the wings of the wind, riding upon the storm, but He comes, also, in the still small voice; He comes soft as the snow-fall and heavy as the driven hail; He is in the pillar of cloud and in the pillar of fire; in the darkness in the light; in the fair prophets the flowers, and in the fields white unto the harvest; He is constantly taking the loaves and the fishes, and, in process

of time, in Nature's inimitable way, feeding the multitude, having compassion on those who revile Him, who seek Him and follow Him *only* for the loaves and the fishes. He is imminent, ever-present, working miracles, doing wonders.

"Good in everything;" that includes also "the public haunt." "He crieth in the streets." But the hurrying to and fro stills the voice that else would be heard. Here the light and the shade blind and dazzle. The greatest extremes brush by on the street and press on in 'silence. Lechery looks daily upon the pride of beauty and blush of innocence, and ignorance stalks in silks, while wisdom weeps for worshippers. "In *everything*." "Were I to take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea, behold, thou art there." The voice of Nature and the voice of God in our spring-time of dreams, if rightly attended, tell the same joyful truth: "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning: thou hast the dew of thy youth." God's voice and Nature's are one—the Diunity.

Please observe that *spring is active*, and, therefore, *joyous*. Let us sing—

Honest toil anneals the ages,
Pens the past, the future brightens,
Brings the crown of *crowning action*—
Joy in grief and hope in sorrow,
Wealth to poor and health to sickness,
Angel-visits to earth from heaven,
Makes love replete with manly virtue,
Divine the loveliness of woman,
And leaves no straying trace of sadness.

TWO NORTH CAROLINA POETS— N. B. COBB AND J. H. GILLESPIE.

North Carolina has not been a field fertile in any kind of literary production, but much more has been done by North Carolinians towards adding beauty and strength to the literature of America than they are generally accredited with. A North Carolinian wrote the only tragedy of any merit published in America prior to the Revolution. She has had novelists, poets, historians, orators, and essay writers who would ornament any school of literature, but all of our *literati* have been without honor in their own State, for it is a fact, which makes us blush with shame, that in North Carolina literary "merit weeps unknown." Perhaps Hill and Fuller should be placed at the head of our list of poets. The poems of the former have been greatly admired for naturalness, beauty of poetic diction and artistic word-painting; while we read the Milton-like poem of Fuller—*The Angel in the Cloud*—with a gloomy satisfaction as we remember how untimely was his death, and reflect on what he might have done for the literature of his country.

But we desire to speak more especially of the poems of Needham Bryan Cobb and J. H. Gillespie. The poems of these two men are not unknown, but we fear that they are not appreciated as they should be. In 1887, Mr. Cobb published a neat,

well-illustrated volume known as *Poetical Geography of North Carolina and Other Poems*. *The Poetical Geography*, as is said in the preface, was written as school exercises for the school children. The author evidently had a hard task in forcing all the uncouth names of mountains and creeks into verse, but though there are no lofty flights of poetic fancy, he has succeeded very well in his undertaking of making the geography of the State easily learned by the school child; at places the word painting is admirable. Of the other poems published in the volume, *Cold Water*, *Reply to Gray's Elegy*, and *The Terrible Storm*, are perhaps the best known and the most admired. They were written and published at various times. If *Cold Water* was designed for a temperance poem, it is certainly at the head of its class. It has some of the beauty and the sweetness of Tennyson's *Brook*. A short quotation would not do it justice. *The Reply to Gray's Elegy* is exceedingly beautiful. The more we read it, the more we are impressed with its sublimity and pathos. We quote one stanza:

"Think not thy worth and work are all unknown,

Because no partial penmen paint thy praise.

Man may not see nor mind, but God will own

Thy worth and work, thy thoughts and words and ways."

The Terrible Storm was written soon after the great cyclone of 1884.

As one reads he feels almost as if he were in the midst of a fearful storm.

In the fall of 1888, a neat little volume, *Elsinore and Other Poems*, was issued from the presses of Edwards & Broughton. It was a volume by which Mr. J. H. Gillespie made his *début* in the world of poets. It contained two poems of some length, *Elsinore* and *The Gazelle*, besides many shorter ones. *Elsinore* is a pretty romance, well told in neat iambic tetrameter. A young girl lives with her uncle at Elsinore in the Shenandoah Valley. The Civil War comes on. Her lover leaves her to join the army. It is reported that he was killed on the battlefield. In the devastation of the Valley, her uncle is murdered by a band of marauders; the premises are fired and then the enemy leave. The young girl, who had fainted in the presence of such horrible cruelty, revives, and the fire is put out. At last, one summer's day, her lover, who had long languished in a foeman's prison, returns, and Elsinore is once more the seat of happiness and peace. The poet attempts no flights of fancy, nor does he libel the tender emotions of a "youthful, loving, modest pair" by putting them in the mock dress of words, the best of which are declared by those versed in the affairs of the heart to be exceedingly inexpressive. The poem has the rare grace of natural simplicity, but it is surpassingly rich in beautiful thoughts and

pithy sayings. Gillespie was not a master, but a promising pupil of versification. *Elsinore* has very few metrical defects; the same may be said about all of his poems. Here is a line that reminds us of Tasso:

"The true in love, in war are brave."

We make one other quotation:

"As well might one essay
Hell's unknown tortures to portray
As to attempt, on printed page,
To tell of war's tumultuous rage."

If our war historians would keep this constantly in mind, we should be spared the agony of reading so many attempted descriptions which tire our moral as well as our intellectual nature.

We have not the space to speak at length of his other longer poems; to pass judgment upon them otherwise would be unsatisfactory. *Elsinore* may be taken as a fair sample of the productions of Gillespie's poetical fancy. Of his shorter poems, some show no mean order of genius; some have an especial interest on account of the early death of the youthful author; they seem almost prophetic of his untimely end. He died in the early spring of 1889. He was a diligent student and an earnest devotee of the muses. Of him we might say, in the words of Byron on Kirk White:

"While life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,

The spoiler came, and all thy promise fair
Has sought the grave, to sleep forever there."

ROBERT L. PASCHAL.

COLLEGE SPIRIT.

There are many opinions as to the functions of a college journal, but all agree that to a great extent it ought to represent the college from which it comes, that it ought to be strictly a students' magazine, supported and edited by the students, and with weak hopes that this may serve in some measure to rouse the students from their apathy in regard to athletics, and college affairs in general, is this article written. When we contrast ourselves with other colleges in the amount of college spirit displayed, we have reason to be ashamed of the result. There seems to be a surprising disaffection among the students; grumblers are in the majority. A few labor to make the College a success in other ways than as a group of recitation rooms labelled Wake Forest College.

There is a disposition to carp at and criticise everything connected with college progress. This disposition is principally exhibited in connection with athletics. Very few take any active interest in games or sports; the majority stand off and criticise the team, show there is no possible chance of winning a game, give mournful reminiscences of the teams we used to have, and always seem to have some cold water to pour on any enterprise, instead of joining in and helping. They have plenty of mouth, and if we chance to win, they are wil-

ling to shout and yell; but approach one on giving something to help the team, and he will mumble out some unintelligible excuse. He sometimes asks, and pertinently, "What's the use of all this playing?"

There are several objects to be gained besides the patent one of affording exercise and being a means of physical development. In the first place, it helps to establish good feeling between colleges, it fosters intercourse and communication, and one is often able to learn new things from the other. Again, it lets people know there is such a place as Wake Forest College, instead of keeping it hid out here in a country town. And further, it gains students for the college. Often is the choice of the college to be attended left with the prospective student, and show me the boy who would attend an institute completely dead as regards sports and games in preference to one where the students were bound together by a common interest in their team, where he would have some games with which to dilute study, a place in which to take exercise and have open-air sports instead of being forced to idle talking, or, more apt, card playing, for recreation. Does any doubt that Yale has gained hundreds of students by her prominence in athletic sports? And how can such success be attained without there is interest taken and the students combine to make that success?

It seems to us that we are lamentably deficient in unanimity of interest. At only one time has the College approached the desired height of interest and enterprise, and that, unfortunately, did not last long. Foot-ball had a sudden rise and a similar fall. For a while it seemed as if the students were about to become united, and hopes were reasonably entertained that at some time in the future we would be able to stand in the front rank of Southern colleges in athletic sports and in the quality of the teams we put in the field.

How is it that Northern colleges, with a smaller attendance than ours, are able to have teams, both of baseball and foot-ball, that compare favorably with those of the largest institutions? You may say what you please about the lack of material, but everyone ought to know that we have plenty of good material here if the boys would only take enough interest in it to encourage others to practice and show what's in them. We want to appeal to every student who has any college pride, who has pride of any kind: stop this grumbling, stop this croaking imitation of the ill-omened raven; encourage by word if not by deed, by contribution if not by active co-operation, and always keep this in mind, that it is not those who help and sincerely aid the team that do the fault-finding and ill-propheying, but it is that part of the students who are never willing to

play, to give, or even to speak a good word. If you don't play yourself, talk to and persuade the man who can, or, at any rate, go and see the practice games. The game will be made more interesting by the presence of spectators, and we are badly mistaken if you should come away without having had an hour's good enjoyment. R. B. WHITE.

DARK DAYS.

During the spring months there occurred in many places of the South dark days. The light of the sun failed to shine with its usual brilliancy. These days produced great fear and terror in the minds of the ignorant and superstitious, especially the negroes. These incidents remind us of the Colonial days. The Assembly of Connecticut was in session. The house became darkened at mid-day, a motion was made to adjourn as judgment day had come, but one opposed it and said that if judgment day had come he would be found in harness, so candles were brought and the session continued.

We laugh at the ignorance and superstition of our ancestors. When an eclipse occurred, they began to pray and make ready for the coming of the Lord. We laugh and get our telescope, and sweep the sky to observe the various changes.

What inspired them with fear and terror, fills us with gladsome surprise.

We stand, gaze, and admire. They believed them to be warnings from God. We know them as Nature's laws. To them the thunder was the voice of God; to us it is a discharge of atmospheric electricity. To them the rain fell from God's own hand; to us it falls from the atmosphere. The phenomena of Nature was an expression from God, either of approval or disapproval. They were as pious and earnest as we. The question arises, then, are we nearer God than they were; does the explosion of our old beliefs bring us into closer harmony with God? Our idea of truth is ever changing its color, like the Chameleon; things that we had never doubted before disappear, instead of assuming larger proportions, under microscopic examination.

We were taught that the Tower of Babel was an effort to reach heaven, but on examination we find it standing in a valley, and no one would be foolish enough to try to reach heaven the quickest by building it in a valley. Then, too, the idea was not new. The ancient gods piled Pelion on Ossa to reach the House of Zeus. We have to let our belief go. We were taught that Hell was a real lake of fire and brimstone, but it seems that this was only the idea of Calvin, and that he used it to arouse the calous natures of superstitious men. We were taught it, and many a time has the old dragon frightened our boyish dreams, and marvelous stories

have we heard of his terrible face, but now they tell us it was only a fancy, a delusion. We have to believe what the light of knowledge and inquiry shows, but we cling with tenacity to the beliefs of our boyhood—to give them up is no easy task, and it makes us mad for anybody to make fun of them. There was more of beauty and more of terror in the religion of the ancients. But men ought to be

honest with themselves, it matters not what the cost may be. But while we give up the ancient superstitions and these detached exaggerated notions, do they not, when properly harmonized and interpreted, teach general truths? and is God not as near us to-day as ever, though not seen in marvelous separate acts which we dare not interpret, still is He not present in His laws? E. W. S.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

R. L. PASCHAL, EDITOR.

The Baptist Female University seems now to be a hope of the far distant future, rather than a reality of the present. Nothing can be done toward its establishment, except, perhaps, forming plans and theories, until Raleigh fulfills the part of the contract under which the trustees of the institution agreed to locate it at that place. We are greatly desirous that Raleigh should become aroused about the matter, and at once do her part, so that some further progress may be made. At the meeting of the trustees some weeks ago, a course of study was mapped out, in which the requirements for degrees were about the same as at Wake Forest College. This must be a source of joy to all who desire that a degree from a female col-

lege should mean something more than knowing how to conjugate the verb "to love" in two or three modern languages, and playing "Annie Rooney" on the piano. When the Baptists do consummate their cherished plans in the establishment of this University, let it be an honor to the denomination, and an honor to any young lady to receive a degree from it. Whenever serious efforts are made, an endowment fund may be raised and the institution made a successful certainty. When that glorious time shall arrive, then will the Commencements at Wake Forest be enlivened by more beauty and wit even than during the past, while our college will send her chivalry to Raleigh at every Commencement of the Female Univer-

sity to please and to be entranced. The class of ninety-one! alas, for them! they can never hope to partake of the joys of such a happy time; our bachelor professors may; indeed, there are strong probabilities that they will.

The Governor of Oregon says that he is as big a man as President Harrison. He certainly reads *Puck*.

Memorial Day, May 10, is a day set apart by the South for the purpose of showing homage to our heroic dead who fell on the hard-fought battle-fields of the civil war. On that day their graves are decorated with flowers by fair hands. Our Confederate dead should be sacred to us; they voluntarily offered themselves up as a sacrifice that the land they loved might be free; their patriotism was undoubted; their motives sincere; their bravery our boast. Let us not forget them because they were unfortunate; let us, rather, never neglect to strew the graves of these,

"By all their country's wishes blest,"
as oft as spring

"Returns to deck their hallowed mould,"
with the most fragrant of flowers.

All the religious exercises at Harvard are voluntary, and have been so since 1886. The effect of the change from the old system has been good, so says the Harvard Catalogue. What is good at Harvard would not be bad elsewhere; such, at least, is the testimony of all those institutions which have left off binding their stu-

dents by an exacting promise to attend religious exercises. The consensus of opinion among divines is that involuntary church attendance is not only not productive of any good, but is positively injurious to morality; often when a student has signed a requirement to attend church, he will go unwillingly, at times, take no interest in the sermon, and go away deadened to all that is holy and good. The conclusion is plain: no one should ever be bound by such a promise. But it is said that, in the absence of other motives to attend church, the pledged word of a young man is a good one, and that if he acts upon this he cannot fail to be benefited. But unless it can be shown that going to church is a good thing in itself, regardless of what may be the state of the heart of the attender, unless a student also obligates himself to pay attention to the services when once he is in the hearing of the preacher, which he does not, we are sure that a promise to attend church cannot be a motive to virtuous action. That compulsory attendance produces coldness among college christians is a matter of simple observation. Those students who take the New Testament as their guide, and who have reached the age of accountability, can nowhere in this sacred volume find a parallel of what is practiced at a majority of our institutions of learning; nor is there anything, so far as we know,

analogous to it. Students are the only persons in the world who sign away their right of acting for themselves in this matter. We do not believe any other man in the world would promise to attend religious exercises, provided he was well enough to go, every day in the week for ten months at a time, under pain of being dishonored before his fellows, if he had any reliance upon the rectitude of his own conduct. Why should it be so with students? After all theories have been advanced and discussed, nothing shows better than experience what is best. Experience at Harvard, Cornell, and many other colleges, has been that compulsory attendance at religious services is a bad thing. Such is likewise the conclusion from the dictates of common sense; then let this ancient system, originated by the Puritanical Harvard of the seventeenth century, and now abolished by the enlightened Harvard of the nineteenth, be everywhere superseded by the principle of complete freedom of action in matters of religion, as is so strongly taught by the doctrine of Jesus Christ.

On the 24th day of last month Count Von Moltke, the man to whom, more than any other, Germany owes her prestige as a war-like nation, died at the age of over ninety years. Few more remarkable men have lived

in any age or country. Educated in a military academy, he made the arts of warfare the study of life. At nineteen years of age he was made lieutenant, and gained distinction and higher rank in the wars of the first half of this century. His wonderful success in the war against Austria gained for him the reputation of being the first soldier of the day. But it was in the war against France, in 1870, that he won the greatest renown. His splendid victories over a nation considered to be almost invincible, rendering France helpless in the short space of six weeks won for him the admiration of the world, and made him the idol of his fellow-countrymen. Since the close of that war he has been engaged in perfecting the discipline of the German army. His long life has been an eventful one. From a few discordant and dismembered states, fighting among themselves, the prey of Napoleon, he has seen Germany grow into one united and powerful nation. In his old age his patriotic soul must have viewed with boundless satisfaction the high rank of his "fatherland," in the elevation of which he played so conspicuous a part. Up to the last he took great interest in matters of state, and although so much advanced in age his mental faculties were not impaired, and his body yielded to no lingering sickness, the cause of his death being heart failure.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

J. L. KESLER, EDITOR.

A new novel, by Marion Crawford, will probably be published next month. "Khaled: An Eastern Tale," is the title of it.

"The Primes and Their Neighbors," by Richard Malcolm Johnston, is a new book, containing ten tales of Middle Georgia. In them is painted Southern life in some of its most humorous phases. The *Book News* says: "Not one of the tales is stupid; nearly every one contains a character original or so pleasantly drawn that it assumes distinctness as an individuality."

William H. Hayne, the poet son of Paul Hamilton Hayne, the sweet Southern singer, is soon to have the first collection of his poems published in book form.

There is some truth in the following story, though it is not here related as occurring at the true time and place. The place here chosen is Ore Knob, in Ashe County, a little old mining village of several hundred houses on the very top of one of the spurs of the Blue Ridge. The houses are old and deserted, the shingles rotting and the roofs falling in, while the half-open doors present a weird and

ghostly appearance. You involuntarily shudder. It takes no great stretch of the imagination to see strange faces peering out of the windows, or ghosts strolling about the unkept ways. Many a night have we spent on this lonely mountain, where once activity never ceased day nor night, though now as still and lifeless as a graveyard; not even does a sprig of grass or a bush grow anywhere near the furnaces. Going into the dark little chamber of an old office, and there striking a light on the inside, for the continuous wind on these heights blows too hard to strike one without, and there lying down to sleep amid these ruins, old and sequestered, while the sighing, wailing wind outside around the corners, the roof, and the gables rose and fell like the sound of the old-time spinning wheel, made one feel the pulse of romance, wild and dim, in every fiber of his body, and every thought became winged and weird. We are told by the writer of these lines that they were not written for publication; that if these ghosts would quit poking their impudent heads out of the windows of his imagination, he would be satisfied and would

be glad to bid them a happy good-night, and wish them sweet dreams in Ghoul-land :

THE HAUNTED HOUSE—A VOICE.*

In a dark and sodden chamber,
Which the old men say is haunted—
In the village of the miners,
Long deserted, crumbling, olden,
Standing on a mountain summit,
Falling, drifting to the valley,
Were heard these words so strangely spoken,
As the clock was beckoning midnight
And ghosts were stalking through the village :
“Oh! the fires that know no quenching—
Burning, seething, deathless soul-fires !
My heart, laid low in dust and ashes,
Tired and weary, longing, helpless,
With hopes and sorrows intermingled,
Waits and waits, but still no token
Bursts the shadows and the darkness.
Night! O, Night! that knows no breaking,
Wrapped in darkness, gloom and darkness,
Is there no star within your shadows,
No place for rest within the nightwinds?”

And in answer the winds replying,
Rose outside the little hovel—
Rose a sudden gust, but dying,
Left no word for ghost or prophet.
Then again the night was startled
With the words that longing spirit
Uttered in pitying wails of anguish—
“Oh! hide me, hide me from the daylight,
Give me rest in shades and slumbers,
Lay my soul on downy pillows,
Cool its burning, seething fevers !
Dreams of madness cull my heartstrings,
Lop them off as the tops of pine-trees
Are swayed and broken by the tempest—
Snap the chords that sang so sweetly,
And my heart is bruised and mangled
Like the proud and boastful Dares,
While Entellus standing lofty
With proud step—slow—majestic,
Slays his victim, leaves it trembling,
Hangs my heartstrings on the rainbow
Of the dreams of love and childhood—
Dreams, alas! delusive, cruel,
Dreams that never have fulfillment,

Dreams that wake me in my slumbers.
Oh, remember, how I loved her !
How we smiled across the school-room,
How we walked adown the meadows,
How we talked about the flowers,
How we plucked the golden crocus,
(And her hair was not less golden)
How she told me all her secrets,
How I lingered long to hear them,
How she kissed me when we parted.
A honey-bee was never drunken
With the sweetness of the flowers
More than I was with her beauty
When we parted in the valley.
With her locks the wind was playing,
As they floated o'er her shoulders
And kissed the sunlight as it glinted
Across the mountain to the valley.”

Then was silence for a moment—
An awful, lonely, ghostly moment—
Till low sobs were heard, and moanings
Broke the weird and startled silence.
Now an old man, dressed in deer-skin,
Stood beside me. It was midnight ;
And with accents low, sepulchral,
Thus began in language broken,
As if unused to speech of mortals,
He had lost the art of speaking :
“Long ago, among the miners,
Was a youth blue-eyed and slender ;
He, a genius and a scholar,
Loved the maid of yonder clearing
Where the white fog skirts the valley,
Where you hear the barn-owl hooting ;
But her mother interfering,
She obeyed her mother's wishes ;
Yet the tear-drop often trickled
Down her fair face ere the sun rose.
And at eventide she lingered
By the streams and grassy meadows ;
There she culled the self-same flowers
That they oft together gathered,
Pressed them to her throbbing bosom,
Told the blossoms of the meadow
All her secrets and her sorrows,
How she loved him in his absence,
How the earth had ceased to charm her,
How she longed for the happy city
Where the mountains bloom in beauty,
Where Arbutus trails no longer,

* This piece is here printed for the first time.

And the river banks are skirted
 With the blossoms of the lilies,
 With the garniture of Jesus;
 Heaving a sigh of love unspoken,
 As if she found relief in sighing,
 Told them again, and filled with weeping,
 Kissed the flowers. And so repining
 Lost her health and faded early.
 It is eighty years and over
 Since they laid her in the graveyard.
There were gathered many miners,
 And the tears were making rivers
 Through the soot upon their faces.
 One stood near with head uncovered,
 Pale and wild of look, and eager,
 It seemed, to speak, but never speaking.
 Motionless, he stood, with terror,
 At the grave where she was buried.
 All the multitude of people
 Had gone to work and left him standing;
 But the women of the village
 Stopped and talked with one another,
 And *this* was the burden of their gossip:
 'How he loved her! Have you heard it,
 What she told her folks to tell him?'
 And in little groups together,
 The miners stopped their work to whisper—
 'Somethin's ailin'; did you see him,
 As he stood like half uncertain?'
 And another, coming closer,
 Said in lower tones and graver:
 'They tell me that the parson
 Brought her dying message to him,
 And it run him clean distracted.'
 Then they all without exception
 Nodded and resumed their labors—
 Since that day we have not seen him."
 This he added, hesitating;
 "Marvelous tales are told about him
 By the women and the children;
 For they all had learned to love him.
 Just at midnight, by this cottage—
 Some were coming from the furnace,
 Talking of the day's disclosure,
 When they saw his spirit enter
 By the doorway—locked and bolted.
 Then they heard his wail of madness,
 Knew his voice, yet dared not open;
 For they thought it was a spirit—
 And never has that door been opened.

Always, just as the clock strikes midnight,
 These wails are heard—listen! Listen!"

In an instant he had bounded
 Over cliff and cloud and mountain
 As a gleam of lightning flashes
 Through the sky at gloomy midnight
 And vanishes in instant darkness.
 Then I felt the ghosts about me,
 Their wings flapped cold upon my spirit,
 And with low and solemn breathing,
 The air was full of haunted spirits;
 The souging wind through the vacant houses,
 In gable rents, 'round broken corners,
 Rose louder and louder in its wailing.
 It always moans on this lonely mountain;
 But the moaning of the night-wind
 Seemed to die away in whispers
 As there came from the rotting hovel
 A voice no mortal ever uttered—
 "Must death come slowly creeping o'er me,
 While my soul is longing, thirsting—
 Thirsting for a misty vision
 Of that far Seraphic City,
 Where they tell me she's an angel?
 Oh! Ethelinda! Ethelinda!
 A thousand demons stand around me,
 Howl like tempests in the darkness
 Sweeping adown the timbered valleys!
 They strike with beaks and pierce the door-
 posts,
 Fold their wings and walk like demons,
 With reeking, bloody, streaming pinions,
 Then rising black as a swarm of locusts,
 Their great wings whizzing like a whirlwind,
 Greet the gleaming-visaged Satan
 At the gates of Dark Plutonia;
 Shout as loud as all the Romans,
 And hurl my heart to the flaming surges.
 I see it, hear it, feel it, know it,
 In this diabolic dreaming,
 Shriek, but shrieking I am voiceless—
 My lips grow pale, my eyelids sunken,
 My heart-blood flows but finds no lodgment,
 Rushes around its homeless mansion,
 As men rush mad through a burning city,
 Then, dark and clotted, stops and lingers
 Where once it played and gaily gamboled;
 My eyes grow fixed and death o'ershaded
 Shudders in them, groans and shudders."
 Then a wail, a prayer to heaven—

A prayer, the yearning of the soulless—
 "O hearts, by demons thus tormented,
 So torn, so pierced, so fraught with sorrow,
 O soul-swept fevers, never ending!
 Are there no ethereal vapors
 To cool in death these burning torments?
 If there be, oh! let me die
 In the cold, white snow when the wind is
 sighing,
 Then lying cold—lone—forgotten,
 Ethelinda o'er me bending,
 May let a tear-drop kiss my forehead,
 And my spirit still will see it—
 See it in joy and love the giver,
 Speak to her in silent slumbers,
 Hover spirit-like above her,

Kiss her cheeks when she is weary
 Till they bloom again with blushes
 And smile in loveliness of beauty,
 And smooth her golden flowing circlets
 That bind her brow serene and holy."

Then the voice was stilled in silence,
 Like the silence of the seaside—
 Yet seemed to speak from out the shadows
 And in the darkness to echo shadows
 From the ocean of the soulless.—
 Thus the sobs of the broken-hearted
 Swelled with a pitying wail of sadness—
 Swelled and receded and were gone forever.
 And evermore this haunted silence
 Throws its shadow o'er all spirits,
 Drunken with the heart's affection.

CLIPPINGS.

YESTERDAY.

At dawn a white-sailed vessel touched the pier,
 Laden with gold and jewels rare for me;
 All day she lay in port, but in the clear,
 Calm even, with her gems she put to sea.
 And mingling with a fleet, with bitter tears
 I see her white sails glimmer far away,
 Sailing across the sea of wasted years,
 And know my gems are lost fore'er and aye.
 —*Southern Collegian.*

AN EXCEPTION.

Logicians say that no phrase means
 At once both YES and NO;
 But they are not correct, it seems,
 As one short phrase will show:
 WHERE IT MEANT "YES"—
 I sat one eve with Maude, a miss
 Who's pretty, sweet, and coy;
 Said I, "Maude, dare I steal a kiss?"
 She said, "You silly boy."
 WHERE IT MEANT "NO"—
 And in a little while I said,
 "Art angry, dear, at me?"
 She smiled, and laughed, and shook her head,
 "You silly boy," said she.

Cornell Era.

Steps recently taken by the British Parliament for the purchase and preservation of Anne Hathaway's cottage and Wilmcote cottage, the home of Shakespeare's mother, at Stratford-on-Avon, are said to have materially disarranged the plans of certain American speculators who wanted to transfer the relics across the Atlantic.

"Are you a drummer?" queried the store-keeper.

"Yes," was the reply.

"And what do you drum?"

"Everything you can possibly want," replied the salesman, eagerly.

"Then beat a retreat," growled the proprietor, whistling for his bulldog.—*Yale Record.*

President Patton, of Princeton, thus poetically gives his opinion about attending college: "'Twere better to have gone and loafed than never to have gone at all."

The students and alumni of Vanderbilt University have been lately discussing the matter of co-education at that institution. Heretofore, young ladies have been admitted to any of the schools they were prepared to enter, without matriculation and enrollment as students. It is proposed to either debar them from all privileges or to admit them as full-fledged students.

No fairer example of the love of a college student for his *alma mater* can be given than that of the class of '91 at Emory College, Oxford, Ga. During the exercises of Arbor Day the class instituted a new custom by presenting a package containing thirty-three notes, amounting to five thousand dollars, each note bearing interest from date, and maturing five years from said Arbor Day. Truly a noble deed, and one worthy of emulation.

The library of Princeton College possesses the largest collection of books on baptism in the world. There are two thousand bound volumes and three thousand pamphlets.—*American School and College Journal*.

A sentence in an American novel, "He alighted and tied his horse to a large locust in front of the house," was rendered in a French translation so as to read that "he fastened his horse to a huge grasshopper"—*Exchange*.

Opportunity, as we walk the path of life, offers himself as a good ferryman to land us safely on the shore of success and happiness, and his charges are expressed in one word—that word which sickens so many students—effort.—*Ex*.

It has hardly come to be admitted yet that books can be written by Americans quite equal to those produced on the other side of the water. The same notion has generally prevailed in regard to the schools of this continent. It begins to be admitted now, however, that young men need not resort to European universities for faculties that will enable them to attain the very highest grade of scholarship.—*Sunny South*.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.—*Froude*.

IN THE CLASS-ROOM.

ALUMNI EDITOR.

THE CALENDAR.—The tradition is that the Calendar dates from Romulus, the first king of Rome. He made the year to consist of ten months, beginning with March. This month was named in honor of Mars, the god of war. The second month was called April, *opening month*, because the leaves and flowers then open. May was named in honor of the goddess Maia, and June in honor of Juno, though some think that May was named for the elders of the people, Latin *majores*, and June for the younger men, *juniores*. The rest of the months were named from their numbers in the ancient year, July being called *Quintilis*, August *Sextilis*, and the rest having the names which they still bear. This explains why the ninth month is called *September*; it was originally the seventh, *October* the eighth, *November* the ninth, and *December* the tenth. Later the *Quintilis* was named *July* in honor of Julius Cæsar, and *Sextilis* *August* in honor of Augustus.

It was soon evident that ten months was too short for the year, and Numa Pampilius, the second king, added two months, making *January*, named

for the god Janus, the first month, while *February*, the month of purifications, Latin *februa*, was the last month. Ovid seems to connect the name of the first month with *janua*, a door, saying that it was put first because the door is the first part of a house. In B. C. 452, the Decemvirs made February the second month. At this distance, it would still seem appropriate for the year still to begin in the spring with March, when all vegetable nature puts on new life, and thus the names of the later months would still be significant of their position in the Calendar; but some things must be taken as they are, not as they ought to be.

Numa's months were made to consist alternately of 29 and 30 days, making the year consist of 354 days, to which one day was added to make the number odd for good luck. Every second year they were to add an extra month, called *intercalary*, but the duty of intercalating this month was left to the pontiffs, who greatly abused this privilege so as to make the year long or short for their favorites who were in office or desired to enter at the opening of the new year. Hence, Julius Cæsar found

the year three months wrong, the vernal equinox coming in June instead of in March. Accordingly he added to the year 47 B. C. extra months, so that this year contained 445 days. He made the year to consist of $365\frac{1}{4}$ days, and arranged its beginning so that the equinox fell on March 25th. He made the odd months to have 31 days, and the even months to have 30 days, except February which had only 29 days till the fourth year when it had an extra day to make up for the fraction of a day. This gave August only 30 days, but when it received its new name in honor of Augustus, it seemed to be giving greater honor to Julius Cæsar than to him for July to have 31 days while August had only 30; so one day was taken from February and given to August, and to avoid the concurrence of three months with 31 days, September and November were shortened, and October and December lengthened. The additional day of the long year was inserted between the 24th and 25th of February. The 25th was called *a. d. sextum diem Kalendas Martias*, the sixth before the Calends of March, and the additional day was called *a. d. bis-sextum*, &c. Hence, the leap year was *bissextile*, because the sixth before the Calends occurred twice. This name *bissextile* is still used. We call it *leap year*, over or skipped one day, when the truth is we put in an extra day.

The Julian year began with January 1st, B. C. 46. This made the length of the year 365 days 6 hours; but the true length is 365 days 5 hours 48 minutes 4 seconds. Hence, the Julian year was too long by 11 minutes 14 seconds. The Council of Nice, in A. D. 325, discussing the proper time for the observance of Easter, found that the equinox fell on March 21st. In A. D. 1582, Pope Gregory XIII found that the equinox fell on March 11th. In other words, this error which made the year too long by 11 minutes 14 seconds, in 1257 years amounted to nearly 10 days. Gregory, thinking that the date given in the decisions of the Council of Nice had highest authority, ordered that 10 days be dropped from that year, so as to make the equinox fall on March 21st.

But how should this error be prevented in the future? Stated decimally, the year is approximately 365.2422 days. By the method of continued fractions, the approximate values of this decline are $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{7}{28}$, $\frac{8}{33}$, $\frac{125}{515}$, &c. The first, giving one leap year in four soon produced an error; to have 7 in 29 would make an error in the opposite direction, but much smaller; and each succeeding fraction would give a result nearer to the true length of the year.

But any of these fractions would be inconvenient in application, and a simpler method of correcting the error

was needed. It was found that $\frac{97}{400}$ was very nearly correct, and so it was decided that there should be 97 leap years in 400 years; that is, that every year divisible by 4 should be a leap year, until the even hundreds were reached, and these should not be leap years unless they would divide by 400. This rule is now generally accepted. Accordingly, the year 1600 was a leap year, 1700 and 1800 were not, and the same will be true of 1900. This method is only an approximation. In 3,323 years the error will amount to a whole day, and in the year A. D. 4905, the calendar will have fallen one day behind. It will be a very easy matter, then, for the President of United America to order that this year shall be a leap year, though not divisible by four, and then the calendar will not be correct for another 3,323 years.

But this correction made in 1582 originated with the Pope of Rome, and our English ancestors no longer acknowledged his authority. So they refused to make the correction by dropping ten days. Thus matters went on till during the eighteenth century. Meantime, the year 1700 had come and been counted a leap year in England, and the error had increased to eleven days. At length the people of England concluded that the Pope might possibly be right about a matter of science, and it was ordered that eleven days should be dropped, say that the 10th of the

same month be called the 21st. But many people still declined to make the correction, and it became necessary in writing a date to specify whether it was Old Style or New Style. In 1875 there was some newspaper discussion as to whether the proper date to celebrate the Centennial of the Mecklenburg Declaration was May 9th, or, as most people thought, May 20th. Some documents gave the date as May 9th. At length it was discovered that when the date was stated May 9th, it was according to Old Style, and that May 9th, Old Style, and May 20th, New Style, were the same date.

Old Style has almost gone out of use except in Russia. There the Greek Church being the State religion, nothing originating in Rome can be accepted, so they still cling to Old Style. They called 1800 a leap year, and so are now twelve days behind us. The day which we call July 4th they call June 22d. In writing a letter to a friend in Russia, we should write both dates, June 22d-July 4th.

The only remnant of Old Style among us is what is called "Old Christmas." If the correction had not been made, the day which we call January 6th would be December 25th, and so, Christmas day. Old Christmas, then, means the day which would be December 25th in Old Style. Some people think the old is best because it is old, and so they

think Old Christmas is a more sacred day than that commonly observed; but have altogether lost the knowledge of why it is called Old Christmas. It is at midnight preceding that day that the cows and sheep and horses, and, possibly, even the mules, kneel

down to say their prayers, but no one of the present generation has ever seen them do so.

As the year 1900 will be a leap year by Old Style, but not by New Style, the two dates will then be thirteen days apart.

ALUMNI NOTES.

R. L. PASCHAL, EDITOR.

'74. We clip the following from a letter from Rev. A. C. Dixon in the *Baltimore Baptist*:

"The way my lively brother in New York and I get mixed up is a little amusing. I have received several letters from irate politicians abusing me for my severe attacks upon his party's methods, when I had made no attack at all. The funniest complication of all took place last week. Mr. Talmage asked his neighbors to take part in the opening of his Tabernacle, and I, of course, was among them. He requested the manager of the *Christian Herald* to put our pictures in his paper, and the manager finding "Tom's" picture handy put that in, thinking that it was the same man. It is appropriate, therefore, that we keep reminding each other to behave, for if one does anything good or bad, the other may get the credit of it."

The talk of Dr. Dixon at the opening of the Tabernacle was published in full in the *Daily Chronicle*; it was one of the best of the occasion. Another North Carolinian, Dr. Deems, also took part in the exercises. The Sunday morning sermon of Dr. Dixon is published each week in the *Baltimore Baptist*, of which he is one of the editors.

'77. Prof. W. L. Poteat was elected Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Baptist Female University at their April meeting. A fitting compliment to a great educator.

'78. Mr. J. C. Caddell has resigned his position on the *News and Observer* and taken a position on the *Biblical Recorder* as associate editor, taking the place of Rev. J. A. Speight, who has taken charge of the *Asheville Baptist*.

'81. Mr. C. J. Hunter was on the Hill a few weeks ago. He has had

deserved success in the life insurance business. His friends are always glad to see him. His brother, Mr. J. R. Hunter, is a student at Johns Hopkins, and will take his Ph. D. degree there next year.

'82. On Sunday, May 3d, it was announced that Rev. O. L. Stringfield would lecture that evening to the Yates Theological Society; but for some reason, we regret to say, he failed to put in an appearance.

'83. Rev. Thomas Dixon will deliver the literary address at the Commencement of Roanoke Female College, Danville, Va. Prof. J. C. C. Dunford, '84, is associate principal of that institution. He was once an editor of THE STUDENT.

'86. Mr. E. G. Harrell delivered the literary address at the closing exercises of Prof. B. D. Barker's school at Yates Academy. In the April *Teacher* Mr. Harrell speaks in high terms of Prof. Barker. The people of north-eastern Chatham are fortunate in securing the services of so competent a teacher.

'88. Rev. M. L. Kesler will graduate from the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in June, and will then return to North Carolina and become Corresponding Secretary of the Sunday-school and Colportage departments of the Baptist State Convention.

'89. Mr. W. W. Early, who took his A. M. degree here in 1889, is a

medical student at the University of Virginia. Mr. C. J. Manly, who was at Wake Forest College last year, is also at the University of Virginia.

'90. Three of the class of '91 are students at Johns Hopkins this year. Mr. T. L. Blalock makes a specialty of chemistry. For some time he has been Assistant Chemist at the North Carolina Agricultural Experiment Station. We were pleased to see him on his return to the University, May 2d, for the purpose of standing his examinations. Mathematics is the sweetheart of Mr. Hankins. Mr. J. C. Maske was a short time since chosen as Professor of Greek and German in Carson College, Tennessee. The three just mentioned are candidates for the degree of Ph. D. Mr. W. A. Montgomery, who was a student here last year, will take an A. B. course at Johns Hopkins, graduating in 1893.

Prof. G. W. Greene, '70, and Rev. W. R. Gwaltney, '68, were Wake Forest's delegation at the Southern Baptist Convention at Birmingham, Ala.

The Alumni of Wake Forest and vicinity, pursuant to a resolution passed by the Alumni Association last June, requesting the formation of local associations, met at this place Monday evening, May 4th, and formed a local Alumni Association. Rev. W. R. Gwaltney was elected President, and Prof. J. B. Carlyle Secretary and Treasurer. The ap-

proaching Alumni Banquet was discussed and measures were taken looking to that end. We hope that that banquet will be an astonishing success, for the class of 1891 expect to stick a tooth in the good things. We hope that there will be a glorious

plenty, for if there is not, the class of ninety-one, being fresh at the business, may cause a dearth of refreshments before the speeches are over. Let other places follow the example of Wake Forest and form local Alumni Associations.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

Only waiting—the Senior!

Athletics have been on a boom.

Man's chief desire now is to "get through."

Commencement bound! But examinations on the way.

Miss V. Harris was visiting friends on the Hill sometime ago.

Prof. T. R. Crocker, of Auburn, was on the Hill sometime ago.

We had holiday the 11th of May, since the 10th came on Sunday.

It has been so hot that no one wishes to move out of the shade.

The Senior class elected photographer Wharton, of Raleigh, to take the groups.

All quiet along the Potomac—so quiet that nothing happens to break the monotony.

J. C. Maske was with us some time, having finished his examinations at Johns Hopkins.

The medal for most improvement in oratory and debate was given, in the Eu. Society, to Mr. Beasley; in the Phi., to Mr. Hobbs.

Mr. T. L. Blalock stopped on his way to Johns Hopkins. He has been at the North Carolina Agricultural Experiment Station for some months.

The election for Anniversary Debate next year resulted as follows: Eu.—Orator, J. A. Wray; first debater, C. D. Graves; second debater, E. Y. Webb; Secretary of Debate, ---- Rice. Phi.—President of Debate, E. T. Barnes; orator, J. W. Millard; first debater, J. T. Bridges; second debater, J. C. Kittrell.

It was announced that Prof. Mills would lecture Thursday night, April 17th, on "The last days of the Confederacy as I saw them." The speaker has an intimate acquaintance with the history, traditional, statistical, and personal of the late war,

and the lecture was highly interesting and instructive. Prof. Mills' lectures are popular with everyone and largely attended.

Having received a challenge from the base-ball team of the University to play in one week after, our team was hastily put together and practiced. In accepting the challenge the stipulation was made that we be allowed to play one who was not a regular student of College. The game was played at Raleigh, April 25th, at the Athletic Park. A large crowd was in attendance. At first our pitcher, Holding, T., was not in good form, but later got down to fine work.

Till the latter part of the game Chapel Hill was in the lead 7 to 5. Thus opened the ninth inning with Wake Forest at the bat. Howell slugged the ball for two bases; Sledge was caught on the fly; Holding, S., made a hit and brought in Howell; Royster did likewise and in came Holding.

This tied and so we went and then put a goose egg on the score for the University. The tenth produced nothing on either side, and so opened eleventh still on. S. Holding struck out, but Royster retrieved with a base-hit. Holding, T., and Davis did likewise, making three men on bases. Then Jones, with a liner over first, brought in two men. Jones made

his round before the inning closed, Chapel Hill making nothing in her time, the game* was declared to belong to Wake Forest by a score of 10 to 7. Below is the official score:

University.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Busbee, cf	6	2	2	0	0	0
Graham, rf	6	3	1	1	1	1
Oldham, c	6	1	3	9	2	0
Jones, 3b	6	0	1	0	0	0
Hamlin, lf	3	0	0	0	0	2
Hendren, lf	3	0	1	1	0	0
H. Johnston, 2b	6	0	1	8	4	5
R. Johnston, p	5	0	3	0	5	3
Shaw, ss	5	1	0	0	6	2
Willard, 1b	5	0	1	14	0	0
Totals	51	7	12	33	18	13

Wake Forest.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Jones, lf	7	1	1	1	0	0
Mills, ss	7	3	3	5	1	2
Howell, 3b	7	1	3	2	1	0
Powell, c	7	1	2	10	3	1
Sledge, 1b	6	1	0	8	0	0
S. Holding, 2b	6	1	1	1	5	2
Royster, cf	6	1	1	3	0	0
T. Holding, p	6	1	1	0	4	0
Young, rf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Davis, rf	4	0	0	2	0	1
Totals	57	10	12	33	14	6

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
University	3	1	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	0	—
Wake Forest	1	0	1	2	0	1	0	0	2	0	3

SUMMARY.

Two-base hits—R. Johnston 2, Mills, Howell 2, Powell. Double plays—Shaw, H. Johnston, Willard. Passed balls—Oldham 2. Hit by pitched balls—Young, struck out. Base on ball—By Holding 6, by Johnston 3. Left on bases—University 11, Wake Forest 14. Umpires—E. Engelhard, E. Haynes. Scorers—L. C. Morris, C. G. Stone.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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R. L. PASCHAL-----EDITOR.	J. L. KESLER-----EDITOR.
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E. V. HOWELL-----	BUSINESS MANAGER.

VOL. X.]

WAKE FOREST, N. C., JUNE, 1891.

[No. 9.]

A DAY IN SPRING.*

The day is bright, the sky is clear;
The singing birds are full of cheer;
Flowers perfume the sunny air,
And plants are springing everywhere.

With life afresh, earth's pulses bound,
And as by magic from the ground
Fairly gushes beauty forth,
To celebrate old Mother Earth.

Across the brook on the sunny hill
The sheep and cattle browse at will.
No cloud on all the blue above;
No breeze but just a breath of love,

Which o'er the wheat fields brightly rambles
And with the young leaves gaily gambols;
Piles of blossoms on the trees
Yielding sweets for busy bees.

Sin could it be, on such a day,
To throw life's burden far away;
To leave the dark and tiresome room,
And force aside the circling gloom,

* Written by a little girl of twelve years.

And banish every lurking care,
 And to the fields and woods repair?
 Ope the caged, joyless heart,
 Drink the joy such scenes impart,

Free from Nature's good saloon—
 No gold could buy us such a boon;
 Skip with the merry lambs at play;
 And mock the saucy, prating jay;

Pull flowers from the dogwood tree;
 Run riot with the honey bee;
 Chase the gauze-winged butterfly
 And on the green grass, resting, lie.

Screened be thy delightful bed
 By some majestic tree. O'er head
 Gaze through myriad leaves and see
 The light skiffs sail the deep blue sea.

In thine heart keep fresh the scene,
 For other days will come, I ween,
 With gloom and darkness, pain and strife,
 And heavy clouds hang o'er thy life;

But bear that all as best we may,
 And wait another spring-time day;
 And know, however lost from bliss,
 That other days will come like this.

MAMIE LAZENBY.

CRUMBLING CREEDS.*

I must confess that it is with no small degree of trepidation that I stand to-night where so many worthy men have stood in time past; that I take on the mantle that has fallen	from the shoulders of men so much worthier—but the mountains have labored and brought forth to prey upon your tender mercies. To en- chain your attention with thrilling
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* Anniversary Oration by E. W. Sikes, Orator for the Euzelian Society, February 13th, 1891.

description would be impossible for me, and to amuse you a task too great. Yet come with me while for a few moments we gather one flower from Nature's great garden, or garner one grain from the World's great threshing-floor.

Among the legends and lays that charm the pages of ancient mythology, none is more beautiful and expressive than the story of Phaeton, son of Helios, driver of the Sun's chariot. Phaeton begged his father that for one day he would allow him to drive his chariot. The heart of Helios was full of fear, for he knew those steeds obeyed no earthly master. But Phaeton hearkened not to his words. So when fair-haired Eos spread her faintest light in the pale sky, the Horai brought forth the steeds and harnessed them to the chariot. With eager hands Phaeton seized the reins, and the team sped upward to the heights of the blue heaven, "shaking the darkness from their loosened manes, and beating the twilight into flakes of fire," until the heart of Phaeton was full of fear and the reins quivered in his hands. Wildly and madly rushed the steeds downward toward the green earth; fiercely flashed the scorching flames, till the green grass shrivelled on the hill-side, the rivers vanished, and the sons of men lay dying. But onsped the fiery steeds till Zeus saw from his Thessalian Mount that unless Phaeton be smitten down

all living things must die. Then woke the mighty thunders and hurled him from his chariot deep down beneath the green sea. Sorely wept his sisters for his fate, and built his tomb there by the sounding sea-shore, that all men might know that "Phaeton, though hurled from the chariot of his father, lost not his glory nor his honor, for his heart was set on noble things."

And in this spirit would I address you to-night. Though creeds—religious and political—have crumbled; though a stranger may now walk amid their halls of ancient grandeur, and a strange voice be heard in their very town, their noble deeds live on; they have lost neither their glory nor their honor, although they fell beneath the inevitable law of mutability. The gods love the true and the good, and they die young, while yet their hearts are pregnant with the celestial fire of ambition, while those "whose lives are only stubble, burn to the socket."

There is a principle in man that makes him cling to the old—the old homestead, the old plantation, the old friends, and old institutions. That same principle attunes the heart to sorrow when we break loose from the moorings of youth and float out into the wild, wide sea of life; that same principle fills us with tender regret when we see an ancient creed, long-cherished by many, falling into disuse, growing too small to en-

case the germ of truth and light. A pathetic sight to me is a country out-growing its religion. Such was the state of affairs in the heathen land of Greece, when far across on the hills of Judea the shepherds saw the Star of Bethlehem rise that ushered in a new order. In their blind, pitiful yearning after an unknown god, the Greeks were becoming dissatisfied with their old superstitious religion. They had been taught from the days of infancy to lisp the names of the undying gods that dwelt on the Olympian Mount. But the Persian had invaded their country, and with impious hands had desecrated their most sacred altars, which no man could touch and live. Long and loud they cried for vengeance on the despoilers, but no day of vengeance ever came. When they prayed, their gods failed to respond; and thus was scattered the first seeds of discontent; the little leaven began its work; reason took hold of their minds, and Jupiter lost his prestige. The groves sacred to Athene and the temples dedicated to Apollo ceased to satisfy the longings of souls anxious for truths.

Mrs. Browning tells us in that charming style of hers of how one night as sailors were sailing along the wine-colored seas of Greece, a voice went through the air crying at the same moment that Christ hung dying on the cross and the veil of the temple was rent asunder: "Great Pan is

dead! Great Pan is dead!" and from that day to this the gods have never returned to the Thessalian Mount, and the Olympian halls hear their tread no longer. Thus the old order changes, yielding place to the new, and the world passes from shadows into light. Their religion had been a solace to them; the incense as it rose from their sacred altars, mingling with their prayers, brought peace to the souls of many watchers as they built their nightly watch-fires by the shores of the Golden Chersonesus, and awaited the return of their heroes from Peloponnesian wars—but it had served its purpose; it was only the stepping-stone that led to the soul's more stately mansion.

On down the wonderful stream of time we find still greater changes. It was a festive day in Germany; the laborer had laid aside his tools, and the peasant had come to town to celebrate the occasion. Early that morning a young monk might have been seen wending his way toward his chapel door, he nails a notice on it and returns; but that is nothing strange—on every corner is a notice. By and bye one man stops to read it and stays to ponder; another stops to read and lingers also, till finally a great crowd has collected around the door, and the news goes abroad that Martin Luther has forever disavowed his allegiance to the "infallible Pope" of Rome; that he for the last time on bended knee has begged

the Pope's pardon ; that never again will he issue indulgences. Then kindled the fires of revolution. From that small beginning went forth a stream more powerful than any molten lava that ever rolled from the crater of burning Vesuvius. Europe awoke from its long dream of sleep and shook off the dull lethargy that benumbed her limbs ; there was a hurrying to and fro, and Popedom trembled for its existence.

But the task of a religious reformer is hard. Rough and rugged is his pathway, and few are the kind hands that sustain him.

That man who can face the world and all its prejudice and say it lies, is composed of nobler elements than ordinary men. But reforms must come ; truth is a germ that does not lie hidden long.

The Egyptians once worshipped at the shrine of Isis and Osiris, but Egypt long since deserted her ancient gods. The Druids once performed their sacrifices beneath the great oaks of England, but England knows them no longer ; and thus it is, the glare from the torch of truth seeks error in its most hidden lair. There have ever been two forces at work : one seeks to place truth in the iron grave of ritual, while the other labors with the spirit of the iconoclast, overturns our most cherished idols, and with unholy hands spoils our dearest treasures.

But creeds are always too small. Religious creeds seek too much to make truth conform to their own dimensions. Political parties are too much the machine of party leaders ; the flower of truth is not allowed its full development. Where truth alone should be sought, its light seems most obstructed. Men become so zealous in their pursuit of one object that they become hypnotized by it. Beneath the glare of the sun they forget the light of lesser luminaries, and at the suggestion of change raise the mailed hand of threat.

To my mind there must be a change in the religious status. The costly church spires that adorn the wealthy parts of our cities may be grand and noble, but why take them from the humbler parts ? The elegant pew may please the rich man's fancy, but is forbidding to the poor. Religion must become more practical, as I hope it is. The simple hand of charity must lead it from the palace of the rich to the hovel of the poor. Religion is too much the iridescent dream of Sunday, that passes away with the turmoil and work of Monday. Thought must take the place of blind worship. The age of an intelligent skepticism is upon us. Religious truth must be tried in the crucible of thought and tested for pure metal. If it fails to stand the test, let it die ; but it needs not the protecting arm of government ; it

needs not the strong hand of helmeted knight, for at every blow from its enemies its armor becomes brighter and brighter.

Our social structure is far from an ideal of beauty. There are still found those parasites, like fossils of a former age, who seek to live on the greatness of their ancestors. Of all men I do most heartily despise that man who, with nothing noble in himself, forever boasts of the deeds of his ancestry, traces his pedigree to the lords of England and the counts of France. The day of inherited nobility is passed. Each man must blaze his own way to greatness, and—

“Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth !

Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth !

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from Nature's honest rule !

Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened forehead of the fool !”

Fate deals ruthlessly with her children. In the Spanish peninsula near by the great pillars of Hercules once flourished the far-famed Granada, the realization of Plato's dream of an ideal public, and the vision of the Moor's Utopia. Washington Irving has forever made famous its beautiful gardens, its royal palaces and its playing fountains. Here splendor and brilliancy, love and happiness found a congenial abode. But soon the paradise must be poisoned, the miasmatic breath of tyranny must blight it, the persecutor's cruel hand must

drive from their happy home those happy children—drive them into the sultry sands of Africa, where, as tradition has it, in their sleep they would dream and talk of Granada, the beloved and the beautiful. The Dutch republic arose from the marshes of Holland, taught the world the first lesson of freedom, but the days of the Inquisition stifled the new-born child of human progress; but the lesson taught still lives: that men may die, their influence never; that States may pass away, their impress lives on. The nations of antiquity sleep in the silent cemeteries of the past, the rank weeds grow around the ruins of Babylon the Great, the wild lion lives among the crumbling walls of Persepolis, the finger of decay has touched them all, but their ineffaceable influence is written on the pillars of every modern nation.

We are to-day in a transitional period. Our law-makers are being called upon to make laws of which they never dreamed before. We are passing from beneath the shadow of the old institutions into the marvelous light of a new *régimé*. Transitional periods are always painful. In the whole realm of Nature there is not a single living being that gives up life without a struggle: but there can be no life without death; no truth without error; no morning without its night.

Political history shows signs of wonderful evolution. There are crises

in the history of every nation that require a wise head and a noble heart to tide over these stupendous reefs, but heaven grant that some Joshua may arise to lead his people from the wilderness into the happy land of Canaan. Every century has its great diapason note that sounds far down into the others. The closing days of each century witness mighty revolutions. The seventeenth taught that the hand of Popedom must not guide the helm of state. The fires that burned in the streets of Paris in the closing days of the eighteenth century taught the world that those who work must rule.

We are now drawing nigh to the last days of the nineteenth century. Many of the old land-marks are already gone; the sacredness of our constitution is attacked; the last stars of the morning are fading, and strange and ominous thunders may even now be heard in the political sky; economic ideas are changing. Hercules is beginning to cleanse the Augean stables of political corruption, and the great masses are becoming restless; blind Sampson grows tired of grinding in the mills at Gaza; demagogues have poisoned the people's ears till they know not their friends from their enemies; they are beginning to distrust their old-time leaders, men who in war and in peace, in the darkest hour of a nation's gloom, have ever proven themselves to be the noblest men that ever lived in the

tide of time, and thus the wave of revolution comes rolling shoreward. The tide draws us irresistibly on, but God grant that with one hand on the old and established institutions of the past and the other on the new and untried of the future, that faith and love may so unite the discordant elements that darkness may flee away; that the great waves may be stilled, and from the foam of its plashing billows may spring the form of some beautiful Aphrodite.

There is an idea abroad that to change is to reform, that to destroy is to improve. But in the language of Edmund Burke, "It cannot be repeated too often, line upon line and precept upon precept, that to innovate is not to reform, to destroy is not to improve." In the ancient days the Astrologers climbed to the summits of their great towers to watch the rising and the setting of stars; all night long they kept their watch-fires burning that they might rightly read the destiny of their lives and their nation. So let those who would guide the destiny of our own country climb the loftiest towers and read in the pale, setting stars of past empires a warning to our own.

The whole universe moves in cycles; for ages earth and planets have been moving in their orbit. So it is with the history of the world.

Each cycle has its great question to solve, and I believe that the next cycle will have to solve the great problem

and teach the great lesson that those who serve must not only rule, but must *learn* to rule, must learn to heed not the voice of the wily demagogue; to seal their ears against the enticing songs of cruel Sirens, and follow not their dancing lights.

Yes, we are now standing in the very daybreak of a new century, and though the fixed stars may be fading and the hand of the compass changing, though the hiss of the anarchist and the shout of the mob may be heard along the streets, yet in the midst of it all beats the great American heart undismayed. I place great confidence in the middle class, and believe that when the finger of enlightenment shall lay its magic touch on their eyelids, they will pierce through the gloom and shadows, will dethrone plutocracy and regain their rightful crown, will protect equally the humblest peasant on the red hills of Georgia and the millionaire in his mansion by the lordly Hudson.

The world moves not backward, there is no retrograde motion; humanity, with all its sins and follies, has its heart set on noble things;

each century draws nigher and nigher to the federation of mankind, and as in the ancient Delphic games when the athletes ran they passed a lighted torch from one to the other, so each century passes the torch of civilization to the succeeding, for

"I doubt not that through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened by
process of the suns."

And God grant that as on the roaring loom of time the endless web of events is woven, each strand may make more and more visible the government of right; that France may still wear the diadem beneath the frowning guns of Germany; that Gladstone may still be the great high-priest in the temple of right, to whom Ireland's fettered millions may flee for refuge; and that our own country, guided by the hand of true citizenship, may "flourish on in immortal youth, unhurt amidst the war of elements, the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds," a mighty beacon lighting on to glory's way,

"When the common sense of most shall hold
a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt
in universal law."

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY AT WAKE FOREST.

Twenty-five years ago, during the first week in August, the now venerable John Watson, of Warrenton, had been to Salem to place a daugh-

ter or a niece in school. Returning, on the train near Greensboro, he found a small boy of fourteen—*green* in other respects besides name—try-

ing to find his way to Wake Forest College. He knew that he must go to Raleigh, but beyond that he knew not which way he was to go. The good man took the boy in charge, brought him on to Forestville, and there put him in charge of Rev. A. F. Purefoy, who introduced him to Wake Forest. Grateful to a kind Providence, who then, and in all the years that followed, raised up friends for the simple country lad, and has all the while led him by ways unexpected, and sometimes mysterious, I look back across the quarter of a century and find not only in myself such changes as to make me almost doubt my personal identity, but I find changes equally wonderful in Wake Forest, the village, the people, the campus, the buildings, the Faculty, course of study, the outlook. To mark this contrast for the readers of *THE STUDENT*, it is necessary for me only to tell what there was then, for they know what there is now, and can form their own conclusions.

We got off at Forestville then, for there was no depot at Wake Forest. Returning once after a winter vacation, I got off at Forestville at 7 o'clock on a cold winter night, with a crippled man, Capt. R. M. Staley, of Wilkesboro. He had urged the conductor to stop at the College and put us off, as he could not walk so far at night; but the conductor said it was positively against orders, and he could not help us. Once or

twice a day every boy walked to Forestville to interview old Mr. Wyatt on the subject of mail, the post-office at Wake Forest not being established till along in the '70's.

Gay Jones was then master of transportation from Forestville to the College, and many a "shin-plaster" did he earn by transporting the trunks of the boys on his small ox-cart. I started to write dime and nickel, but I remembered that nickels were not then in circulation and dimes were very rare, but, instead, small paper bills, 5's, 10's and quarters, vulgarly called "shin-plasters."

Coming up from Forestville the first house we saw was that of Mr. Holding, standing where it does now, but it has been considerably enlarged. The next house was that now occupied by Mrs. Baker, which has been but slightly altered. In those days it was occupied by Dr. Royall. There was then no building from that to the old Purefoy store, the only store in the village, where could always be found ready to wait on the boys Mrs. Purefoy, the wife of the late Rev. J. S. Purefoy, one of the best women I ever knew, the friend of every boy who behaved himself with an approach to respectability, but a terror to evil-doers. The Purefoy Hotel was then occupied by the family of Rev. J. S. Purefoy; the brick house where Dr. Fowler now lives, by the family of Maj. James H. Foote; the house now belonging to

Prof. Poteat was then vacant and not so large as it is now, but was afterwards used as a boarding-house by Mrs. A. D. Green, now of Louisville; the large house known as the Battle House was then a boarding-house, kept by Mrs. Battle, the mother of Drs. A. J. Battle, of Johnston County, and J. T. J. Battle, of Wadesboro. The former of these was my room-mate for a time, and my class-mate, and the latter was still too small to go to College. The wife of one of the professors, who now has grandchildren, remembers how I, "a bare-footed boy," climbed the trees in the Battle orchard one summer vacation day, when she was a young lady, to get fruit for her and her mother. Only two trees of the orchard remain. I remember well how it delighted me, still scarcely more than a boy, trying to preach among strangers in Tarboro, to see the familiar face of that mother in the congregation. These were all the houses south of the campus, except that of Mrs. Raburn, which was greatly enlarged and improved during the time of which I write. West of the campus lived Drs. Wingate, Walters, and Brooks, in the houses still standing and but slightly changed. North of the campus, the first house was that now used for the post-office, which has been turned around and greatly altered. It was then occupied by five Rowland brothers from Henderson, who did their own cook-

ing and much studying, and laid the foundation of the thrift which has made them all prosperous business men, two of them wealthy bankers in Texas. Across the street stood then, as now, the house of Prof. Simmons, which has since been greatly improved. Above that there were only three houses, that of Mr. J. M. Brewer, in which I boarded the first term, and which is still much the same; that of the Misses Hicks, always a model of neatness and comfort; and the present residence of Dr. Taylor, then unoccupied, which has been much enlarged and improved. The only other residence in the village was that now occupied by Mrs. Wait, which was then vacant, but was afterwards the first residence of Prof. Mills. On the rear of the lot of Mr. J. M. Brewer stood a small house then used as a church by the colored people, but it was soon moved away and their present excellent house of worship was built. Such was the village in the fall of 1866. Across the railroad, where now stands the depot, the hotel, the stores and numerous residences, was then an old field covered with pines.

The change in the population has been no less striking than in the number and character of the buildings. To some of our readers I can make this difference evident in no more striking way than by saying that the number of resident young ladies was never more than five, and

often only three. The consequence was, that if a gallant young man wished to visit a lady he must make an engagement weeks ahead. Before Anniversary was past, every young lady had engagements for every night of Commencement. Seeing this state of things, in the early spring of '69 a boy who was not yet large enough to visit the ladies, asked one of the most popular ones (remember they were all three *most popular*), if he might call on Saturday night preceding Commencement of 1870. She consented; the thirteen months passed around; the boy was not grown, but about to graduate, and the engagement was kept. I have reason to believe that engagements of a different character were made in those days—some kept and some not—but of these I had no reliable information, and so cannot speak with confidence.

The campus was then scarcely more than half its present size. The street ran straight from the Purefoy Hotel to the post-office. Some of the old oaks still remind me of how I lolled on the grass in their shade on warm spring days, studied astronomy and watched the girls going along the street to school. Between this and the railroad was an old field dotted with pines and seamed with gullies. We could always tell when the editor of the *Recorder* had passed by on the train, for those pines and gullies were a favorite theme with him. The favorite game played along this street

was "*bandy*," sometimes called "*shinny*." Great ingenuity was exercised in providing sticks properly curved to strike a small rubber ball lying on the ground. The heroes of the game were A. C. Dockery and a young man named Reinhardt, who afterwards went to Davidson and graduated in 1870, while the class he left graduated in 1871, and was reported to have entered the Presbyterian ministry.

Presently base-ball attained great popularity. At first the ground was in front of the residence of Mrs. Simmons, but one Saturday morning F. P. Hobgood, in the left field, was trying to catch a fly, when the sun blinded him and the ball struck his eye and hurt it very seriously. To avoid this difficulty the ground was located in front of where Dr. Fowler now lives. Several match-games were played there. They would seem quite tame affairs to modern players, but to us they were matters of great interest. I remember one between the Wake Forest Club and the Neuse Club in which I acted as umpire. I can see yet Mr. Hunter, the father of W. B. Hunter, then a man of middle age, standing on the first base, catching the ball and putting our boys out. I think both E. S. Dunn and J. J. Dunn, who had recently left College, were on the Neuse nine. Most of them were older and stronger than our boys, John E. Ray being the youngest man of the team. He

came to College the next year. I remember none of the Wake Forest team except the lamented Robert S. Pritchard, who was among the foremost in whatever he undertook. Our boys were beaten, but they played a very interesting and creditable game.

The one old building was abundantly sufficient for the demands of those days. The Gymnasium was used as a chapel; Prof. Simmons taught Mathematics in the room now occupied by Prof. Beckwith, and Science in that now occupied by Prof. Carlyle. When Prof. Mills entered the Faculty his room was north of Prof. Carlyle's, while that of Prof. W. B. Royall was south of Prof. Beckwith's. Dr. Royall's room was on the south-west corner of the third floor, and Dr. Wingate's was on the south-east corner of the second floor. The popular dormitories were on the upper floors of the building, so as to be near the society halls on the fourth. One society always endeavored to have all the rooms on the fourth floor occupied by its members. I never knew but one man to room on the first, and he was a one-legged man from Wilkes, named Ferguson, who found it difficult to climb the stairs with his crutches.

There was a little wooden house about twenty steps from the north-west corner of the building. During the first year Prof. W. B. Royall wisely kept us small boys under his eye in this building. There I listened

to classes reciting in Greene's English Grammar and Greene's Analysis, and learned more about the English sentence from hearing these recitations than ever before or afterwards, till I began teaching English Grammar.

The exercises of the College were resumed in September, 1865. Before yet the smoke of the conflict had cleared away, the men who had spent the years appropriate to school-life on the tented field began to gather around the place long ago consecrated to sacred learning, and to ask the opportunity of doing some of the preparatory work interrupted by the war. At first Dr. William Royall and Major James H. Foote were the instructors. At the beginning of 1866 Major Foote retired and Prof. Simmons returned to the work of the days before the war. The number of students increased beyond expectation, and when I came, in August, 1866, Prof. W. B. Royall had taken a place in the small Faculty as Tutor. Presently the Trustees asked Dr. Wingate to resume his place as President, but for a year or more there were no students ready for the classes of his department. A little later Prof. Mills was added to the Faculty as Adjunct Professor of Mathematics, and afterwards he was put at the head of the School of Mathematics. These were the men who struggled and toiled through the years of privation and sacrifice. What it involved

to remain here during those hard times, with meagre salaries promised and only partially paid, when the College had practically no endowment, and often financial disasters were threatening its complete overthrow, those who live in more prosperous times will perhaps never fully know. But they remained and toiled, and laid broad and deep the foundations upon which have been built the enlargements already accomplished, and the future is bright for yet greater things in the years before us.

I have already mentioned some of the men who were in College during those four years. I have also intimated that many of them had spent in the war the years appropriate to school days. From these and other causes it came about that a large number of the younger men who are now prominent in Baptist affairs in the State were among my fellow-students. What giants of debate we had in the Society in those days! J. C. Scarborough could speak as loud then as now, and with as much point and force, and he always spoke. Robert S. Pritchard, who lived only a year after graduation, always spoke on the other side, and, while their style of speaking was widely different, it was difficult to say which was ablest in debate. C. Durham was then laying the foundation for the speaking which he is now doing all over North Carolina—moving the Associations and churches from moun-

tain to sea. W. H. Pace and W. D. Trantham and D. A. Covington, in debate and in business, were preparing for the brilliant course which they are now running as lawyers. H. A. Brown, low of stature, and so nick-named Zaccheus, spoke less fluently, but even then his words of sober wisdom indicated what has been realized in his life as the popular preacher and model pastor in the city of Winston. Others were more quiet, but none the less faithful and active and zealous members, and have become prominent and useful men in their several walks of life. There was J. B. Brewer, the wise President; Dr. R. P. Thomas, the discreet critic; my class-mates S. W. Brewer and R. E. Royall, who showed then their preference for a life of quiet usefulness rather than of exciting publicity; another class-mate, J. P. Poteat, who left before the Senior year because he said he could not make Seniors speeches; J. P. Spencer, who memorized the text of Vergil before he translated it; W. C. Powell, the faithful member; C. L. Powell, afterwards the missionary to North Africa; A. T. Simpson, who located Webster's birth-place among "the *magnanimous* mountains" of New Hampshire; the lamented J. T. Wescott, the great debater and popular preacher; S. W. Wescott, the earnest and pious; N. B. Cannady, whose delight it was to tease Wescott; John E. Ray, the beloved friend of my last year, C. L.

Clay, my fellow-lover of mathematics; A. C. Dixon, the polished speaker when yet a boy. * * * But the list grows beyond my space. Others were here, earnest, zealous, faithful, some of them since famous. How we loved our Societies! How it spurred our ambition to work for class honors, that our Society might have the greater share!

In the other Society were equal numbers, equally promising, and since equally famous, but a little less known to me as a school boy. Among them I think of W. R. Gwaltney and H. M. Cates, who came back to finish the course interrupted by the war. F. P. Hobgood, the successful teacher of girls; Pennington, of Alabama, the great laugh; H. A. Foote, the accomplished editor; A. N. Hicks, the perfect gentleman, whose after career was so brief; W. A. Pool, whose zeal in study rendered him almost blind; C. M. Seawell, my

dear friend and class-mate, who died before the next Commencement; M. L. Fowler, the orator of our class; William Bland, even-tempered "old brother Bland;" C. C. Newton, the beloved missionary in Africa; H. C. Olive, genial and friendly.

Thus their names and faces come back to memory, and I could fill pages with incidents and characteristics of these boys, the promise of their boyhood, and the usefulness of their manhood. Passing over many equally worthy of mention, I call up, in conclusion, Jesse Wheeler, who worked his landlady's kitchen garden, and who, in reply to an urgent request to play base-ball, is said to have reasoned: "It is natural to suppose, Mr. Hicks, that a man in a vegetable garden, with a weeding-hoe in his hand, can exercise the vital parts of the physical man better than a man with a bat in his hand striking at the ball." G. W. GREENE.

THE FALL OF POLAND.

Part aside the misty veil which time has hung between us and past events to screen from our vision its scenes of shame and of glory, and look in upon the sunny plains of Poland in the early part of September, 1683. Here we find an Eden on

earth for the habitation of man where Nature has displayed her handiwork to give to them happiness and joy. In the south tower up, rich with precious minerals and stones, the rugged heights of the Carpathian Mountains, whose crests sport with

the fleecy clouds of summer and on whose gentle slopes grow luscious fruit of almost every clime.

In the south lie its great salt mines whose capacity is equal to the demands of the world for years to come. Further north we find the Dniester and the Dnieper, as they dash between the rocky cliffs that rise up at their banks, then flow beyond through fertile valleys that stretch away on either side of their now placid waters. In this garden-spot of Europe, a country so richly endowed by nature, dwelt a people of whose deeds of valor and of chivalry the songs of poet and of bard have ever stirred the soul of the patriot to noble and god-like action. Over them ruled a king who did honor to his subjects by acting as their sovereign, and on his head rested a crown, not tarnished and stained with defeat and shame, but brilliant with the glory of the Polish King, and wreathed with the laurels he had won.

But turn your eyes from this sight. Look westward, across the borders of Poland, and behold the seemingly inevitable doom which overshadows the country of Austria. Gaze upon Vienna, her capital, surrounded by 200,000 besieging Turks, the roaring of whose cannon is re-echoed by the crashing of her crumbling walls, and distressed Austria, trembling for the fate of her capital, hastens to seek

the aid of the Polish king, the only help on earth for her.

On Sunday morning of September the twelfth Sobieski, at the head of his troops, appeared upon the heights overlooking the plains below where lay the myriads of the Turkish host, like vultures awaiting the fall to plunder the doomed city. But the name of Poland's king and the approach of Polish legions smote the Turkish camp with fear and terror seized their hearts, for they had before felt the cold pressure of Polish steel. They fled like sheep at the approach of wolves. Thus was Austria rescued from a Turkish invasion; but Poland then and there did but "save a serpent from death which afterwards turned and stung her for her kindness."

Such was the glorious state of Poland, and such were the glorious deeds which crowned the early reign of Sobieski, her king. But darker days than these must soon be her lot. At the close of Sobieski's reign the shades of evening had settled upon her glory. This was soon to darken into night. Poland was rent with political turmoil and strife, and factions forged the chains with which afterwards Russia, Prussia, and Austria bound her beneath their feet in ignominious servitude.

Thus, weakened by internal troubles, Poland lay at the mercy and

open to the invasions of her neighbors, and Russia, ambitious to the last degree, breaking her oaths and trampling her treaties under foot, began her long series of encroachments on this sacred soil in 1707. Gold forces men to the basest actions, and Russian ducats bought the Polish Diets, then hushed to silence the spontaneous cries that rose to every lip against this gross injustice, and by force of arms, against the will of Poland, in 1733, Augustus III was declared her king.

This was but the beginning of Russian oppression in Poland. Soon came the death of Augustus, Catherine on the throne of Russia, and then her fall was fast.

A new king must be elected, and 60,000 Russians and 40,000 Prussians were on the frontiers of Poland, and 10,000 on the march to Warsaw to secure the election of a Russian minion as her king. But here they were not to act without opposition. Truly the spirit of Polish independence did burn low—it flickered, but was not yet extinguished. While only eight out of fifty senators appeared for the election of their king, among these were to be found two, who were devoted to their country's cause, whom Russian gold could not keep in silence; and when one raised his voice to protest against the presence of foreign troops to force the action of their Diet, and was rushed upon by Russian soldiery, calmly and un-

daunted he crossed his arms upon his breast and shouted in defiance: "Strike, strike! I shall die free and in the cause of liberty!" Even a Russian's cruel hand shrank from striking a breast where beat a heart so noble. The two passed out from the Diet. They raised a little band of patriots to restore their country's waning independence, but these were crushed, and a Russian dupe placed on the throne.

A few more years of shame and suffering, when the Russian soldiery had invested the country of Poland, when the midnight hours were made hideous by the shrieks of their victims, and its darkness transformed by the glaring light of burning dwellings, then the same spirit which urged these two patriots aroused the the Confederacy of Bar. At first their hearts were light, their prospects bright, but soon, reduced in numbers, they were forced, hunted like wild beasts, to take refuge in the depths of the Carpathian Mountains. But here they issued forth, like the tiger from his den, to take vengeance on their oppressors.

In the following year their numbers began to swell. They sought the aid of Austria, but her grateful response was only the seizure of one of Poland's best provinces. Prussia marched 40,000 troops into her borders, and before their approach hope departed. Thus the Confederacy of

Bar, raised for the restoring and upholding of Polish independence, now crushed and gasping for its very existence, was struck its death-blow by an Austrian invasion.

These were gloomy hours for Poland, but worse were yet in store for her. In the city of Vienna, which had once by her been rescued from the jaws of death, sat in conference the three powers of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, coolly partitioning among themselves the provinces of this oppressed country. They snatched from Poland's regal crown her gems of brightest lustre. They tore from her with crime and shame the last remains of ancient glory. From north to south, from east to west, the richest parts they took themselves—a desert waste they left to Poland. To justify themselves in the eyes of the world, they issued pamphlets in defence of this basest of robberies, which were but feignings of truth and mockeries of justice. Being even yet unsatisfied, the three powers wrung from the Polish Diet a ratification of their acts, and again Prussia and Austria made encroachments on Poland's soil, and Russian troops remained as her guardian keeper. Against this the patriots protested and allied themselves with Prussia for protection.

On May 3d, 1791, a day whose remembrance has ever brought the light of flitting fancy's dreams to the heart of Poland's devoted patriots, a

new constitution was formed. The old laws which had so long held her back in the progress of nations were thrown aside and Poland was called forth from among the tombs—whither she had gone to seek her last resting place among the nations that were dead—and was now to be redeemed. To the weary Poles, who had struggled, and struggled even against hope, now, when the mirage of their longed-for independence rose before them in the form of the constitution of the 3d of May, Russia's cruel hand wiped this vision from their horizon, and they were left shrouded in darkness and despair. Then rose the cry from hearts that bled for Poland's cause, Is there no relief for Poland? Is there no deliverer near? And Kosciuszko responded to their call. Into his hands they threw themselves, their country, their all. Never had a people put such unreserved trust in a single man before, and never was there one more worthy of that trust. At the name of Kosciuszko every Pole was stirred with patriotism, and with one accord they hastened to serve in the deliverance of their country. At first he led his little army to victory after victory, and success seemed even now to be the reward of their exertions; but Prussia could not longer be restrained, and marched 40,000 troops to join with Russia, and Austria made an invasion: though peaceful in itself, still it was like the "shadow of coming events," and at its approach Polish

independence shuddered. The road to Warsaw was open, the Russian army on the march, and Kosciusko's Waterloo had come. He gathered his forces about him, and like a hurricane down from the mountain side he rushed upon the foe; but Kosciusko was left upon that battle-field bleeding and covered with wounds.

"Then hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell."

True, true are these words of the poet! A few more days of struggling and Poland's life was over. Liberty had been their idol, and from the glorious days of Sobieski their king till now, when dark oblivion, like the pall of night, had closed around their hopes for the future, the bright blood of Poland's devoted patriots had ever besprinkled its holy altar. Yet was one more desperate effort made to rescue fallen Poland, prostrate under the yoke of Russian despotism, from the thralldom of the grave and to restore her to her ancient glory.

Napoleon was at this time bringing all Europe in subjection at his feet, and promised to Poland the restoration she so long had sought. At his bidding thousands rose to march beneath that banner which he was bearing on to endless victory. They followed him to battle under the clear skies of Italy's sunny climes, across the Alps, and through Austria, Germany, and Prussia's capital, till

all Europe were taught to dread the flash of swords wielded by the courage of down-trodden and oppressed, yet dauntless Poland. In that vast army which followed Napoleon against Russia marched 70,000 Poles, urged by patriotic hearts and noble aspirations, on over the ice and snows of Northern Russia to the city of Moscow, its capital. But upon its smoking ashes they were forced to turn their backs sad and dejected, yet resolute still, to face the hardships and privations of that long and weary homeward march. Before them lay the feathery snow of Russia's winter, spotless and untouched; behind them trampled with blood-stained footsteps and strewn with the frozen bodies of the dead. Thousands fell from the foes that surrounded them, and more from hunger and cold; but each brave warrior that fell even in that noble cause found but the frozen ground his resting place, the drifting snow his winding sheet, and the stormy clouds of heaven his canopy. Thus they struggled on, and when at last they set foot on friendly soil once more, in rags and starving to death, Napoleon, forgetful of his promises, forsook them, and their cherished hopes were lost. Then Poland—credulous Poland—trusting in the fidelity of this emperor was again deceived, and fell helpless under the weight of Russian despotism never to rise again. Then was the time when under oppression proud hearts were crushed,

grew faint, and ceased their beating ; strong arms grew weak, hung helpless at the sides of noble patriots and found a resting-place beneath the covering of the grave, and mothers sought the ghastly form of death as a refuge for their children against the chains of Russian slavery. Then was Poland, by Russia's ruthless power, forced, in the cup of despair, to drink the very dregs of the bitter tears which she herself had shed. Go ask of the thousands which crowd Siberia's dungeon cells to relate the tale of Poland's woes, and with fire flashing from their eyes, let them tell how,

when the pen in Russia's cruel hand had recorded her part of Polish history, then its pages were black and stained with crime, dripping with the blood of innocent patriots, and gleaming with the light of the midnight torch and the hellish work of the dagger. Go stand in their midst and gaze upon the ruins of the noble and the brave ; o'er their sufferings and distresses let one tiny tear-drop fall, and let an earnest prayer to heaven ascend that God in his wrath will curse the hand that bound them thus, and set desolated Poland free.

C. D. G.

AN INDIAN LEADER.

Anyone visiting South Carolina's popular summer resort, Sullivan's Island, would naturally take great interest in the points of historic importance associated with that Island. As you cross over from the city of Charleston to the Island, you would notice Castle Pinckney, commanding entrance to the harbor, rising up in the distance ; again you would mark the spot where the British vessels lay at anchor while they stormed that fort of palmetto logs during the Revolution. When you reached the Island you would go to examine those famous forts, Moultrie and Sumter. As you passed over the fallen and moss-covered walls of that Revolu-

tionary stronghold, Fort Moultrie, your attention would be attracted by a little mound surrounded by an iron railing beneath the gloomy walls of the fort. There by the side of the main thoroughfare of the Island, merry parties pass day after day unmindful of that grave and of the once proud spirit and bold and fearless warrior resting beneath its sod. Let us pause at the foot of this grave, for there the remains of the Indian chief, the wronged Osceola, lie. Let us see why Osceola lies buried here. Who was Osceola? We must go back to the Indian times, when the Seminole tribe flourished amid the Everglades of Florida.

There the nation lived, peaceful and happy, and had lived for generations past. They hunted their game and had their own laws and customs. The squaws tilled their little patches and dressed their game. It must have been a happy life they lived beneath the towering cypress of those swamps. Thus the Indians lived when Florida passed into the hands of the United States. They had roamed unmolested throughout the peninsula, enjoying the confidence of the inhabitants, and the authorities insuring them protection and treating them with kindness. But the evil day had come. Emigrants came to the new territory, and they were doubtless men of a restless disposition and greedy for gain. They found the Indians occupying the best portions of the land and tilling sufficient to obtain support. They envied them. And thus time wore on, the whites doing nothing wrong, the Indians everything. One treaty after another was forced upon them. They reluctantly submitted. Boundaries were assigned: the whites were to occupy one part, the Indians were to remain within theirs.

As time passed on, many depredations were committed upon the Indians. The white people sold them "fire-water," and while they were drunk cheated them out of their possessions. Each treaty took away more lands and privileges from the ignorant chiefs. At last a few chiefs

were beguiled into signing a treaty agreeing to give up their lands, their homes and remove to distant quarters. Such a wail went up from all parts of the nation!

It was not just. A strong government had taken advantage of the ignorant chiefs, and without consent of the nation they agreed to leave. The tribe did not consent. That once happy, peaceful and prosperous nation had been oppressed again and again; more and more had been taken from them; the whole tribe were blamed for the iniquities of a few, their property destroyed and there was no redress, for they were Indians. But now the end had come. Our government determined to remove them from their lands, "peacefully if possible, by force if necessary." Would they now quietly submit as they before had done? Would they give up the woodland homes and forest hunting grounds of their fathers? Should they turn their backs on all that they held dear and seek new homes in a strange land, throwing their traditions and national pride to the winds? Hear the Indian's prayer: "We appeal to our Great Father, who has so often promised us friendship and protection, to shield us from the wrongs his white children seem determined to inflict upon us." They assembled. Should they leave? Suddenly there arose among them one who was not of the age to speak in their deliberations, and

exclaimed, drawing his knife: "The only treaty I will execute is with this." Young blood was wanted among them to lead. And who was this young brave? It was Osceola.

It was among the Indians in the woods of Florida, as among the enlightened nations of the world, when danger encompassed them on all sides, oppression troubled them and destruction was imminent, that all eyes should turn toward one leader, one deliverer. This young leader was not one of the chiefs nor rulers. He was not an aristocrat, but springing up from an humble and obscure birth he dared to lead them in their resistance, and had the temerity to strike the first blow. He had a manly, frank and open countenance. He had always treated the whites with a dignity and pride almost amounting to insolence. In all dances, plays, and games he was distinguished. In council the old chiefs looked upon his bold opposition to the demands of the government with surprise, but they respected him.

Even he, an Indian, possessed humanity. When about to start upon the war-path, he addressed his braves to spare the women and children. "It is not upon them," said he, "that we make war and draw the scalping-knife; it is upon men. Let us act like men."

In Osceola was combined a nerve, activity and genius which seemed to diffuse itself among all classes. The

women gave a most hearty co-operation to the war, and though obliged to abandon their homes, they cheerfully encountered fatigue and supplied provisions to the warriors as they went to and from the field of battle. Boys hardly able to shoulder a rifle were daily practiced in the use of that weapon. Preparations were thus made for the war, and it came.

Let us pass over the deeds of cunning, treachery, and deceit practiced by the Indians during that year, for restraint had caused them to be restless, and wrongs had made them revengeful. Let us forget the invasion of the swamps and fastnesses by the soldiers in blue. Let us stop up our ears to the bay of the bloodhound and the crack of the rifle. Let us close our eyes to the burning and rapine, to the scalping and butchery, to the fallen warrior and the dying soldier. Let us draw the veil around the suffering and misery and pain and want, for the war was not over before it had cost the United States Government nearly four times as much money as the State of Florida, and the loss of many a brave soldier fighting under the orders of his commander.

It had brought sorrow to the hearts of many a widowed wife and destitute mother all over the United States. The Indians, shall not their sufferings be counted? The Seminoles, unlike Rome when Hannibal came, for he returned; unlike Swit-

zerland when the Austrians invaded, for she still lives; unlike the colonies when England oppressed, for right ruled; but like Poland, unhappy land, her sons were imprisoned, her daughters outraged, and her lands divided. Where is the Seminole tribe to-day, that once mighty and prosperous band of red men? Ask of the sod that lies over their heads among the swamps of the land of flowers! Seek, but they shall not be found! The strong arm of the white man was on one side, and the wronged and indignant savage on the other. The strong arm prevailed. Osceola, when he came to the camp of the American forces, although with a flag of truce, was made prisoner. Even the protection of the white flag was not allowed. He was soon afterwards removed to Fort Moultrie in Charleston Harbor. His fate was indeed melancholy. His spirit was broken by defeat and imprisonment. That high independence of feeling which had never before known restraint, had become enfeebled, and sunk as the chances of escape vanished. All hope was gone. Banishment from his native land wore upon him until nature was exhausted. He died broken-hearted, away from home, in the white man's prison.

It is not my purpose to tell you

that Osceola was in nowise to blame for the trouble; that he was not crafty, nor that he was not an Indian in nature. But had he not "wrongs to stir a fever in the blood of age or make the infant's sinews strong as steel?" Reared as he was beneath the white man's oppression and amid the groans and grumblings of the red man, but in vain, should some allowance not be made? As a man—an enemy—should he not have been respected under a flag of white by a civilized foe? Before the war he said: "My skin is dark, but not black. The white man shall not make me black. I am an Indian—a Seminole! I will make the white man red with blood." He lost his cause, but died for it. The treatment of the Indians is the disgrace of our government. Wrongs have been committed upon them in the name of Justice that she would turn her back upon. Although Osceola was defeated and his nation scattered, is it not meet that his threat, although not carried out by the scalping knife and tomahawk, should yet come to pass? For when the wrong perpetrated upon the Indians by our government, the oppressions and crimes are related, is it not meet that every true citizen should blush with shame?

ROBERT LIDE.

EDITORIAL.

JOE JEFFERSON.

It was my good fortune, during the theatrical season just past, to hear Comedy's favorite and most gifted son, Joe Jefferson, supported by William J. Florence and Mrs. Drew, whose acting shows them to be artists of no mean ability, and scarcely inferior to Joe himself. Art of the highest order is closely akin to Nature, and, like her, possesses certain things which cannot be described—you must feast your own eye on them if you would have their beauties photographed upon your mind. Such a *chef d'œuvre* in dramatic art was the grand production of "The Rivals," with Joe Jefferson as Bob Acres. It has taken several generations of artistic evolution to produce this the greatest of all commedians; and it is to be regretted that when he has appeared before the foot-lights for the last time, and the curtain falls that shall shut him out from our sight forever, there will be no one to take his place. As you sit and drink in great draughts of mirth and fun from this great commedian's "ruby-rimmed cup," you cannot but feel, ever and anon, a touch of sadness stealing into your soul, when you think how soon you may long

"For the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

Time, though we know it will not spare him, yet deals very kindly with him, for he is now quite an old man; has excellent health, and his acting carries with it that freshness that we would only expect in a younger man, facts which go to prove that his histrionic career has not been, as the majority of people seem to think of stage-life, one of dissipation, and as if he had had nothing before him but "eternities of pleasure"—his success proves the contrary.

Throughout the entire performance you find yourself "steeped to the very lips" in fun of the highest order, and laughter and merriment hold high carnival. One cannot digest the fun fast enough, and, like a magnet, stores away the mystic power in his heart against rainy days—sunshine that will illuminate his soul in cloudy weather. Notwithstanding the potency of this mental elixir which you have imbibed, you cannot impart it to others; you *must* witness the performance if you get it.

To endeavor to give one who has not himself seen this great actor an adequate conception of his power, would be like trying to weld two pieces of iron, the one sparkling hot and the other cold—you can't do it, that's all; both pieces must be sparkling hot. We often make blun-

ders just at this point. For instance, we become thoroughly interested in a book, worked up to a white heat, as we say; we turn to our companion and begin telling him about it, and are *surprised* to find him uninterested; but we shouldn't be; it is perfectly natural, if we will just reflect a moment.

Of those who have not seen Joe Jefferson's Bob Acres we can only speak in tones of commiseration. And what *shall* we say of those who have not seen his Dr. Pangloss in the "Heir at Law." *They* are to be commiserated indeed. It is

"A sight to make our faith more pure and strong

In high humanity."

The story is one with several morals, and being pointed by wit has a more telling effect. "There are other ways of killing a dog than by choking him with butter" is quite true. Equally true is, "There are many ways of giving people medicine that they need without turning their stomachs." You may hold a *child* and pour medicine down its throat, but when it comes to *men* it does not work so well. Now, I am far from saying that at a theatre you always get the dose administered in the proper manner, or even that the medicine is the proper kind; it frequently is not, but have we not seen, outside the theatre—just where, I need not say—men who insist upon holding "big children" and ram-

ming their doctrine down their throats. Well, such treatment, in my judgment, if it does not kill, rarely if ever cures, and the quack himself needs physicing. We too often make no allowance for what other people believe, and expect them to see things just as we do, and leave their environments out of the question. Wholesale doctrine, *properly* administered, will "pierce through pride and fear to the lives of coarsest men." I consider myself quite fortunate in having heard this great actor, and after having received the mental and moral tonic of which the "Heir at Law" is composed I came away

"With something of a finer reverence
For beauty love, and truth."

There is within the soul, rough though its *habitat* may be, "germs of a higher birth," and that these may be evolved, requires delicate treatment.

J. C. M.

ENTERING ON LIFE.

Each year at this season a number of young men leave our colleges to go out and cope with the stern realities of life. The college has been the training camp where they have been drilled for the great battle of life. These young men are of different capacities and capabilities; their energies will be turned to different kinds of work. They are entering on life. Some graduate very young; others, whose advantages have not

been so great, take their degrees at a much greater age—perhaps twenty-five. The average age of graduation is about twenty-two. But if one enters life well prepared for his business, the age at which he enters is not of so much importance as his fitness to tackle the problems of life. Milton said that “he cared not how late he came into life, only that he came fit.” This remark has passed into a maxim, and Milton well exemplified, by the wonderful success of his own life, the wisdom of his world-renowned saying.

It is a somewhat popular notion that college training unfits men for practical life. Unfortunately, a few of those who have received college degrees do give plausibility to that belief. In every class of men there are those who seem naturally unfit for practical life; the number of college graduates who fail to succeed is certainly small as compared with other classes; this is self-evident to anyone who keeps his eyes open. The great majority of college men are eminently fitted for the problems of life; they have an advantage over their fellows which nothing else could have given them. A Northern college president puts it thus: “It is better to have come and loafed, than not to have come at all.” But very much more important is the training of the mind which one receives from the college; certainly nothing can take the place of this mental gymnast. Book-

learned skill, though not always fit for immediate practical use, broadens and strengthens the mind, enlarges the understanding, and makes the acquirement of practical, applied knowledge easy and pleasant. Whether the youthful graduate is in the highest degree prepared for the problems of practical life, depends very much upon himself, and the way he has used his advantages and opportunities.

This is an important moment in the life of a young man. The college is a little world in itself, where difficulties have been met and overcome, and victories won. The possibilities of new ones, and those of much greater importance, lie before him; he will succeed if he engages in the work for which he is best fitted by natural endowment and careful cultivation, and has energy. Much more important than choosing a profession is close application to it when once chosen. No success is to be won by those who soon become dissatisfied with one business, and lay this aside in order to engage in another, only to lay that aside when the charm of its novelty wears off. Palissy would never have been famous in the world of art if he had not applied himself with untiring assiduity to the perfecting of art; nor can anyone—however great may be his genius, however lofty and varied his talents—succeed in the battle of life unless he decides rightly for himself the ques-

tion, "For what am I best fitted?" and then energetically bends his whole self to his work.

A lesson, both of experience and education, is that actions are worthy or unworthy according to the motives which prompt them. Then let him who would win the highest success in life beware of entering it guided by bad motives. Let no sordid desire for gain and wealth be the governing principle of any who have enjoyed high intellectual training; rather let all who leave college for the busy, thronging world determine to devote themselves to the welfare of the fatherland and the elevation of humanity; whoever is most successful in this will be the greatest.

R. L. PASCHAL.

MODERN TASTE IN LITERATURE.

We mean modern taste as illustrated in America, and we wish to give a few of the conditions which have led to it. Of course it would be foolishness to say that there is such a thing as a universal American taste, since different sections differ in reading as in customs; in many there are artificial tastes, fashionable fads as much as the cut of a coat or the shape of a bonnet, but there is a distinctive taste, taking the average of readers.

Certainly it is that except to a few deep thinkers there is little attraction in the profound and abstract

reasoning of Bacon and Locke; the time for such has passed. Just as certain is it that, except by the true lovers of literature, those who can be called students, there is little interest taken in the ever-productive mines of Shakespeare and Hawthorne. We have had a glorious legacy bequeathed us. No other language and no other literature can boast of such a proud array of genius. We have had the finest dramatists, the greatest novelists, the deepest and most original philosophers. And how do we use these treasures left us by the master minds of past years! We, the boasted product of civilization, the outcome of education and refinement, after a superficial skimming leave them in their neglected corners to become a home for moths and be covered by the dust.

The truth is that literature now is looked upon as a means of recreation rather than of profit, useful only in so far as it enables to pass away time pleasantly, and not with any concern for the benefits to be derived. If it were not for specialists there would hardly be any reading for profit, and specialists read only those books that concern their business, thinking it a waste of time to read any others. The time and fancy often kill or make a book. Mushrooms exist in literature as well as in nature, with peculiarities still more exaggerated. A book appears which strikes the popular fancy, and the author is the

hero of the day; but like a meteor which outshines the twinkling stars for an instant is soon lost in vapor, so he, burnt up by the fiery intensity of first success, disappears from the catalogue of fame; his book is no more read, and he leaves the slower stars to mount their steady course towards the zenith.

Often it is fashionable to admire so and so, and since fashion in literature is as dictatorial as in dress, he is admired. Boston determines the season's craze with us just as Paris determines fashionable styles for the world. Boston says Browning must be read; Browning is read, admired, and is discussed over "baked beans" and at tea parties till Robert Elsmere appears. Then the former edict is recalled, and "Have you read Robert Elsmere?" takes the place of "good morning." But these are only ephemeral fancies, superficial growths, while the true taste lies in a deeper stratum.

This is pre-eminently an age of business, and pre-eminently is America the country of hurry. There is no time for the careful perusal of works that have depth, and require attention to see all the beauties of language and imagery, and so, according to the law of Nature, that taste, which cannot be gratified, and consequently is useless and an incumbrance, is either obliterated or so warped from its original tendency as to conform to the artificial restraints which have been put upon it. From this, we think,

comes the present taste. Magazines, affording many of the advantages and having none of the disadvantages, to a business man, have naturally taken the place of longer and more thorough essays. They are printed of all kinds, to suit any taste. A little sketch of some place with good illustrations, a short story, a modest poem, and there is no need of a book-marker. What will be the influence of magazines on literature is hard to tell. The effect on fiction can be reasonably foretold. In all probability magazines will prevent opening into the full flower ante-types of Dickens and Scott since, besides the taste for short stories, which is being universally acquired, the lesser novelists, writers of novelettes, probably as good in their sphere as Thackeray was in his, will have soon used up all the suitable types.

Hurry has produced another class, possibly the forerunners of the coming taste, those who only take time to glance hurriedly over the daily newspaper, which has no right to be considered any form of literature. If the saying "that revolutions never go backward" is true, then these are the first products of an evolution to suit modern life. This deplorable tendency is visible on every side. Money is the El Dorado of every man's expedition. He takes interest in nothing but that which appears to be a means of adding to his bank account. Long since has it become

evident that we are forsaking the old-time standards—standards and tastes which gave our forefathers healthful enjoyment, physical and mental. Long ago did we forsake the simple customs and manners founded on the innate gallantry of human nature, and we have inscribed upon our books of etiquette the fantastic duties of modern society elaborated from an overweening desire to appear polite, which in any other time would have seemed only Quixotic in their eccentricity.

Years ago man's ambition urged him to rise in usefulness. The *ultimatum* then was the chief place in a nation's heart, and a glorious ambition it was. But now, how have we degenerated! Ambition, instead of being honorable, has become a by-word for tricks and subterfuges.

To be in the front rank of moneyed men is the Mecca of every man's prayer, the goal of a degraded manhood, and to reach the first place one would sacrifice body, soul, aye everything. Soon must come a change, whether for the better or worse no one can say, but we fear that with the tendencies to our present course engraven so deep, we will never recover the vantage ground lost; that we will soon become a nation of Jews; Shylock with his scales will be at every door, and for comfort will only be left the saddening memories of the happy days of yore.

R. B. WHITE.

PERSECUTION never stops heresy. It only serves to fan the flame. History shows that when an idea or principle is persecuted it spreads. The Presbyterian Church has attempted to silence the voice of Prof. Briggs for (as they say) heresy. It has only served to introduce Prof. Briggs to thousands who never knew him. It has made the Rocky Mountains his resounding board, and every reader of periodicals, from the gulf to the lakes, is familiar with the name of Prof. Briggs. They bring against him a charge of heresy—

"He is not orthodox."

"Who says so?"

"We say so."

"Who is *we*?"

"A majority of the council."

The controversy is about a matter of interpretation of the Bible. The Presbyterians tell Prof. Briggs that he is to think as they think, and they add in the next breath that they do not think at all about the matter in dispute. Prof. Briggs must be a "Theological Perpendicularity," or go overboard.

It is strange that at the close of the nineteenth century men should not be allowed to *think*. Turn on the light; what harm can come of it? "The truth shall make you free." Our stand is that as long as any man can prove that he stands on the platform of the organization to which he belongs, let him alone. If a man believes that it took God ten million

years to create this world, what business is that of yours? "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

"Oh, but," says our theologian, "you are going against the Bible."

The Bible announces the result of

the creation. As to time, or the process, it is silent. How long before this world shall see religious freedom? It is to be hoped that it will come some day. Let us wait.

B. W. S.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

R. L. PASCHAL, EDITOR.

Among many things now deemed necessities, Washington never saw a steamboat, a locomotive, nor a balloon; he never saw an electric car, an electric light, a telegraph line or instrument, a telephone, a phonograph, nor an electrotyped book; he never saw a grain-reaper, a sewing-machine, a cotton-gin, a match, a percussion cap, a dynamite bomb, nor the Virginia University's base-ball team.

Truly, the progress of invention during the last ninety years has been wonderful; but more wonderful still has been the advance in the sciences and, indeed, in every branch of general knowledge. Let us notice a few examples. At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was practically no science of geology. What a howl would have been raised then if anyone had been bold enough to advance the theory of the development of the earth and the history of its life-forms, now held by all

whose knowledge is sufficient for them to have an intelligent opinion on the subject. In New England he, like the witches of two hundred years ago, would have been hanged as an ally to the devil. Linnaeus had done much for botany, but the knowledge of that science was very meager, as compared with the fuller light of the present day. Of zoology, almost nothing was known. The science of chemistry at that time consisted of very little more than the vague speculations of a few who had spent their lives in search of the philosopher's stone; and, strange to us who live in an age when every petty philosopher is so anxious and ready to announce to an unsuspecting world his remarkable discoveries, those old alchemists, fearing that some other might anticipate them in the discovery of the valuable philosopher's stone, kept the result of their life-long study, experiments and

observations a deep secret. The science of current electricity has been wholly developed during the past century. In the metaphysical sciences, wonderful progress has been made. In every branch of industry the old has often been supplanted by the new; there is more difference between the present day and those of our grandsires, than between those of that time and the rude implements of the Romans. With the tools which the blacksmith of one hundred years ago used, many of the modern machines could not be made. In the science of war very great progress has been made, both on land and sea. One or two brigades armed with the guns of the present day and intrenched in modern fortifications, could repulse any army which all Europe could have raised against them one hundred years ago. One of our second-class war-ships would be more than a match for any naval power afloat ninety years ago. In everything progress has been made. The end is not yet; more inventions are being made; more natural laws discovered; perhaps the air-ship will soon be a reality. Wherever we look we see signs of progress.

Prof. Totten, of Yale University, has fixed the end of the world, or the millenium, in the year 1899. Being from so high a source, this prediction has caused a real sensation among a certain class. From the prophecies of the Old Testament, he proves quite

conclusively and satisfactorily to his own mind that the end is really near. It may be so; we profess that we do not know, and we believe that Christ himself has testified as to our ignorance on this point. We are certain of one thing: for a great many, perhaps for all, the end will come before that date. The saints of the dark ages believed that the end would come in the year 1000; all industries were neglected, and nothing was looked forward to but the final judgment; the farmers did not even plant and sow, the result was almost famine; but the end did not come. Mother Shipton, whose lines—

“In the year eighteen hundred and eighty-one,
The world to an end shall come”—

caused such a sensation, was successful in her predictions concerning the locomotive and the telegraph, but in this her prophecy failed. Almost any Frenchman can predict a revolution; but for all peoples the time of the end of the world seems to be a problem capable of no certain solution.

Edison has out-Edisoned Edison. His latest invention is the *kinetograph*, an electrical machine combining the powers of the phonograph and the camera, by which a continuous picture of anyone may be taken. The impression can be reproduced at any time. By means of this instrument it is possible to reproduce an opera, with every motion of the actors without a fault. Soon one can drop

a nickel in the slot, and have reproduced not only the most beautiful songs, but the singer and her every motion. This has long been an idea of Edison, but he has just succeeded in perfecting it.

A feature of the Commencement at Peace Institute, June 1-4, which has become very favorably and widely known, is the musical concert. Prof. Baughman, the Musical Director of Peace, deserves great praise for the great success of these musical entertainments.

The word heresy was thought to have become obsolete until the recent theological discussion again revived the term. We naturally associate the word with the prison, the rack and the stake. Heresy, as used by the Catholic Church during the middle ages, has become an epithet dear to every Protestant, since it was the name then applied to those beliefs which are now the bone and sinew of evangelical faith.

But recently the charge of heresy has been brought against several of the most prominent ministers and teachers of New York City. Drs. Newton, Rainsford, Bridgman and Briggs, through pulpit and press are denounced as modern heretics.

The trial of Dr. Briggs, Professor of Biblical Theology in Union Theological Seminary, New York, by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, now in session at De-

troit, Mich., is creating an unusual interest, not only among our religious exchanges, but secular also.

Prof. Briggs, upon taking the Robinson Chair of Biblical Theology last January, in his inaugural address attacked not only some distinctive Calvinistical doctrines, but the generally accepted views of judgment after death, the inspiration and the inerrancy of the Bible. This expression of his peculiar views upon these subjects has brought upon his head the invectives of false teacher and heretic. Presbytery after presbytery has forwarded to the General Assembly resolutions demanding an immediate investigation of the charge of heresy. But Prof. Briggs is not without support. His friends and followers will stand with him even though he be expelled from the Presbyterian Church. It is predicted by some that within five years, the result of this arraignment of Dr. Briggs will cause another division of this powerful denomination.

The conflict is now no longer limited to one denomination. The ministry is divided. It is the battle between the old theology and the new. There is probably error in both, as there is in all human interpretation. Truth is a unit, and there are too many contradictions in the popular views of the Bible to assert that present creeds are perfect. Science has lent her aid in making clear much

hitherto misunderstood; investigation among the ruins of ancient cities and in the deserted tombs of Egypt has lifted the gloom which shrouded many a passage, and careful, diligent search in the inspired Word of God has brightened the obscurity of many a text. No sane person will assert that to-day we have reached the limits of development and the boundaries of all knowledge.

We do not know all the truth concerning God and religion. Seekers after God, destroying tenacious superstitions and popular beliefs, must needs battle with ignorance and prejudice—but conquer she will.

“Truth crushed to earth will rise again—
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among her worshippers.”

R. W. W.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

B. W. SPILMAN, EDITOR *pro tem.*

“The Life and Work of Charles Darwin” has just been issued by G. P. Putnam’s Sons. Its author, Mr. Charles F. Holder, is well qualified to write the life of this great man. Being somewhat of a scientist himself, Mr. Holder is able to “enter within the veil” of the life of the greatest scientist the world has ever produced. The closing pages of the book are devoted to an exposition of the theory of evolution as held by Darwin. We recommend this book to our theological brethren of the Presbyterian Church who are exercised just at present because Prof. Briggs has dared to *think* and speak what he thinks.

Noms de plume have not left us yet. “Politikos” has written “The

Sovereigns and Courts of Europe.” It is a well-written book, authentic and pleasant. Its author is undoubtedly English. It is a little strange to us, though, that an author should write anything for which he is unwilling to be responsible. The author makes some strong hits sometimes, but it savors a little of cowardice to strike from behind a curtain.

To old seamen and students of American history an interesting book has lately appeared, “The Old Navy and the New.” Its author, Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen, is as well qualified to write just such a book as any man in this country. Added to fifty years’ experience as an officer in the U. S. Navy, are the qualifications of accu-

rate scholar and a faculty of keen observation. Mr. Ammen is not an unknown author, but has on several occasions been a candidate for literary honor. He is a native of Ohio. His latest work is a valuable addition to the history of our navy.

Frank Stockton, "the natural novelist," again steps upon the scene, bringing with him our old friends of Rudder Grange. His latest work is entitled "The Rudder Grangers Abroad." Mr. Stockton sustains his reputation as a novelist. Natural, pleasant and interesting, his novels are eagerly sought after.

Emma M. Caillard, a female aspirant to the realms of science, has just issued a book on Electricity. The author lays no claim to making an advance on this subject. The book is attractively written, and the strictly scientific terms used in most discussions on this subject are conspicuous for their absence. It is just the book for one who wishes information on this subject without a study of the technicalities.

Students of political economy hail with delight the appearance of "The Railway Problem." It is written by a Minnesota man, Mr. A. B. Stickney, who for twenty years past has been a close student of the railroad question. He favors a railroad commission. Both sides of the question are well presented.

"Black America: a Study of the ex-Slave and His Late Master," which appeared a few years ago from the pen of Mr. W. L. Clowes in the *London Times*, is at last being issued in book form by the Cassell Publishing Co. These letters attracted considerable attention as they were issued in the *Times*, and as Mr. Clowes has made a careful study of his subject, his book will probably be popular. Mr. Clowes has the misfortune to be an Englishman, and lacks the personal contact with the negro, which is essential to a true and faithful discussion of the Negro Problem. He favors colonization.

The *New York Herald* has announced a new feature for next summer. It is to add a feature of Summer Novelties. Prominent society women have been engaged to write a series of letters from their place of summer resort. A glance at the list of names of women engaged insures beforehand the success of this department.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. have announced "Famous English Statesmen," by Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton. Mrs. Bolton is already known in literary circles, and her latest book will probably have admirers. The literature on this subject is already abundant, and the subject poorly treated would fail to gain a place among the readers of to-day.

EXCHANGES.

E. W. SIKES, EDITOR.

No children have ever been born in the White House to any President.

Prof. Crowell, President of Trinity College, was married a few weeks ago.

The Commencement tickets of the different colleges are the prettiest we have ever seen.

Stagg, Yale's famous pitcher, has been elected to take charge of the Baptist University of Chicago.

The College songs of Yale have been taken to India for the purpose of translating them into Hindoo.

"I am dry," the empty bottle sighed,
As it gazed on its neighbor fair;

"I am extra dry," the other replied,
As its cork flew into the air.

Williams, Dartmouth and Columbia have dispensed with Commencement exercises. They seem to be passing out of favor.

The Universities are giving up the use of Dr. Koch's lymph for tuberculosis; nevertheless his investigations are of great value to the profession.

President Jefferson always laid particular stress on having his christian name written and appear in print abbreviated, with a colon punctuation, *i. e.*, *Th: Jefferson*.

THE STUDENT returns thanks for the very beautiful invitations to attend the Commencement exercises of Trinity College, Oak Ridge, Hamilton Institute and Auburn Academy.

The University of Pennsylvania holds the championship of foot-ball of Pennsylvania, Harvard of Massachusetts, Princeton of New Jersey, Union of New York, and the University of Virginia.—*Exchange*.

The *Oak Leaf* always comes with a pleasant smile, for it generally tells of a base-ball victory won. The last copy was somewhat larger than usual, and contained a very interesting article on the first match-game of base-ball.

The next term of this institution opens September 1st at Durham, and with a full and competent faculty, its courses of philosophy, arts, sciences, commerce, together with its schools of divinity, law, and technology, Trinity will rank second to none in the South.—*Archive*.

In the recent State intercollegiate contest between Davidson, Trinity and Guilford Colleges, the palm was awarded to Guilford. The first annual contest of the Southern Intercol-

legiate Association was held at University of Virginia, May 6. Vanderbilt was the victor.

Prof. Winston, of the Chair of Latin, has been elected to the Presidency of the University of North Carolina. Last year he was a strong supporter of foot-ball. Prof. Holmes will take charge of the State Geological Survey, and a new professor will be elected to fill his chair.

One of our best exchanges is the *Guilford Collegian*, published at Guilford College, North Carolina. The contributions show careful thought, and are very practical in their nature. It is a credit to the College. We have formed a favorable opinion of the Institution by reading the magazine, which, we have no doubt, is their best exponent.

John Tyler is the only President whose grave remains unmarked by a monument. In his will he desired to be buried at his old home; but for the interposition of State authorities he would have been buried there, and a suitable monument erected to his memory. He was a member of the Confederate Congress at his death.

Our magazine exchanges seem to improve with the approach of Commencement. Owing to press of work,

we have not time to read them with the care they deserve. We do not want to criticise unless we do so intelligently. *The Amherst Monthly*, *University of Virginia Magazine*, *Southern Collegian*, *Alabama Monthly* and others, are of a very commendable order.

It is said the study of Greek is to be made elective at Oxford and Cambridge. It appears that progress points toward the dethronement of the classical languages in the modern literary course. As soon as modern languages have stored up sufficient literary treasure to make the knowledge of classics superfluous, it will be time for the latter to "step down and out." At present we must protest, we are hardly ready to bid farewell to the ancients.—*Exchange*.

Thilesian, *Columbia Spectator*, and *North Carolina Teacher*, are the most punctual exchanges we have. *William and Mary Monthly*, *Richmond College Messenger*, *The Cadet*, *University Magazine*, *Southern Collegian*, *Hampden-Sidney Monthly* all come from the Old Dominion, and reflect credit upon the State. Judging from the nature of Southern college journals, there is awakening a spirit of journalism and love for literature in the South.

ALUMNI NOTES.

R. L. PASCHAL, EDITOR.

'68. Prof. J. B. Brewer has been earnestly solicited to accept one of the most important positions as an educator in the South, but he has decided to remain in the "Old North State."

'68. Mr. F. P. Hobgood, one of the most zealous and successful educators in the South, will be placed at the head of the Richmond Female Institute next session. The Board of Trustees of that institution held a special meeting yesterday afternoon, at which there was quite a full attendance, and by a unanimous vote elected Mr. Hobgood as President. His acceptance is regarded as quite certain, and he is expected to be here at the Commencement on the 9th of June. The new president is a full graduate of Wake Forest College and has made teaching his life-work. His first position was as principal of Reidsville (N. C.) Academy. Subsequently he served as principal of Raleigh Female Seminary, and recently as president of Oxford Female College, of which he was the founder. Dr. Hobgood is about forty-five years of age and is of splendid physique. He is a gentleman of pleasant manners, refined nature, and attractive

personality. His wife and daughters are accomplished ladies, and occupy the first rank in society for their worth and modesty. The Institute is to be congratulated upon securing so accomplished a gentleman as its president.—*Richmond Dispatch*, May 27th.

'76. Mr. J. T. Bland is practicing law successfully at Burgaw, Pender County.

'79. Mr. E. F. Aydlett, a prominent lawyer of Elizabeth City, was for a part of the time Moderator of the Chowan Association.

'80. Mr. Wiley G. Ferebee is a merchant at Bellcross, N. C. He is one of the most prominent and successful business men in that part of the State.

'85. Rev. J. B. Harrell, South Mills, N. C., left his church in Kinston several weeks ago to enter on a new field in Camdem and Pasquotank counties. He continues to grow in avoirdupois and in the favor of the people.

'86. John E. Vann, Esq., is getting a large and lucrative practice in the law at Winton, Hertfort County.

'87. We have just heard of the death of the wife and babe of Mr. J. Ed. Cheek, Durham. We all sympathize with him in his great affliction.

'87. Ray Browning, who graduated in Medicine at the University of Maryland, in 1890, recently passed his examination at Asheville, N. C., being fifth in a class of about seventy.

'88. Mr. J. N. Boothe, after a successful pastorate of several years at the Second Baptist Church in Durham, has recently resigned and will go elsewhere.

'89. Mr. M. L. Carr says, in a letter to Dr. Taylor, that he will be with us at Commencement.

'89. Mr. J. E. Tucker has had a large and successful school at Hope Hall, Ala. He expects to return to North Carolina.

'89. Mr. C. T. Bailey, Jr., better known "Tom," has accepted a position on the *Mail and Express*, and has gone to New York to enter upon his new work. We wish him great success.

'90. W. O. Riddick is traveling for a business house in Chicago.

'90. Mr. G. W. Ward has decided to leave Elizabeth City and take work elsewhere.

'90. Mr. J. G. Gregory's school at High Point closed some time ago. He will take work elsewhere next year. Glad to see him on the Hill a few days ago.

'90. Mr. J. H. Nowell, Colerain, N. C., in a recent letter to Dr. Taylor, says: "During the past year I have hunted, fished, clerked, bought and sold cotton, etc., and now I feel as if I had found the much sought-for El Dorado itself, taken a dip and been rejuvenated."

Rev. G. L. Finch is doing an excellent work as missionary for Lenoir County.

News has been received of the death in Georgia of C. O. Hicks. He attended college here from '68 to '72.

Mr. W. B. Oliver is now the editor of the *North Carolina Baptist*, a lively denominational paper, published at Fayetteville.

Mr. C. J. Parker has just resigned the position of Superintendent of the Graded Schools at Tarboro, to accept other work elsewhere.

Mr. T. H. Briggs, of Raleigh, who left College in 1870 without completing his course, is now the efficient treasurer of this institution.

W. R. Hendren has been successfully teaching in Wilkes County. He will probably preach. He intends to finish his course at Wake Forest.

Rev. A. T. Howell is trying to build a \$1,200 house of worship at Jacksonville. He now has only \$200 to start with, but will certainly get the rest if he keeps on.

Mr. J. E. Andrews, who left Col-

lege last year in his Junior year, has taken unto himself one of the most beautiful maidens of Cressville, Washington County, and now has a large mercantile business there. His energy insures his success.

Rev. G. A. Sowell, of South Carolina, who did not return to College to take his degree this year, recently took unto him a better-half. He will return to college and finish his course next year.

D. T. Bowden, who was a student here from '84 to '87, graduated in Medicine at the University of Maryland in '89. He is now practising medicine successfully at Patterson, New Jersey.

Rev. J. B. Boone, late of Moberly, Missouri, has accepted the agency for the Baptist Female University. He has reached Raleigh and entered upon his work. We hope he will be very successful.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

R. B. WHITE, EDITOR.

WEEP NOT.

Devoted parents, stay your grief,
Your bitter tears restrain;
Nor longer feel the crushing blow
That rends your hearts with pain.

For high above the grief and gloom
That fill this world with woe,
Your little one serenely dwells
Where joys perennial flow.

The little voice that used to cheer
Your hearts when vexed with care,
Is mingling now with Angel songs
Amid the mansions fair.

The dimpled hands whose tender clasp
Your own were wont to hold,
Are now attuned to wake the chords
On harps of purest gold.

A *bud* too pure for earthly sin,
Too bright for earthly gloom;
The Angels bore your cherub home,
Mid heavenly bowers to bloom.

Not lonely in the Angel throng
Will little Robert be;
For o'er the high raised battlements
And o'er the jasper sea,

Will ring a welcome from the hosts
That crowd the courts above—
A welcome to the bliss of heaven
And to the Savior's love.

And Jesus, he who once on earth
The little children blessed,
Will take your Robert in his arms
And fold him to his heart.

Then dry your tears and do not weep,
For you will meet again,
Where death and parting are unknown
And pleasures banish pain.

Yes, when the sorrow and the grief
Of this brief life are o'er,
You'll meet your Robert's angel face
On heaven's blissful shore.

J. B. CARLYLE.

May 25, 1891.

Tickets—Lawn party.

On the way—Home.

Making night hideous — Green apples.

Taylor has smoked a cigarette.
Mirabile dictu !

A pertinent question—"Wonder if I got seventy-five?"

Miss Barbara Lawrence is on the Hill visiting her sister, Mrs. Wingate.

Mr. W. B. Fleming has been compelled to leave College on account of sickness.

A good many of the astronomy class, it is said, saw stars caused by the sudden and surprising fall they made.

One of the speakers for Commencement has conceived the unique plan of hiring bouquets which are to be sent up immediately after his speech.

It seems that Johns Hopkins is very popular with our graduates. We have a goodly number there now, and several more will go next year.

We are in receipt of tickets to Greensboro Female College and to Trinity College. We return thanks, and wish it were only possible to be present.

Mr. H. T. Aydlett has sufficiently recovered from a severe illness to go home. Miss Aydlett was with him during his sickness and accompanied him home.

Prof. Sledd was sick for sometime, but we are glad to say has recovered.

We have some men here well up in classical quotations, as is shown by the one who despairingly murmured to himself on examination: "A horse, a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

The election for STUDENT editors to succeed the present staff resulted as follows: Eu., Senior Editor, W. W. Vass, Jr.; Associate, W. B. Daniels. Phi., Senior Editor, G. W. Paschal; Associate; E. S. Reeves.

It is said there will be a blushing contest Commencement between Graves and Nowell, the one sustaining a decided color the longest to be given a bandanna. We think the chances are in favor of Nowell.

Enthusiasm over the Alumni Banquet is an article scarcely met with outside of the present Senior class, who would have none of the expenses to pay. The alumni of this College seem to be sadly in need of a little enthusiasm and spirit of enterprise.

The class of '91 was invited by Mr. P. W. Johnson into his strawberry patch. The strawberries were tempting, and to say that we enjoyed them would be useless, since that was made patent by the wholesale destruction. We appreciate such kindness.

Prof. Mills gave a continuance of his lecture on the "Last Days of the

Confederacy," relating his experiences on Johnson's Island as a prisoner. To say that it was up to the high standard of his former lectures is sufficient to show that it was highly enjoyed by all. In his former lecture he stated that he sold his E. J. badge for food the day of his capture. He has been presented with a neat badge by his many friends in the E. J. Society, which we hope will be a pleasant reminder of the dark days after Appomattox.

A asks B, who comes out of the Professor's room looking sour: "What did he say?" "Told me I was through." Later A sees list of proficient. "Hello, B, your name's not down here. Thought Professor said you were through?" B (glumly): "He did, but that I fell through."

It is related of a member of the late Legislature that while at the hotel table he saw a pod of red pepper lying near. Thinking it some kind of fruit he took a large bite, which was immediately followed by the exclamation, "Why couldn't I wait till the darned thing got cool!"

The Professor of Rhetoric asks the following question on examination: "What is Ellipsis? Illustrate." Later he remarked to A——: "Mr. A——, I see you left out that question about Ellipsis?" Mr. A——: "Yes, sir, Professor; Ellipsis means something left out, and in order to illustrate I left it out."

The Senior Class of '91 has twenty members, in this respect being behind some of its predecessors. The average age is twenty-two years; the average weight $156\frac{1}{3}$ pounds; the average height 5 feet $9\frac{3}{4}$ inches. As to professions they are pretty well scattered, perhaps a majority not knowing exactly what they will do, but confident of doing something. We have in its ranks a Funny man (or at least tries to be), a Fat man, and a Runt, who tries not to be. Withal, it is a remarkable class.

The base-ball team will not take a trip after Commencement as was once thought. We wish it were possible, since, besides the pleasure of the trip, it would be an advertisement of the College and would do much to liven up athletics. A movement in this direction has been made, and it promises to be a success. If everything goes right there will be a series of tennis games Monday and Tuesday of Commencement. It will only be for the championship of the College, but it is a start in the right way, and we hope will ultimately lead to a series of inter-collegiate games.

It is with an infinite sadness that we are compelled to announce to the outside world the heart-rending fact that Dennis Young, our brother of the colored persuasion, has, on account of sundry difficulties, departed from this portion of the globe,

without informing his neighbors whither he went. It is reported by some evil-minded persons that he had made way with fourteen pair of shoes, but we think this is a fabrication, derived from the fact of his wearing No. 14 shoes, but we are very much afraid he will again be caught, since he cannot hide his feet. The unfortunate Dennis was confined for one night, but towards morning, when his guards had dropped to sleep in the arms of Morpheus, he silently picked up his feet and departed. To this day no man knoweth whither he turned his footsteps. And after he has oft trudged over the stony by-ways till his soles have become holy, one can exclaim with the prophet, "He once had shoes in abundance, but now he hath them not."

LITTLE ROBERT.

Pet of our hearts, our household pride,
Earth's undefiled;
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
Our dear, sweet child!
Humbly we bow to God's decree;
Yet had we hoped that Time should see
Thee mourn for us, not we for thee,
Little Robert!

Do what we may, go where we will,
Thou meet'st our sight;
There dost thou glide before us still
A form of light!
We see thine eyes' deep violet blue,
Thy dimpled cheek, with healthy hue,
Thy clasping hands, so sweet and true,
Little Robert!

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
Thy crib, thy doll;
Thy cloak and cap, hang in the hall,
But where art thou!
A corner holds thy empty chair,
Thy playthings idly scattered there
But speak to us of our despair,
Little Robert!

Oh, be to us, dear angel child!
With beam of love,
A star, death's uncongenial wild
Smiling above;
Soon, soon thy little feet have trod
The skyward path, the seraph's road,
That led thee back from man to God,
Little Robert!

Farewell, then—for a while farewell—
Pride of our heart!
It cannot be that long we dwell
Thus torn apart;
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee,
And dark howe'er life's night may be,
Beyond the grave we'll meet with thee,
Little Robert!
MRS. W. C. L.

As Commencement draws nigh, the prospective graduate looks around on the familiar scenes which he must soon leave. The realization of this has not yet come in its full power. It seems so hard to think that never again will he go in and out the chapel, a boy among boys; never again sit in the old recitation rooms a student among fellow-students, but soon it will be necessary to turn the back on all such scenes and bid all the friendly faces farewell—it may be an eternal farewell. No matter where his footsteps carry him,

there will ever be present in his mind a picture of the old college as he left it in the spring-time, its buildings peeping from behind the trees, the campus in lovely dress of green, the rustics and groups of idle boys here and there lazily talking. College days are and ought to be the happiest of life, and it is with infinite regret that we must say "good-bye." Some of us may come to future Commencements, but it will

not be the natural thing it used to be. Time and change will have set their ineffaceable seal on everything. Innovations with their resistless logic will have altered the familiar aspect, and we will long for the days of "Auld Lang Syne" when we could laugh and talk with boyish friends; when well known instead of strange faces filled the halls; but time, with an ever-increasing rapidity, hurls us towards eternity and forgetfulness.

THE
WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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MY IDEAL KNIGHT.

I know not if handsome
His features will be—
A beautiful spirit
Is fairer to me.

His eyes—well, I care not
If black or if blue,
If only reflecting
A soul that is true.

A smile like the sunlight
I know he will wear,
And all of life's burdens
Will tenderly share.

His lips will be guiltless
Of contact with wine,
Or else they need never
Seek union with mine.

As brave as the bravest,
My hero, my knight,
Will ever be fearless
To champion the right.

Though gifted with genius
To rank in the van,
His highest ambition—
To serve God and man.

He's tender and loving,
Yes, gentle and good,
As pure as the heavens,
As true as God's word.

A weak, loving woman
In him may confide,
And trustingly journey
Through life by his side

Oh! we are weak creatures,
But loving as well;
Men make home a heaven,
Or make it a hell.

His thoughtful forbearance,
His patience and love,
Will make it an earnest
Of one that's above.

WHAT HAS A CHRISTIAN COLLEGE THE RIGHT TO EXPECT OF HER SONS?*

ALUMNI ADDRESS, BY REV. H. A. BROWN, OF WINSTON.

I can scarcely realize that twenty years have passed away since, in company with my class-mates, I turned away from these college grounds. What wonderful achievements have been wrought in these passing years! The boundary lines of the known and the actual have been constantly widening towards the ever-receding horizon of the unknown and the untried. What we scarcely dreamed of in our day and what floated about loosely in our imaginations as barely possible, has taken definite shape in the onward march of human progress. The advance march on the line of

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Natural Science is simply wonderful. The failure of the first Atlantic cable led to the survey of the bottom of the ocean, and this was followed by the deep-sea explorations, which revealed the great treasures of knowledge hitherto unknown to the scientific world. The transmission of electric energy is destined to produce a revolution in the modes of our modern living. It has not been twenty years since Sir William Liemans prophesied that electricity would become the great illuminant of the earth. He scarcely thought, I suppose, that in so short a time the great cities and towns of the civilized world would pass from darkness to light. Millions of electric burners in our streets, our shops and our factories, now contribute to facilitating the transaction of business. Our ships which plow the deep seas have become great floating light-houses, and the dark passages which led down to the mines have been brightened, and the safety and comfort of the miners secured. The application of this energy to the moving of cars, the running of mills, the pumping of water and the underground haulage in the mining districts is among the results of modern enterprise. It is not without becoming pride that I refer to the fact that we have a man among us, a Baptist preacher, an editor and a man of science, who has made discoveries along the line of applied electricity which will make his name famous in the

future history of our commonwealth. It has not yet been fifteen years since the first telephone was exhibited before the British Association as a workable instrument. Now it would be safe to say that more than a million of these instruments are in actual use in various parts of the civilized world, thus practically annihilating distance and facilitating the dispatch of business a thousand fold.

Wonderful progress has also been made in the last twenty years in the discovery and applications of different forms of explosives. We are no longer shut up to the use of black gunpowder, as our fathers were. The introduction of the smokeless powder has tended to lessen the dangers of modern warfare. Our ships when engaged in conflict on the wide seas are no longer surrounded by black smoke like the fluid of the cuttle-fish, but have full view of their antagonists. Our future armies will no longer fire in the dark, and be half stifled, half smothered and half conquered by the smoke of their own guns.

The use of new explosives in blasting, tunnelling and mining marks a long step of progress in this most progressive age. Perhaps no industry has assumed larger proportions within recent years than the cultivation of the petroleum fields. It has not been more than thirty years since the first well was bored for the production of petroleum. At first it was found in small quantities and confined to one

single State; now it is found in many States, and is rapidly becoming one of the leading industries of our time. Last year more than thirty millions of barrels were produced, and the markets of Europe and America have been supplied. It is wonderful to see the great oil vessels sailing on our seas, and the huge oil tanks rolling on our railways, and the mammoth buildings which are lighted and heated by it. More than 2,500 years ago the famous springs on the Caspian Sea were known to the nations. The perpetual flames of the fire-worshipers were supplied by their gas. Many inhabitants were furnished with mineral oils; but it was not until quite recently that petroleum was obtained by distillation from these waters. The amount obtained in this way has gone on increasing until more than a million of tons are produced annually, and the markets of Russia are largely supplied from this source.

The material development of our own Southland during the last twenty years has been beyond the most sanguine expectations of our people. At the close of the war we began to have our eyes open to the fact that vast stores of mineral wealth lay concealed in our borders. But we had not the means to utilize this wealth. The harvest of our men lay buried in soldiers' graves, and our younger men had to toil for their widowed mothers and sisters to repair their wasted fortunes. The wail of poverty rang out

from every hamlet and rural district in all our boundaries. Not until the year 1870 did the work of improvement begin. In that year only 2,000,000 tons of bituminous coal were found in the South, but in 1890 more than 17,000,000 tons were produced, besides a vast quantity of valuable ore. We now have towns numbering twenty thousand inhabitants, which were not mentioned on the maps of twenty years ago. We have forty towns of more than eight thousand inhabitants each, all lying within the belt of our great mineral section. "Though defeated in war, we are conquering in the noble arts of peace." We have paid six millions of dollars to help pension soldiers who destroyed two billions of dollars worth of private and public property. We are rapidly becoming the wealthiest country in the world. If Northern capital would longer compete with us in manufacturing, it must come South. If Horace Greely were now living, the wise old man would not say, "Go west, young man," but go South. Here we have a better climate, better prospects for paying investments, and a better type of civilization.

Wonderful changes have taken place during the last twenty years in the methods of education. The cramming process is rapidly giving way to the more natural and rational method of allowing students to discover facts, laws and combinations for themselves. Actual experiments

in the laboratory and in the open field are taking the place of those wonderful feats of mental gymnastics which used to be witnessed in our class-rooms, when a young man would arise and close his eyes and repeat whole pages of chemistry and physics without understanding a single idea advanced on those pages. President Hill, of Rochester University, has well said, "That thousands of our youth have studied chemistry without ever witnessing an experiment, physics without ever seeing an air-pump, and astronomy without ever looking through a telescope." A certain ancient professor contended that this was the best method because it trained the imagination, just as the study of geometry without the use of figures would do. But it was a pernicious and hurtful method, because it substituted subjective fancies for experimental facts, and a pretence of knowledge for real ideas. All useful knowledge must have a substantial basis in facts. Facts are the fingers of God. And he will be wisest who can discover most of these. It does not require any great knowledge of facts to invent a theory. While I was a student here one of my class-mates, whose voice was like the roar of many waters, framed a theory of subterranean geography. If this theory had not ignored every fact known to science he would have become famous. Not long ago a

young man approached an eminent professor and told him he had a new theory concerning coal. The professor said: "What do you know about coal?" "Ah," he said, "I did not know that it was necessary to have any knowledge of a subject in order to frame a theory." A friend of mine told me not long since that one of the professors in this College had actually gone wild in his enthusiasm to make new discoveries about animals, plants and minerals. He is always gathering new specimens, analyzing, dissecting and making new discoveries about those commonplace things. I said: "I hope he will be there when I send my boy to college." I was gratified a few weeks ago when I read in one of our State papers that a new society had been organized among the students of this institution. The object of this society is to encourage original research in the department of Natural Science. The young men are expected to make discoveries in biology, chemistry, natural history, and all the wide range of the science, and make report from time to time. I shall expect to hear from these young men as the years go by. This movement is along the line of natural and eternal progress. It is impossible to forecast the changes of the next twenty years. It would not be strange if some of us should be as much surprised as was Edward Bellamy's man after his sleep of a century.

"We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time;
In an age on ages telling,
When to be living is sublime."

Dr. Strong may not be far wrong when he says that "we have it in our power within the next twenty years to hasten or retard the coming of Christ's Kingdom in the world by hundreds if not by thousands of years." We occupy the Gibraltar of the ages which commands the world's future.

In view of the past and in prospect of the future, *What has a Christian College the right to expect of her sons?*

1. *She has a right to expect* that they will continue to grow in *intellectual force*. Some college graduates are like young wasps—larger on their first day than ever after. Our minds, like pieces of steel, will surely rust and fail unless they are constantly used. It was never intended that our intellects should be served as ancient warriors served their swords when the wars were over, simply to remind them of their past exploits. Our minds are the instruments for everyday use, and they should grow brighter and more polished and sharper each year. It was Emerson, I believe, who said that the hardest thing in the world to do *is to think*. We look into the face of some difficult question, but we do not see at first. We walk our rooms and rub our heads; we look vacantly out on the landscape and strain our mental vision,

but we do not *see*. After awhile, when we sit alone, all unbidden, it may be, the thought comes for which we had been struggling.

Suddenly the thirst, which was created by our mental efforts, is satisfied as the rain fills the pools. Intellectual effort always brings its own reward. Thinkers are always rulers everywhere. They are kings and priests and potentates. They exercise authority almost unconsciously. Carlyle said, "The world *has* to obey the man who thinks." When a philosopher on this side the water read this he sent him a message across the sea: "Beware when God turns loose a thinker." In Prescott's Biography of Charles Brockden Brown we read that he manifested wonderful aptitude for the acquirement of knowledge when he was quite young. He was often found poring over "volumes of forgotten lore," or standing on the the table tracing out maps on the parlor walls. Once when a visitor came to his father's house he rebuked the lad for some remark he had made, referring to him contemptuously *as a boy*. When he was gone he asked his father why this man referred to him *as a boy*. "Size and age," he continued, "do not make men. Thoughts make men. And I can ask him a hundred questions he could not answer."

"Were I so tall I could reach the pole,
And grasp the ocean with a span—
Still I would be measured by my soul—
It is the mind that makes the man."

2. *A Christian College has a right to expect that her sons will continue to develop the capacity to produce practical results in life.* I know there has been much sneering at what the world calls practical men. But those who have been trained in the schools cannot afford to sneer, for if their training has been such as it ought to have been they are in a position to be leaders of this army of toilers. They are the rightful pioneers who blaze out the way for the tramping of a great multitude. They are the foundation layers who make it possible for these men to achieve success in the various departments of human activity. As long as our feet are on the ground we shall have to deal with material objects, and have fellowship with men who have a common environment. There is much that is misleading about the practical education of which we hear so much. We sometimes hear it said that chemistry is practical, and moral philosophy is not practical; that it is practical to tell how many bones are in the human body, and not practical to read one of Cicero's orations. The truth is, all true education is practical, because it is designed to develop the capacity to produce the best results on any given line.

There is a false notion lurking in the minds of some that there is a want of sympathy on the part of the educated for the toiling masses in our homes, our shops and our factories.

A celebrated lecturer addressing a large audience recently, said that "emancipation from slavish customs was not to be looked for from the soft-handed men of the college, the court and the cloister, but rather from the farmers, the mechanics' unions and other labor organizations." This lecturer overlooked the fact that it is the well-instructed leaders in these organizations who have stirred up this volcano of protest against oppression in all its forms. And they propose to lead on their marshalled hosts until they realize their motto: "Equal pay for equal work without discrimination against class or sex." By far the most encouraging sign among the Chinese is they do desire that the best educated among them shall be their governors. All over their country they have schools for the training of their young people. It is a poor, foolish training, I admit, but training nevertheless. And they select the brightest and the best from the schools from whom to choose their rulers. There is always hope for a people who desire to put those in authority who have the *capacity* to rule.

All argument will prove a failure if trained capacity shall not shape the policy, I care not if constitutions be plentiful as blackberries and parliaments meet in every village. The Duke of Argyle has truthfully said: "Readiness to entertain, and willingness to accept, and enthusiasm

to pursue a new idea has always been the most fruitful gift of genius."

3. A Christian college has the right to expect that her sons will *grow in strength and beauty of character*. All education which does not tend to make the heart better and the life purer is injurious to society. But that education which results in the development of a strong and beautiful character is a slow and tedious process. It is not completed when a young man has finished his course at college and received his diploma and entered into the struggle of life. It has scarcely begun then. There are mountains to climb, rivers to wade, battles to fight, and enemies to drive back, and victories to celebrate before he reaches the desired end. To control our thoughts, circumscribe our desires, subdue our passions and regulate our actions is the object to be attained. Complete self-mastery is the grand consummation of the highest form of education. Many of those who have occupied a large space in the history of the world have been only half educated in this sense. The sculptor does not bring forth the angel's face from the solid block of marble at a single stroke. Ten thousand blows only give the rough cast, and these must be followed by many a pains-taking hewer. Thousands of chiselings, guided by a skillful hand, must bring out the delicate form and features ere the ideal can be realized. *So we must*

carve character. Every day through the months and years we must add acts of thought, will and effort—add habits of love, truth and piety before the soul can be made to wear the image of God. It was Socrates who prayed this prayer, "Make me pure and beautiful within."

When Michael Angelo was painting the Sistine Chapel in Rome the old Pope was impatient to see the result. For weeks the great artist shut himself in and pursued his task. With marvelous skill, by day and by night, he brought out the face of angel and prophet and sybil, until it seemed that heaven looked down from above. So are we slowly being beautified. By our successes and by our failures, by prosperity and by adversity, by bright days and dark days, by myriads of unseen agencies, we are being fashioned into the polished stones that adorn the temple not made with hands. Even Herbert Spencer says, "The true end of education is religious culture." "Doubtless," he adds, "there is in much of the science that is current a pervading spirit of irreligion, but not in that true science which has passed beyond the superficial into the profound." And Prof. Huxley has said, "Science prospers exactly in proportion as it is religious."

4. A Christian College has the right to expect that her sons will be able to *form and express an intelligent opinion on the great living ques-*

tions of the day. It is not meant that they shall keep fully abreast of all the scientific progress of the age. That is not necessary, except for those who propose to be specialists in the several departments. But there are great questions pertaining to social progress, public education, wise and humane legislation, co-operation and repression in the interest of the weak and helpless, and a thousand other topics which are constantly coming to the front. The foes which threaten our common civilization, such as socialism, communism, foreign immigration, the abominable liquor traffic, and the oppression of rich and growing corporations, must be met and conquered by enlightened christian manhood.

I am not a member of the Farmers' Alliance. But unless I have misunderstood the signs of the times, it is worth while for every intelligent man to familiarize himself with the great principles which underlie that organization. Without sectionalism or party affiliation, they propose to be a great brotherhood to right the wrongs of the oppressed and lead the toiling masses on to peace and plenty. It is none too soon to agitate some of the reforms which they demand.

There are thousands of good people all over the country who propose in the future to vote for "*Katy and the baby*," regardless of the politicians who may clamor for public office. Every American citizen has a right to

own his home, if he can pay for it by his honest labor, and all legislation which tends to put the land in the hands of foreigners and rich corporations is fraught with unnumbered evils to the masses of our people. History reveals the fact that wherever a people have lost their liberties they have first lost their homes. When Rome, the mistress of the ancient world, fell, the homes of the entire empire were owned by two thousand eight hundred persons. When classic Greece, the home of art, was conquered, all the lands were owned by five hundred and fifty persons. To-day Ireland is dominated by foreign landholders. Her outraged people are ripe for a revolution, or ready for despair. With one-fourth of our lands in the hands of foreigners, and a large portion controlled by rich corporations, it is time to ask whether our liberties will be safe when our homes are gone. In the fourteenth century there was a popular movement among the farmers, which resulted in great changes for the good of the country. It was followed by a century without poverty. It was the golden age of English history. There was a similar movement in France in the eighteenth century with beneficial results. What is to be the outcome of the movement in our country remains to be seen. We can all agree with Senator Edmunds in saying that "it is a question of *extraordinary interest*."

Another question, which will require the patient thought and investigation of educated men, is *what does wealth owe to the common good of humanity?* This is the golden age of wealth. It is emphatically the age of gold, for, according to Mr. Gladstone, more wealth has been accumulated during fifty years of the present century than had been accumulated during the eighteen hundred years that preceded it. It is the age of wealthy corporations, wealthy combinations, wealthy men in public and private life. More than twenty millionaires have occupied seats in the United States Senate within recent years. The aristocracy of this age is the aristocracy of wealth, and it is capable of being just as haughty and as unpopular and as dangerous as any other aristocracy. Wealth, if made to serve, may become a great blessing to humanity; but if not made to serve, it is easy to see the dangers that may follow. Men pursue wealth with more eagerness than they pursue anything else, and on this account some one has said that Jesus Christ himself saw in this form of evil the only *power* worthy of being personified as a rival with God for the first place in the human heart. With solemn emphasis he said: "*You cannot serve God and mammon.*" Wealth must not be served, but made to serve. It must be harnessed like a beast of burden, and made to carry its loads to relieve all classes in the

community. It must be melted, like the images of the apostles, into a circulating medium and sent on its wide mission of doing good. Socialism presents no right solution for the distribution of wealth. It proceeds on the assumption that all wealth is the combined labor of society, and that equal division ought to be made among all the members. It ignores the fact that the *units* of society which produce the wealth are not equal, and that no equal distribution can be made without doing violence to the inalienable rights of the individual. It supposes that because men are regarded as equal politically, that they ought to be so socially, financially, and in every other sense. The truth is, men are not born equal. They do not start on the race of life equal. They do not have equal powers, or equal capacities, or equal environment, or equal prospects. There always have been inequalities among men, and there always will be. Society does not exist on the dead level. There must be room for the exercise of benevolence and "sweet charity," and play for gratitude and appreciation. If all the wealth of the world could be equally distributed among men under present conditions, it would not be long before the same inequalities would exist. Stimulus must be given to industry, and the fear of want must stand face to face with idleness and vagrancy. "Socialism is the dream of impossible reme-

dies for imaginary wrongs." *Wealth owes all it can do to make the world happier and better.* Men need to be taught that the talent to make money is a gift from heaven; that the possession of wealth is the bestowment of a trust, a multiplied opportunity for doing good; that none of us should live to ourselves; that our willingness to help should be limited only by our ability and the necessities of our fellow-creatures.

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see—
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

There are increasing evidences all around us that men are beginning to take this larger view. The principle of co-operation is being everywhere recognized, voluntary profit-sharing is much more common than it used to be. Homes for the poor and the suffering are being provided, and industrial schools are being sustained by private wealth. Individuals here and there are defraying the expenses of missionaries. Colleges and universities are being endowed. Men like Rockefeller, Bostwick and Melke are showing the world how they can use wealth so that generations unborn shall rise up and call them blessed. Let the agitation and the education be continued along this line until it shall no more be said by great philanthropists who go up and down the country, that the poets have forgotten to write hymns on charity for the people

to sing. Let it no more be said, as General Booth, in his "Darkest England," has said, "that more books have been written on diabetes and gout than have been written on the dark side of the social problem; that more attention has been given to the study of earth-worms than has ever been given to the elevation of the sinking multitudes who swing about the great centres of our population."

The higher education of women should claim our attention. The ever-widening sphere of woman's activities will keep this question in the front. There are many ways in which energetic women can now make a living that were not open to them thirty years ago. Some of us can remember in 1861, under the administration of Mr. Lincoln, when women were first allowed to hold clerkships in the Treasury Department. When the permission was given by Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, such a howl went up from the men who wanted these positions, that the Attorney General had to give his opinion in the case in favor of the women. It was the beginning of an industrial period which has emancipated many a good woman from want and suffering.

More than fifty per cent. of our public schools are taught by women, and they are filing into our places of business in large numbers as book-keepers, type-writers, stenographers, clerks in banks, dry goods stores and

other places of trade. They are becoming more independent every day. Young men sometimes find it difficult, under the light of the stars, to persuade them it would be better for them to form a life-partnership with them.

The growing independence of women is positively refreshing. They are not singing any more, "Who will shoe my pretty little foot?" and "Who will glove my lily-white hand?" for they feel quite able to attend to that little piece of domestic economy themselves, if need be. They are not at the piano playing, "Who will care for mother now?" for mother can care for herself, and if not, they can care for her. One indignity is heaped on them still, and that is the *insinuation* that they are not able to receive the same kind of education their brothers receive, and that they are not entitled to the same pay for the same kind of work. It does not speak very well for the "lords of creation" that they are willing to go on a strike for eight hours a day, while their wives and sisters sing the "Song of the Shirt" for sixteen hours a day.

Better times are coming. The future will be more glorious in the education of women than the past has been. "It is the one far-off divine event towards which the whole creation moves." With four thou-

sand women in the two hundred colleges of our country; with the doors of our universities thrown open to women; with industrial schools in nearly every State for their benefit, we begin to see the signs of the times.

I am glad there is to be a popular uprising here in our own State in the interest of higher education for women. Already the ball is beginning to roll. Let every man who has been educated at Wake Forest College put his shoulder to the wheel. Let us all stand as beacon lights in our communities until all the shadows of opposition shall be gone. In the interest of our homes, our churches and our great country, let us wait and work till all the fair young women in our State have an equal showing for an education with the brave young men who are to be their companions in life.

Wake Forest College has a right to expect that her sons will be loyal to her highest interests. She has a record of which any college may justly feel proud. Her sons are achieving success in nearly every State in the Union and becoming leaders of thought in foreign nations. Her Faculty is unsurpassed by that of any similar institution in all our country. Her friends are numbered by teeming thousands in this and other States. Her future is radiant with the light of coming blessings.

SOUTHERN LITERARY PORTRAITS.—NO. 5.

SYDNEY LANIER.

When I first entered Hopkins' Hall of the Johns Hopkins University, the room, with its blank, narrow walls, the long rows of chairs, and the black-board on the rostrum, seemed inexpressibly dreary. I could almost fancy myself in the dusty, dingy lecture-room of Doctor Dryas-Dust, Imperial Extraordinary Professor of Pre-historic Languages in some German University. But on glancing around the room I discovered several memorial tablets upon the walls, and on one of these I read the inscription, "Sidney Lanier, Poet." That was enough. How the room glowed with sudden light! It was as if the sun had looked out from behind a dark cloud. Gentle reader, it was only the light of genius which suddenly shone around me—that inextinguishable light which lingers about the spots associated with the names of great men—the light which makes Stratford the dearest place on earth, and the sluggish, reedy Avon the most beautiful of rivers. This, then, was the hall in which Sidney Lanier had lectured; and my thoughts wandered back to the dreary winter days, when the poet, pale, emaciated and too weak to stand, sat and deliv-

ered his last message to the students of the University. "Those who heard him," says his biographer, "listened with a sort of fascinated terror, doubting whether the hoarded breath would suffice to the end of the hour."

Sydney Lanier was born at Macon, Ga., on the 3d of February, 1842. We get, perhaps, our surest key to Lanier's poetry in the fact that from his earliest youth he showed an all-absorbing passion for music. When yet a child, he could play on any instrument that came to hand, and it was only out of deference to his father's wish that he devoted himself to the flute in particular. At the age of fourteen, the poet entered Oglethorpe College, Georgia, and was graduated, with the highest honors, in 1860, at the age of eighteen. Love for music is still his master-passion, and in his college note-book he writes: "The prime inclination of my nature is for music, and for that I have the greatest talent; indeed, I feel it within me plainly that I could rise as high as any composer."

But from music and books Lanier was called by the dread noise of war. He entered the Confederate army,

and saw some hard fighting around Richmond. But the poet was not made of the stern stuff that war requires, and he found distraction from the horrors of battle and the monotony of camp-life in music and the study of French, German and Spanish. Later on he was captured and was not released until almost at the close of the war. He tells us that when he left prison, all his worldly goods were a twenty dollar gold-piece, and, above all, his flute, which had been his inseparable companion, brightening many a lonely vigil around the camp fire, and alleviating the sufferings of prison life.

Lanier should have lived in the olden days when every poet had his patron, and could sing the livelong day, unvexed by the dread problems of butter and bread. In the struggle of every-day life he was utterly vanquished, though it must be allowed that the poet had to contend with two terrible foes—poverty and consumption. For many years Lanier led a roving, unsettled life. He tried successively teaching and the law—those terrible iron beds on which so much youthful genius is stretched. Fickle Pegasus often refuses to wear the yoke of the plow-horse, and Lanier could never tame the whimsical creature to the lowly duties of common life. The gift of poetry is, unless possessed in the highest degree, rather a curse than a blessing. A voice wonderfully sweet

and powerful must it be that is to win the dull ear of the world; and Lanier's slender notes cannot be heard above the hum of the market-place.

In December, 1867, our poet was married to Miss Mary Day, the noble woman who, in the darkest hour, never lost faith in the genius of her husband. Without her tender sympathy—always hopeful and encouraging—Lanier's life would probably have been a sad instance of mediocre talent and half-hearted endeavor, ending in miserable failure.

But Lanier never lost faith in his own genius. Smitten by that invincible foe, consumption; trying in vain to bring himself to perform the humble duties of teacher in a village academy, or playing the more congenial role of a briefless country attorney, he still felt that he belonged to the realm of song. Hear how beautifully he can write of this feeling: "All day my soul has been cutting swiftly into the great space of the subtle, unspeakable deep, driven by wind after wind of heavenly melody. The very inner spirit and essence of song hath blown upon me in quick gusts like the breath of passion, and sailed me into a sea of vast dreams, whereof each wave is at once a vision and a melody."

Encouraged by his devoted wife, and armed with flute and pen, Lanier turned his face to the North, and in 1873 made his home in Baltimore, engaged to play first flute in the con-

certs of the Peabody Institute. But Tityrus' flute nor Apollo's lyre, for all that, can drive the wolf from the door, as many a poet has found out, and poor Lanier proved no exception. There were many little mouths to feed, and it is said that at times the poet's household was almost in need of daily bread.

Lanier, however, was no coward. He faced bravely his evil fate, and wrested, by his unbending will, ten years of life from the dread disease that threatened hourly to destroy him. His industry was untiring; he made himself master of several languages, and became a recognized authority in Old English and Anglo-Saxon, the study of which was, just at that time, growing into great favor. In 1879 Lanier was appointed lecturer on English Literature in Johns Hopkins University. It would seem as if fate had at last relented; the poet's income was now assured and amply sufficient; his lectures at the University were received with enthusiasm, and his poetry was now winning its due recognition. But the end was near. In the spring of 1881 repeated hemorrhages from the lungs compelled the poet to seek relief in a change. Tent life in the mountains of North Carolina was tried. The tents were pitched on Richmond Hill, three miles from Asheville, and the noble wife, with her infant in her arms, watched beside the dying husband.

"We are left alone," she writes,

on August 29th, "with one another. On the last night of the summer comes a change. His love and immortal will hold off the destroyer of our summer yet one week more, until the forenoon of September 7th, and then falls the frost, and that unfaltering will renders its supreme submission to the adored will of God."

Lanier's worth as a poet has been variously judged. A recent critic in the London *Spectator* says that Lanier's latest poems are the best that have appeared either in England or America during the last decade. Mr. Gosse, while in Baltimore lecturing at the Johns Hopkins University, was generous in his praise of Lanier as a poet; but on returning to England he quickly repented of his American folly, and declared in the *Forum* that Lanier's poetry was labored and unnatural, and that the poet's life was a warning instance of life-long endeavor ending in miserable failure.

If I may record my own humble opinion, I must frankly confess that I must agree in the main with Mr. Gosse. It seems to me that Lanier rarely, if ever, strikes the clear bird-like note of the true poet. He is nothing if not artificial. He is always seeking after curiously turned expressions and unheard-of similes and metaphors. In this respect, I fancy, we can discover the secret influence of Browning, whose descriptions of Nature and its phenomena are by turns most original and splendid, grotesque

and subtle. But we must remember that Browning's greatness depends not on his presentation of Nature. He is essentially the poet of the inner life, and so great is the wealth of thought he brings, that we can at times allow him to be labored and unnatural. But Lanier seems to depend for his effect upon the odd dress in which the thought is presented, and, then, he is not always easily understood. Often the thought is so subtle and refined that it can be seen only after patient study; and often, as with Browning, we crack the nut and have our labor for our reward. Alliteration is employed *ad nauseam*.

But with all these shortcomings, Lanier's poetry is at times strikingly original and beautiful. In the "Marshes of Glynn" he leads us into a strange world, where we behold—

"Glooms of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided
and woven
With intricate shades of the vines that,
myriad-cloven,
Clamber the forks of the multiform boughs,

Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper of vows,
When lovers pace timidly down through the green colonades
Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear dark woods—
Of the heavenly woods and glades
That run to the radiant marginal sand-beach within
The wide sea-marshes of Glynn."

And when the poet can, for a moment, forget his art, he speaks in tones eloquent and simple—

"As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God:
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies "

Perhaps we cannot more fitly close this brief essay than by the following lines from "Sunrise," the last poem that Lanier wrote—

"But I fear not, nay, and I fear not the thing to be done;
I am strong with the strength of the sun;
How dark soever the race that must needs be run,
I am lit with the sun."

* * * * *

HOW IS THIS?

We notice that some of the New York and other influential dailies are disposed to champion the cause of Prof. Briggs, who has, so his brethren say, gotten out of line on doctrine as held by his church.

As a rule, we think the same por-

tion of the secular press which has come to the support of Dr. Briggs, and others who think as he does, is very severe on a minister who, in the hour of temptation, falls, bringing disgrace on himself and family, as well as injuring the cause of religion.

But when a man's church calls on him to cease promulgating doctrine not held by his church, and which is subversive of true and vital Christianity, you will find these same men and papers, who never wasted any sympathy for the fallen brother, howling mightily with tongue and pen for "free speech and liberty of conscience." In other words, to perpetrate just such heresies as they may see fit upon those to whom they preach and teach. There is this, that seems to us to be plain: when a man ceases to be in harmony with and loyal to the source from which he draws his support, then common decency would require that he at once seek other avenues for bread and butter. It would be a very poor soldier who could be seen in ranks only when in front of his commissary door when the time to issue rations was at hand, and when the enemy was to fight, to shoot beans instead of bullets. Not he who preaches, but he who preaches the gospel, is entitled to live by the gospel. To please and entertain people by saying what suits them is one thing, and to preach the plain, unvarnished gospel is another. The trouble the Presbyterians are having with Dr. Briggs, and the Episcopalians with Dr. Newton, is no Baptist fight, it is true, and yet some of our Baptist brethren are volunteering to take stock in the defence of Dr. Briggs' position. For our part, we are content to await the decision of the

proper constituted authority to say how this matter shall terminate. It makes us very tired to hear men talking so loud about the suppression of thought, without first deciding what kind of thought it is they are talking about. The great Teacher said: "My thoughts are not *your* thoughts, neither are my ways your ways." So thought which pretends to be religious thought, but which does not conform to the plain teachings of the Bible, ought to be strangled the day it is born. And furthermore, the man who promulgates such doctrine ought at once to be put upon his own platform, and not that of a church which does not agree with him.

The devil has within the past hundred years been as progressive in his methods as has steam, electricity and modern machinery. He is a being of wonderful resources and boundless versatility. He does not follow old ways after they have failed to attract. He first led astray our mother by appealing to the sense of sight; he insisted that the fruit was beautiful to behold. Later on he tried to force men by fire and all sorts of punishments to renounce the principles of religion, and as this finally had its day, he then joined the church, and has played a prominent part as church member. But for recent years, the devil has seemed to be most busily and earnestly engaged in explaining the truths of the Bible. He is operating with instruments fine and costly,

such as are within the reach of but few men. With these he is separating the inspired from the uninspired; the literal from the figurative; the essential from the non-essential; the portion that came from God and that which he had nothing to do with; the point at which miracles failed and science pervaded.

All of this, and much more, the Devil is doing through his agents, who are often denominatéd the "leaders of advanced thought." If we can only realize the truth (for it is the truth) that the same devil who led our first parents into sin, and has persecuted in every conceivable manner every man who has tried to be good or do good to others, is now engaged in this new warfare, it may, to some extent, diminish the effect of his work on these new and more fascinating fields. So let us remember this, that he is the same individual who is spoken of as a "roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." He has, to a great degree, lost the boldness of the lion, or, rather, lays his boldness aside when other methods are more effectual, yet let us always keep this one thing in mind: that trouble, destruction and everlasting misery is the object of all his ministrations, let him come in whatever garb he may. That he will visit us daily is the sad experience of every responsible man or woman who lives

on the earth. Sometimes he will meet us in the cool of the morning to engage our company for the day; or at noontide to take advantage of a worn and fatigued body; or it may be at the close of the day when he puts in his appearance, to make a program to be carried out during the darkness of the night; at all events, he will be there at the most opportune time to execute his purposes, which are always well and most skillfully planned.

How to get rid of his snares and temptations has been breathed in every prayer, and has been the burden of all songs since the day when sin first entered the world. He did not so much as spare our Saviour, but even offered Him all the kingdoms of earth for his services. Christ said to him: "Get thee hence, Satan." We do not suppose there was any other way by which Christ could have gotten rid of him. Certainly there is no other way we can part company with him except by freeing ourselves, by the help of God, from his attacks and temptations. So, in conclusion, as we should avoid the presence of Satan himself, so we should turn our backs on all those who preach or teach any doctrine not fully sustained by the spirit and letter of the Bible. The preaching which does not have in it the "ob-servance of all things whatsoever I

have commanded," is not God's word and ought not to be so regarded. "If there come any to you and bring not this doctrine, receive him not."

"Though we or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you let him be accursed."

J. C. CADDELL.

CLASS-DAY POEM.

From out these College walls must pass
Again a graduated class.
Four years of toil, diplomas won,
Lessons, examinations done—
Behold the class of ninety-one!

The straits are passed, the unknown sea
Of life, for such is destiny;
We now without a guide must try—
Here 'tis to conquer, or to die,
For worse than death is passiveness:
In action lies our happiness.
But, though alone we face the storm,
And cross the sea where fierce alarm
From shipwrecked man strikes wild our ears,
We'll sail our bark devoid of fears.
We feel, amid the warring gales,
That men of skill have fixed the sails,
Have wrought the timbers, shaped the keel,
And strengthened all with bars of steel.

What is the life which each shall lead?
And what the end of every deed?
To God and man and country's cause,
To honor, justice, and just laws;
To love of home, the "Old North State,"
Whate'er we have we consecrate.
For him, who with true courage goes
The road, unspotted honor shows,
What better men to lead and guide
Than they who're Carolina's pride?
From stories of their valiant lives,
The youth of lofty soul derives
The love of fame, which e'er inspires
To emulate such sacred fires,
Their very names the soul will thrill—
Vance, Badger, Davie, D. H. Hill!
Wouldst thou snatch from the hill or flame
The Warrior's wreath of lasting fame?

The glory of a Nash's name
But shows that thou mayst win the same.
On battle-field what braver men
Than Bragg, Grimes, Pender and Burgwyn?
The brave and gallant Pettigrew—
Emulate his valor too.
Within the halls, where fierce debate
Divides the men who toil for stake,
No truer men for guides may stand
Than Caswell, Miller, Macon—grand
Men! Though your sun is set,
Your glory lingers with us yet.

But chiefly to Wake Forest men
We'll look for bright examples, when
Of inspiration there is need
To follow where their footsteps lead.
Then let us sing the living *past*:
Our *men* who mankind have surpassed
In every good and perfect part,
In kingly mind, in gentle heart;
The early days, while still in youth,
Wake Forest boldly stood for truth;
'Tis but a debt we all should pay
To keep their mem'ries bright as day.

Our WAIT claims rev'rence for his worth;
'Twas he that gave our College birth
And watched the springtime of its years
With nurturing love and prayerful tears.

And thou whose sire was of the three
That signed the Chart of Liberty
For our young State; thou once our guard,
Our boast, our pride! Thine the reward
Which grateful man delights to pay
To all the best who've passed away.
And, on the pillars of our fame
Shall HOOPER'S be a highest name?

How shall we sing JAMES PUREFOY?
Too grand a task and yet a joy!

His is not the fame

Won by some warrior bold,
Nor mentioned is his name
With orators of old;

But in the fight of man

For better, nobler life,
He led the foremost van
In that great fateful strife.

That he has lived, to-night

We stand within his hall;
His life and work have made more bright
Our lives—yes one and all;

Then let us sing his praise;

For us he's done so much;
Well worthy of sweet lays
Are all whose lives are such.

There is a light whose gleaming rent
The darkness of the Orient,
When drawing to that sacred flame
The long-benighted Chinese came—
Yes, YATES, the holy task was thine
To light a world with fire divine.

In the great work which God designed
As fitting task for noble mind,
The noonday of thy life was spent,
In happiness and sweet content.
And when thy course of years was made,
And thy Lord's last great call obeyed,
No nobler soul had entered heaven's gates
Than thou, Wake Forest's son, immortal
YATES!

Thou WINGATE, five and twenty years,
Didst guide us sure through hopes and fears.
'Neath thy command, did Learning find
Here sweet retreats where mind 'gainst mind
Clashed and struggled on to truth,

That lovely nymph of lasting youth!
Here where the holy law divine,
In eloquence by sons of thine
Is spoken with sweet tenderness—
Here where the graduate's address
Is rendered with impressiveness;
Here is a monument of thine;
This is thy temple, this thy shrine!

All our hearts unite to praise
Our stay in dark and gloomy days,
Our ornament, when prosperous gales
With fairer prospects filled the sails.
In SIMMONS, modest worth combined
With gentle heart and noble mind,
To thee is highest homage due;
To thee we pay our tributes true:
The maxim of thy well-spent life
Shall cheer us in our hardest strife.

Such are the men whom Mimir's Norn
Of years gone by will sing:
Oh say, my Muse, what will the horn
Of future plenty bring?

"It will bring men whose glory shall
Resound through the world
As deep and loud as waterfall
Which from high ledge is hurled.

"It will bring men, whose hearts of oak
Shall every storm withstand;
Nor shall they yield to any stroke
Save that from Thor's dread hand!"

Then let Wake Forest all rejoice,
The glorious Past is ours;
Pleasant is the Future voice,
The Present blessings showers.

R. L. PASCHAL.

Wingate Memorial Hall,
June 8, 1891.

A PLEA FOR WOMAN.

Only last summer Henry M. Stanley startled the civilized world by the story which he told of the degradation, dire suffering and utter inhumanity of the Dark Continent. One cannot read it without being strongly impressed with the great degradation to which a human being is capable of falling. But the greatest degradation, the direst suffering that he relates is that of woman. For, however low human beings may descend, woman, in all countries and under all circumstances, is made the burden-bearer and pack-horse of that proud, cruel, relentless being whose peculiar pride it is to denominate himself man. There are some exceptions to this, of which we are more than glad, and to which we point with ever increasing pride. It is an observed fact, that as a nation advances from a state of barbarism to a state of civilization, woman is freed from those bondages which hang so heavily over her and rises to the position of social-equality with man, where her Creator intended she should be. If this, then, be the rule by which we are to determine a nation's state of civilization, what shall we say of Africa where the position of woman is that of a slave? What of India, where a woman works beside a mule? or of China where woman holds no social

position at all? The story of the great wrong done to millions of these helpless human beings in heathen lands is too familiar to everyone to be recited here. But I wish only to ask why it is that woman holds such a degraded position in all heathen lands. I plainly confess that no other reason can be assigned save that the men have full control of all positions of influence and have abused their lordly position by teaching their women that they are inferior to them and were created only to be their slaves. Indeed, they have made their doctrine prominent that the penalty is death for disobeying it. I am fully aware that we are not prepared to rightly appreciate such a state of degradation and servitude. But we all agree that she should be liberated from this accursed bondage and be shown that exalted position which God intended she should occupy as man's helpmate, and not his slave. Oh! how long shall it be before the blessed light of civilization and Christianity shall break forth over these benighted lands and scatter peace and happiness in every home.

But is it in heathen lands alone that the great wrong done to woman needs redress? Would to God it were so, for we behold examples of injustice done to woman in our own land that

sometimes almost *constrain* us to ask, *Are we yet civilized?* We know that civilization brings innumerable blessings, but it also brings some of the most *direful curses*, the *greatest inequalities* ever known to man, and these, here, as in heathen lands, fall heaviest on woman. While it is true that much has been done to ameliorate woman's condition, yet much more needs to be done. We all love to boast of the high position which woman holds in America, her great influence, her high morals, and her brilliant examples of heroism, but still we cannot refrain from acquiescing in the opinion of a United States Supreme Court Judge when he said "there are three things which have never had their rights, viz., negroes, mules and women." It is true that woman stands a better chance to obtain a livelihood than formerly, but even here her chances are not equal to those of man. Let us take a case from every-day life and see how the matter stands. For instance, a woman and a man work at the same occupation, in the same field, the same number of hours, both do an equal amount of work for the same landlord, and under the same circumstances, save that the woman has to attend to her children and household duties extra; and when their day's work is done, both present themselves at his lordship's office for their pay; the woman receives 25 cents (thousands work for less) for her day's work, while the man receives 50 cents for

his, yet both rendered the same service. Why this difference? We are all quite familiar with the beautiful, though misleading, arguments which political economists have been accustomed to frame in support of this wrong. I give you a specimen or two. Mr. Wayland says: "It is a *prevalent opinion* that for miscellaneous labor, women are, by physical and mental constitution, inferior to men in the qualities essential to the highest efficiency." You see, he begs the question by quoting public opinion at the beginning. It was once a *prevalent opinion* that men should obey the Pope, and it was equally as *prevalent* that they should be put to death if they refused. But it did not make it right. *Not the voices of all popes and people can make a thing right when it is contrary to justice.* The voice of the people is not always the voice of God. It may be allowed. Here is another: "The actual organization of productive industries, in all departments which give place to both sexes, is established on the basis of less compensation for woman's labor." Then we admit and boldly assert that it is established on such a basis *only* for the benefit of the owner's pocket-book, and to the truth of this statement millions of wan-cheeked, half-famished, sunken-eyed women testify; also bawdy houses, jails and penitentiaries, for it is sacrifice of virtue, steal or starve, with them. He does not sell his goods for less money to the woman who helps

to produce them at starvation prices than to the man who helps at fair wages. And I contend that if we justify the present system of rewarding women, which is a system of unreasonable discrimination, to be consistent we must discriminate in selling them articles of commerce. Let us see if this is the case. Take our former pair, who have toiled all day, and at night both have to buy provisions, say meat or molasses. All know that their employer weighs just twice as many pounds of meat or measures just twice as many quarts of molasses for the man as for the woman, and for no other reason than that Nature saw fit to fashion her a woman. Her meat or molasses costs her twice as much as it costs the man, and, according to the strength of each, she has expended more of the capital stock of energy to do the work. Who does not burn with a consuming indignation at such *brutal injustice*? What man, if manhood be in him, does not feel that this is unjust to the last degree? And on this account many, many a woman has found a premature grave, or, what was worse, she had to spend her miserable existence in the most excruciating pain at some charitable institution. Thank God for these institutions. Would that there were more! Let us take one case more from the working ranks. A New York merchant employs two book-keepers, the one a man, the other a woman. He pays the man twice as

much as the woman. Why? Not because she did less work; not because her work was done in an inferior manner; not because she has less ability, either physically or mentally, but simply because she is a woman. When will the world learn that the same amount of work done, even by a woman or child, is worth equally as much as an equal amount done by a man, provided it is done as well? If it be argued that their size militates against them—I reply, if it be *size* that they pay for, and not the work, then employ an elephant. If it be argued that their strength is inferior, I again reply, if it be *strength* they pay for and not work, then employ a lion.

Let us now look to our educational system. You know that it has been a *prevalent opinion* for many centuries that woman was man's inferior in intellectual capacity. Consequently she has been denied the privilege of entering those fields of research and investigation which have given man such extreme delight. *But certainly she is man's inferior!* I would like to know how they have found it out, having never given her a chance of trying the matter. Some men were once discussing the momentous question, whether a bucket of water was heavier with a fish than without it. *Philosophers they were.* They all agreed that it was not. Just then Benjamin Franklin came, and hearing the nature of the discussion, said:

"Gentlemen, have you tried it?" They were perfectly astonished, and said: "No." Franklin said: "Well, try it, then." They were all thoroughly convinced that they were all wrong. Just so it is with men concerning woman's intellect. They have discussed and reasoned, but whenever an opportunity presents itself for testing the matter, they find every time that they are wrong. The highest honor in mathematics at Cambridge, last year, was taken by a girl. The same thing happened at one of our American Colleges, and we all remember, not very pleasantly, either, how the girls used to take the honors from the boys in the high schools, but so soon as she steps from that high state of superiority into college life, by some unknown process of evolution, she suddenly retrogrades into man's inferior. Vanity, thou hast the uppermost place in man when he is to estimate his wonderful capacities! I know of no reason why they should not be admitted to the same course of instruction and the same recitations as boys, except it be for the same reason that Russia persecutes the Jews. We are fully aware that they are our superiors.

And, then, woman has not an equal footing with man in the social world. Man may be guilty of murder, and what not, and still hold his social position, provided he escapes the lynch law, which seems to be the only preventive of late. He may

even seduce a girl under solemn promise to become her husband, and almost the only verdict that is rendered, is that he is *only a man*; *she ought to have been more prudent*. God save this petty, sentimental class who would condemn crime in a woman and not hold it equally heinous in man. Though a woman may be guilty of crime, is she any the more culpable simply because she is a woman? Is she not a human being? and does she not demand human sympathy? The man who would stoop so low as to condemn in woman and ostracise her for that of which he himself is equally guilty deserves nothing less than the gallows. Man can escape his sins by leaving them behind, but poor, unfortunate woman, once taken in crime, must ever afterwards bear its result, not having even the sympathy of her sex. I do not say that the sins of women should be lightly passed over. Would that they were more severely punished by public sentiment than they are. All I am pleading for is that man who is equally as guilty as woman shall be equally punished. But it is a sad fact, that woman sympathizes even less with her fallen sister than man. She will tolerate a man whom she *knows* to be guilty of untold crime, and yet the very same woman would scorn, as though she were a fiend from hell, one of her sex with a character not half so dark. Truly, it is woman who is hardest upon her

sex. We long to see the day—yea, we long for it to come—when women will assert their rights and demand the same moral purity for sweethearts and husbands that man demands of them for sweethearts and wives. Young men, let us ever hold woman in the highest regard, too holy to be thus treated as more inferior, and ever in the future render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, unto

God the things that God's, and to woman her rights, and then we will convince the world that we are what we claim to be, the most civilized of any nation on earth, for we are not truly civilized till then.

M. A. ADAMS.

[We are not responsible for any historical statement above. The writer has been married only a few days, so this is probably not his first plea.—ED.]

EDITORIAL.

LAMENT OF THE NEW-BORN
ALUMNUS.

When Jerusalem had reached a towering greatness and the seeds of decay were just germinating, Jeremiah raised his voice and cried against them; poured out his doleful songs of lamentation.

Newman, reviewing the years of his life, wrote an apology for it. So does that man who has just attained his educational majority. He turns over the leaves of his past life; he reads a line here; he reads a line there, and all seems vanity. At each place rises the grim figure of a neglected opportunity; in a hidden corner sleeps the form of some ignoble act; each is marked and colored by the purposeless.

Commencement is over. The man who takes his diploma is not the man he was four years before. He is either better or worse. He is no happier than when he lifted his eyes one bright morning and saw the college buildings, and was born into a new life. Happiness consists not in what a man is, but what he thinks he is. The man who has no yearning after better things, who hears no voices singing sweet songs to draw him onward, is, in some respects, to be envied. From his heart cares and

burdens easily roll away; no gnawing anxiety finds lodgment in his bosom. To him life is summer days, cooling showers, gently blowing vespers.

The new-born alumnus is an object of pity and sympathy. The world does not receive him with open arms; it expects him to lick the hands of power, as many do. In college life one dreams; before his mind the atmosphere is hazy, in which he can, with some unknown kaleidoscopic power, see figures and forms of unimaginable beauty. But a ray of sun-light from the regions of practicability dissipates these fancies.

Recollections of fondly cherished ideas linger like remembered kisses after death. No heathen ever gave up an idea without a sigh of regret. No one ever loved a person but that, in after years when a relentless fate had rent asunder the bonds, recollections of that person would come steadily over the senses like perfume from flowers of a distant land.

There is a kind of "greatness" or eminence at College that is pleasant. It dies on Commencement day; it is a mushroom; it is sweetened water. The day of graduation is the grandest day in many a man's life, and if he can *possibly* make it the happiest and most pleasant, let him do so. A

man can make himself happy or miserable. After all, life is what we make it. Each person manufactures the glasses with which he views life and humanity, but a combination of circumstances often colors the glass. There is a "concatenation of causes" that makes the first streaks of dawn seem like monsters grim and gray. In the bosom of uncertainty are imbedded the strangest shapes. The life that lies before the young graduate is a boundless ocean, to him an unexplored waste of waters. Strange monsters inhabit those waters.

All things are changeable. The rainbow does not always arch the heavens. Each life has its own dark and rainy days. As in the Canterbury Tales, each Knight that traveled to the shrine of Thomas á Becket had to tell his story, and some were left incomplete. So the future is the great shrine toward which each knight is traveling and telling his own story. But, alas! many a one will remain incomplete.

ENOCH.

OUR LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Tom Dixon, in the Literary Address at the Commencement of 1890, said that, being tolerably intimately acquainted with almost all of the colleges and universities east of the Mississippi, he felt safe in saying that no institution of learning in the United States, with the exception of Prince-

ton, had literary societies in any measure comparable to those at Wake Forest College in the excellence of the work done. This was a grateful tribute of one who had turned every advantage to be obtained in his society to his own benefit and improvement. We are convinced of the truthfulness of the remark. Let us inquire why it is that our two literary societies surpass almost all others.

The Catalogue for the College for the current year has these words: "The exceptional excellence and value of these two societies is believed to be due, in part, to the fact that no other secret societies of any kind are allowed to exist among the students." Every one whom we have heard express himself on this subject, and whose word has the weight of authority, has assigned a similar reason for the unequalled value of our societies as an aid to the other college work. No fraternities, whether chartered or unchartered, are allowed to exist among the students of Wake Forest College, and up till very recently there were none at Princeton, though we believe that a few do exist there now.

We think that the excellence of literary societies where there are no fraternities, and the want of it where there are fraternities, show conclusively that all such secret orders are a great menace to literary societies and their highest usefulness. The Trustees of Wake Forest College

showed wisdom when in their councils they decided that no secret societies, with the exception of the literary societies, whose proceedings it is thought best to keep secret, should be allowed to exist at the institution of which they have charge. The Faculty of our college are promoting the highest interests of our societies when they take so decided a stand against fraternities and other secret societies.

But there is another menace to the welfare of our societies with which the Faculty can have very little to do. We refer to factions. Had all sense and independence enough to think for themselves and vote as they think best, a faction could not exist: to be dominated by the will of a factional leader is a manifestation of a mental weakness. Many of the boys of our literary societies have determined in the unchangeable decrees of their minds that no factions shall henceforth exist in the societies of our beloved institution. Wake Forest has no need of a man who sets himself up as a leader of a faction.

Factions and fraternities, both chartered and unchartered, are the two enemies of literary societies; the first of these may be overcome by independence in thought and action, the latter by a firm working resolve among the Faculty and students that no such thing shall exist at Wake Forest College. This is the decree

of the Faculty; this is the determination of the students.

The value of a good literary society can hardly be overestimated; here is the best place to sharpen and strengthen the mind; here the best place to learn character; in the struggle of debate our intellect is whetted by the clashing of fifty others; whatever a man is, he will show himself to be in the society. All men are not born to become orators, but in the literary society, if duty is performed, the intelligent expression of thought can soon be acquired. The literary society gives one a knowledge of parliamentary practice unobtainable in any other way. We recently heard a man say that he never knew a Wake Forest man downed on a point of parliamentary practice; after an intimate knowledge of one of the literary societies for thirty months, we are prepared to believe it.

When it becomes more widely known that at Wake Forest College nothing but merit decides who shall have honor; that no secret orders shall say that an inferior man shall have a place of preferment; that all stand an equal showing for college honors, then all right-minded people being content to go unrewarded by outward sign, if merit does not entitle them to be exalted, more students, willing to stand or fall upon their own merit, will attend Wake Forest College and shed new lustre upon the honor of our literary societies.

THE OLD COLLEGE.

Sitting on a rustic in the campus Friday night after Commencement, thoughts came thronging through the brain in chaotic confusion. A nameless dissatisfaction, a longing for the unknown fills the soul, and curious impatience with fate makes the fingers nervously clasp and unclasp one another. The desire to do something, to dissipate the brooding throng of memories that are clouding every thought, is present, but there is nothing to stimulate action, and every move only impresses more forcibly the utter loneliness of the night.

In the west the clouds are collected into a gloomy mass, and the cool wind sadly murmuring through the rustling leaves foretells the coming of the storm. Dimly outlined against the heaven can be seen the shadowy forms of the huge oak trees which rise ghost-like in the darkness. All is darkness except for one solitary light, faintly gleaming from one of the dormitory windows, tracing in indistinct *silhouette* the rude outlines of the building.

Not a sound except the multitudinous voices of Nature breaks the silence, and the spirit left alone holds silent communion with itself, going over the ground trodden upon when laughing voices filled the campus and the noise of gaiety re-echoed through the halls and rooms of the old buildings.

Visions of by-gone days flit by in steady review; faces now scattered are brought together in the gallery of the mind, and careful attention to the pages of memory's history makes oblivion of the present. Many happy days have been spent within the shadow of these trees, within sound of the clamor of the old bell warningly calling to chapel or recitations. Many friendships have been formed which, it is to be hoped, will last through the shades of eternity. Memory will ever paint a bright and beauteous picture of the happy times of yore, when youth in sheer abandonment laughed itself away, and when, under the wise tutelage of revered professors, we could not but learn, even though study was not the chief concern of our exertions.

The mind glances over the pages, noting here and there a friendly face, a pleasant character, or some memorable night, seeing how the days rolled faster and faster across the stage of action, and as the weeks merged into years and one successively passed from Freshman upwards, lastly putting on the robe of seniority, remembering that a deeper and more abiding love for the old College, its associations and its scenes, has grown upon us. The present is soon reached, and hope leads on into a wandering excursion into the darkness of futurity.

As the mother bird, when the young are old enough, casts them

out from the nest, so has the old College, now that we have finished her course, cast us, unwilling to go, perhaps, adrift upon the world, deriving no further aid from her except by the remembrance of the precepts daily given in the halls. Now we call it *Alma Mater*—foster mother—and a true type of motherhood she is. The effect of going to college on a boy, whether for good or evil, depends largely on himself. As in every other phase of life there are tendencies towards a lower plane as well as towards a higher. The elevating forces, however, are in a vast majority, and seldom can one attend College for a year without having every upright principle of his nature broadened and deepened. A new nature it cannot create, but it can enlarge, it can give a mighty impulse toward the nobler walks of life. And now, wherever in after times our footsteps shall wander, we will keep in loving remembrance and tender gratitude our *Alma Mater*—our mother during the four years in which we laid the foundation for all after life.

In former days we looked upon the hour of graduation as one of the happiest in life, but now it only seems a time set apart to say our eternal farewell to the college days and college life. Doubtless, in some future time most of us will return, but it will be only the empty mockery of a dream. Never again will we see the inner workings of college life; we, as vis-

itors will only see the outside, the mask put on in our honor; never again will we taste that essence of happiness given by boyhood's freedom and companionship.

The present is a calm and resting place; the future a mountainous road, full of chasms, while the past is the guide-book. But now is no time for vain regrets and longings; it is a time for peace and quiet, the hour in which to say farewell to all the beloved scenes, and to bid the shifting characters of our one time fellow-students an earnest "God speed." And out here in the darkness that no eye can pierce I linger in the old campus, making friends with the past again, letting memory lead me back to "Auld Lang Syne." But the darkness grows heavier and Nature itself is becoming mute and silent under its pressure. The solitary light in the dormitory at last disappears, blotting out all evidence of a living being. The sombre cloud advancing covers with its gloomy pall the few stars that are still twinkling in the dark blue depths, the patter of heavy raindrops warn me it is time to go, and walking with low bent head, heedless of the falling rain, I passed from out the campus, leaving behind me the happy college days: and now, picking up the tangled skein of futurity, I begin to weave the unknown threads into the warp and woof of life.

ROBERT BRUCE WHITE.

VALEDICTORY.

The last word! it rises tremblingly to our lips and retires unspoken. We sit till the ink dries on our pen this hot, sultry evening after Commencement, while the dim recollections cling to the recent past—to the time we have devoted to *THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT*. Appreciative words of kind friends sweeten the thoughts that cluster around our labors. They soothe the regrets and calm the unsatisfied feelings that arise. Some of these words, no doubt, have been spoken for encouragement, and have come out of kindness; and for this very reason we feel the more grateful. Some kind words have come to us from strangers; for these we are more than grateful. To our friends of the press we return our thanks for their words of encouragement and approval.

We lay down the pen and turn over the interests of *THE STUDENT* to the incoming staff. They are men well equipped for their work, and we leave them to the tender mercies of the old subscribers and to the alumni of the college. Will you not be as kind to them as you have been to us? Will you not be even more kind by sending in the money for your subscription and by sending new subscribers to the business manager? There are many students and alumni of this college scattered over this State who will read this. Will not each one of you send to Mr. E. V. Howell, Selma,

N. C., one or more subscribers before the first of next September? We are in need of money. If you have not already done so, will you not promptly send your subscription for the past year to Mr. Howell? We have been compelled to make the last numbers somewhat smaller than usual for the lack of funds.

THE STUDENT, during the past year, has been called the best college magazine in the State by not a few of our ablest editors. Does not this stir your pride? Does it not inspire you to do something for it? Does it not awake in you a consciousness of your responsibility? It can succeed without your criticisms; it can even succeed without your compliments, though compliments are always in order; but it cannot succeed without your money.

We now bow and retire from the staff of *THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT*, a position, in our opinion, which is more important than any in the gift of the societies. It is a position which requires more prudence and discretion, more good judgment, good sense, good taste, more real literary inclinations than any other. We hope that the incoming staff will continue the *Southern Literary Portraits* which have been begun in this volume. They relieve the sponginess of the purposeless sophomoric eloquence which is inflicted by the school-boy upon the innocent reader. To those who think of contributing,

we would suggest that you do not settle some great problem for the reader, but that you write some simple descriptive story occasionally, something that you have seen. Of course you need not confine yourself to stories, but if a larger proportion of the contributions were of this class it would be an improvement. The chief request which I make in behalf of the editors is that you write short, pointed articles, and more of them. The observance of this request will add much to the success of THE STUDENT, and, indeed, quite a good deal to the *interest* of the readers.

We again thank those whose words of approval have been an inspiration. We assure you that our task has not been altogether irksome. Some of the most pleasant and profitable hours of the year were spent in our editorial work. Thoughts sweet and simple would sometimes cross the mind, relieve the tedium, and leave their sweet aroma. The first nervous emotion of a thought's magnetism is the sweetest. Afterwards they may come again and again, but weakened; their suggestiveness is gone.

This brings to our minds the insincerity of writers, especially young writers. How they frequently tamper with other people's thoughts, and

even more frequently with their phrases. They turn an old garment wrong side out, and, with quite an air, present it to you as a new production of genius. They put the old continents of thought under a dense fog, and try to persuade themselves and others that they are in a new land. And this they do all unconsciously, neither appreciating the thoughts which they borrow nor the phrases they use to conceal their own thoughts. Genius is never insincere. It cannot be genius and be insincere. Its productions never come second-hand; they come out of deep experiences, out of suffering, out of joy, out of ecstasy, out of the writer's own moods and fancies. They are creations, and genius is a creator. We would all come nearer filling "the mission of genius on earth," if we would only allow self to assert itself in literature, in society, in religion, in *all* things, "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." This is simply a suggestion.

As the novel is often finished before it is completed; as our college days have closed before our education is ended, so, saying the last word, we stop before the last word is spoken. We bid you a final adieu. Farewell!

J. L. K.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

R. L. PASCHAL, EDITOR.

The civilized world has watched with much interest the trial of Col. William Gordon Cumming, of the Scots Guards, for cheating while gambling. The game was *baccarat*, concerning which we know nothing but the name. It seems that each player was supposed to lay his stakes beyond a certain line on the table; if a player's cards won, he was to be paid according to the amount of his stakes. It was proved by the testimony of five witnesses that Sir William frequently, when he found that he had won, flipped an additional counter, representing the stakes, across the line, or let it fall from his hand. He was detected in his cheating, and signed a paper pledging himself never to play cards again, the others promising to keep the affair a deep secret. But secrets soon leak out; the newspapers got hold of it and gave it publicity. Sir William brought suit for slander against the witnesses to his cheating. The trial lasted several days. The jury returned after they had been out a few minutes with a verdict of acquittal for the defendants. While the verdict was being announced, Sir William

seemed to be the most unconcerned person in the court-room; he, perhaps, knew that in his disgrace other lords and the Prince of Wales himself was steeped. The Prince was for two days a witness; he was, we believe, stake-holder at the game when the alleged cheating took place. Sir William has been removed from the army; the Prince should share a like disgrace, and justly so. No longer can crime go unpunished because the perpetrator happens to be a prince; royalty must yield to justice and freedom. We doubt very much whether the Prince of Wales would be allowed to seat himself upon the throne should his queenly mother die to-day. England is tired of the phantom of *effete* royalty.

The Englishman can make fine distinctions, or so, at least, it seems to us Americans. Gambling seems to be considered by him as a very commendable social virtue—a pleasant way of passing off the time—but the honor of any man who chooses to cheat a little in the game for money is blasted forever. The average American is not, yet educated up to so high a degree of civilization.

When this number of our magazine appears, the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly will perhaps have convened at Morehead and adjourned until another year. We know in advance that it will be a great success; the officers of the Assembly are never satisfied with anything else. Dr. Talmage is one of the attractions this year. Other men of fame and notoriety will also be present; added to all this, the member of the Assembly has the great advantage of spending ten days in the company of the most enlightened people in the State.

The Board of Ministerial Education of the North Carolina Baptist State Convention, and so, indirectly, Wake Forest College, has been the recipient of a large donation from a large-hearted, benevolent man, Mr. A. C. Melke, of Robeson County, who died a short time ago in Asheville, whither he had gone for his health. He left by his will the Board of Education \$25,000; the Baptist Female University \$500, and for the establishment of a Baptist School in Lumberton \$15,000. He did not give anything to the Baptist Orphanage, as was at first reported. We think he acted wisely about this, for the orphans and their cause should always be before the people as an object of their benevolence. His munificent donations to other worthy objects of benevolence have, however, endeared him to the hearts of a grate-

ful people and every friend of education in the State. Would that we had more of such men.

President Crowell of Trinity College has a scheme on foot for the consolidation of all the Methodist schools of the State. Among other things, he proposes that all should use the same text-books. The plan may be good, but we hardly think it will work. Judging from his progress in past years, we should think that Dr. Crowell will soon be Director General of the whole Methodist concern in North Carolina.

Sir John McDonald, the Prime Minister of Canada, died June 6th, at Ottawa, his home. He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1815. At an early age he, with his parents, emigrated to Canada, where he received his education. He was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one, and being very successful in this he soon turned his attention to politics, in which he has been actively engaged ever since. He was for many years a member of the Canadian Parliament, and was appointed Receiver General in 1847. He was, doubtless, the principal factor in effecting the confederation of the British provinces of North America. He formed the first Dominion Government, but was defeated by the Reform movement in 1873, but was reinstated, however, in 1878, since which time he has been the Premier

of Canada. He was a shrewd politician and a skilful wire-puller. He was what we should call a demagogue, but we think that, although he was careless as to methods, provided they

led to victory, he had the best interests of Canada at heart, and deserves to be considered, as he really was, Canada's greatest statesman.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

J. L. KESLER, EDITOR.

THE SEARCH FOR THE TRUTH.

After long and weary groping
 In the endless realm of thought,
 After longing, after hoping,
 To fruition I am brought;
 And my tired soul is resting
 On the bosom of a thought.
 After calm and peaceful easing
 On the bosom of my thought,
 After dreaming, after pleasing,
 To more action I'll be brought,
 And my soul renew its testing
 Of the paths of endless thought.

This bit of verse, by Bainetta Browne, is suggestive, if not poetic.

Edward Eggleston has just returned from a trip to Europe.

Douglass Sladen, the Australian poet, has recently sailed for Europe.

Walt Whitman celebrated his seventy-second birthday on the 31st of May.

Grant Allen's new novel, "What's Bred in the Bone," that took the five thousand dollar prize, awarded by a London paper for the best piece of fiction, is to be published by B. R. Tucker, of Boston.

The *Critic* says that the scene of Rider Haggard's new story, "Nada, the Lily," lies in Zululand.

It is said that Bret Harte makes three times as much from the sale of his books in England as in the United States. His new story, "A First Family of Tasajara," is soon to be published in six parts in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

Mrs. Amelie Rives-Candler has finished her new novel, and the *Cosmopolitan* has secured it and has placed it in the hands of an artist in Paris for illustration. The first chapters will appear in the August number of the *Cosmopolitan*.

"Mr. John H. Boner," says the *Independent*, "has severed his connection with The *Century* Company to accept an editorial position on the *World*. Mr. Boner is a Southerner, a member of the Author's Club, a man of refined taste in letters, who will add much to the literary strength of the *World*."

Mr. George E. Woodberry, the well-known author, has been appointed to a chair of English in Columbia College. He is a native of Beverly, Mass. He graduated at Harvard, and is now in his thirty-seventh year.

The *Critic* says that the first novel of the most popular of Southern story-writers, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, is just published by the Scribners. The scene is laid in Virginia in the days "befo' de wa'," and the characters are typical of the time and place.

For the benefit of teachers and students of the modern languages, we give below some of the recent works in this department. The following are published by Macmillan & Co., New York:

Grimm's Maerchen, edited by Eugene Fasnacht. This is, perhaps, the best edition for practical use. The vocabulary is complete; the notes are excellent, those on the first piece being so abundant as to render the student's first steps easy and pleasant; and above all other excellencies, there are imitative exercises. This latter feature is new and most desirable. All teachers of modern languages now hold that the foreign idioms can be well learned only from the study and imitation of models in these languages; and exercises constructed on the material read is the surest way of making the student attentive and careful.

Hauff's Die Karavane, edited by Herman Hager. These stories are just what the student needs after finishing Grimm. They are interesting in themselves, while the notes and vocabulary are excellent. Imitative exercises render the work all that could be desired for class-room use.

Perrault's Contes de Fees, edited by Eugene Fasnacht. These are the French version of Grimm's Tales. They are suitable for early reading, and are furnished with notes, vocabulary and imitative exercises.

Heine's Prosa, edited by Dr. C. H. Buckheim, Clarendon Press Series. This work contains selections from all of Heine's prose that is available for class-room use. The editor has selected wisely, and has removed all objectionable expressions, so that the book can be used in classes of either sex. The notes are full, and cannot fail to awaken in the student due appreciation of Heine's many-sided genius.

Messrs. D. C. Heath, & Co., of Boston, are rapidly supplying us with excellent material for the study of modern languages. Among their recent publications we notice the following:

Storm's Immensee, edited Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt. This is a beautiful story written in limpid German. The notes and vocabulary represent the very latest method of stimulating the interest of the student. Dr.

Bernhardt is not only a thorough scholar, but likewise an original teacher.

Louvestre's Un Philosophe sans les Toits, edited by H. H. Fraser. This charming work is here, for the first time, properly edited for class-room use. It has full notes and a complete vocabulary.

Freytag's Die Journalisten, edited by Walter D. Toy. Several editions of this popular play have appeared recently, but this one is beyond doubt

the best. It is a modern drama, and with Prof. Toy's excellent notes, it cannot fail of being highly entertaining to the student.

Heine's Poems, selected and edited by H. S. White. This work will give the student a fair conception of Heine as a poet. Prof. White is evidently a great lover of the poet, and his notes give evidence of faithful and accurate work as an editor. There is appended a valuable bibliography.

EXCHANGES.

No friend ever came to our door but that we were glad to see him; frequency of pleasant visits makes them more enjoyable. We have learned to love and admire our many exchanges, and it is with a sigh of deep regret that we can no longer read their pages. They have been our friends. Their suggestions and advice we have appreciated. In our opinion, there has been little of the unhealthy rivalry that frequently exists between college magazines. The tenderest spot in our heart is sacred to the North Carolina journals. They are "home-people," and for them we have home affection. *University Magazine* has always pleased us, because we thought it was so intensely North Carolina. It is different from

most of our exchanges. There is a dignity about it that demands respect. The *Davidson Monthly* gladdened our sanctum for awhile, and, like the institution it represents, is strong in conservatism. *Trinity Archive* is the best index of Trinity College. It is said a college journal is a mirror that reflects the whole tone of an institution. The *Archive* fills the niche perfectly. The *Guilford Collegian*, as we have said many times before, never fails to elicit our praise and commendation. The *Oak Leaf* has been punctual in its arrival, and is worthy of encouragement. Its function is not that of a college journal, nor does it try to be one. The fruits of college journalism in North Carolina will some day be seen

and appreciated. *Williams' Literary Journal* has been added to our list. The nature of the contributions display excellent taste. *Amherst Monthly* comes with it from the land of the North, always helping to forge the invisible chain of friendship which time is forming.

The class of '92 will number about forty-eight members.

President Garfield's two sons fill the positions of half-backs in the Williams foot-ball team.

From various sources we learn that the attendance at college commencements has not been so large this year.

The Soph. Class of the University of North Carolina has placed themselves on the side of the freshmen for next year, and will oppose any effort to haze.

We would do ourselves an injustice if we failed to thank our esteemed contemporary *Vanderbilt Observer* for the pleasant moments we have spent with it. The editor's work on it is shown in every department. They try to excel, and do.

A bell that formed a part of the loot which Napoleon I carried from Switzerland, is now hanging in a school-house in Paterson, New Jersey. It is made of silver and copper, and is supposed to be several hundred years old.—*Ex.*

"Let us prey," said the vulture to its mate, as they came upon the carcass of a sheep.

A religiously inclined student was found poring over a Bible one day and industriously making notes. After several hours he laid down the book with a sigh of relief. "Well, have you found much consolation?" asked his chum. "Yes, much," he responded. "You know I failed to pass last term. Well, look here," and he shoved the paper across the table. It contained the following: Thou shalt not pass.—Numb. xx: 18. Suffer not a man to pass.—Judges iii: 28. The wicked shall no more pass.—Nahum i: 15. Neither doth any son of man pass.—Jeremiah i: 44. Beware that thou pass not.—2 Kings vi: 9. None shall pass.—Isaiah xxxiv: 10.—*Ex.*

Hereafter girls will be admitted to the State Agricultural School of Rhode Island.

The University of Leipsic will admit women this year for the first time. Six women will be enrolled among the students, and four of these are Americans.—*Ex.*

Pitcher Stagg, of Yale, is likely to become professor of physical culture at the Hopkins University.

A. B. Ellis (after receiving something from the hands of a young lady friend [?])—"Viele Danke,

viele Danke, Fraulein. Young Lady (eyeing him closely)—“Yes, Mr. Ellis, you *look* very much like a donkey, also.”

In a college in Western Pennsylvania it is customary for the Junior class to furnish music for the Senior address. On a recent occasion, as the Senior class was marching to the platform, headed by the president of the college, the Juniors began, “See the mighty host advancing, Satan leading on.”—*Exchange*.

Mr. A. C. Melke, of Lumberton, who died recently in Asheville, bequeathed large legacies to several of the most prominent charitable institutions in the State. In his will he leaves twenty-five thousand dollars to Wake Forest College; it to be used as a part of the endowment fund. He left also fifteen thousand dollars for the establishment of a first-class Baptist school in Lumberton. Six thousand dollars goes to the endowment of a home for aged and in-

firm ministers. Five hundred dollars was the part left for the Baptist Female University. In this he has left the fruit of his toil to be an abiding blessing. He was a noble Christian man and exceedingly philanthropic.

Said the young man, “Can anything equal my woe?

I proposed to four different girls, and they all answered ‘no!’”

Said his friend, “That is nothing; behold my distress,

For I spoke to two, and they both answered ‘yes.’” —*Pan Hellenic*.

CONTENTMENT.

A girl to love, a pipe to smoke,

Enough to eat and drink;

A friend with whom to crack a joke,

And one to make me think;

A book or two of simple prose,

A thousand more of rhyme;

No matter then how fast Time goes,

I take no heed of Time.

LOVED AND SHOVED.

I tarried with the maiden;

With charms so richly laden,

She fired me through and through;

’Twas getting toward the morning,

When coming without warning,

Her father fired me too. —*Ex*.

ALUMNI NOTES.

R. L. PASCHAL, EDITOR.

’70. At the recent meeting of the Board of Trustees, the resignation of Prof. G. W. Greene, who succeeded Rev. G. W. Manly in the Chair of Latin, was accepted with great regret.

He has decided to consecrate himself to the missionary work in China, where the influence of Wake Forest for good has been felt very greatly in the persons of Yates, Herring, Chap-

pell, Tatum and Bostwick. He goes as a companion, a close companion, of Miss Vallie Page, who will also devote her life to the great work of illuminating Chinese darkness with the sacred light of divine truth. The very acceptable manner in which he has filled this chair is honorable to himself and creditable to the institution. He has had the honor of graduating the largest Latin class in the history of the College, the Senior Latin Class of this year, consisting of thirty-six members. As Alumni Editor of the STUDENT, we desire to thank him for his pleasant supervision of the magazine. We shall hereafter be deprived of his services in this capacity, but we hope often to have from him reminiscences of his former life in North Carolina, at Wake Forest especially, and letters from his far-off field relating the story of his life and work in another continent. For him, as he enters on his new work, our warmest wish to Heaven is sent.

'87. Prof. J. B. Carlyle, Assistant Professor of Latin and Greek, who, for the last three years, has taught the Junior Classes in each of these languages to the satisfaction of all, has been promoted by the Trustees to fill the Chair of Latin, left vacant by the resignation of Prof. Greene. It is a becoming compliment to one whose talents, learning and devotion to duty and work have won for him the esteem of

all who know him. The selection of the Trustees is endorsed by every student. We think it an honor to an institution when her own alumni can fill those chairs which require the most careful training and preparation. Prof. Carlyle enters upon the work of his chair well qualified. THE STUDENT makes its most respectful bow to the Professor, and tenders him its best wishes.

'90. Mr. J. C. Maske has been elected by the Trustees to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation by Prof. Carlyle of the Chair of Assistant Professor of Latin and Greek. Besides taking a very high stand in his classes here, he has during the past year been making a special study of these two languages at Johns Hopkins University, and so comes well qualified for his position. He has not yet accepted the position, but we all hope that he will, and he will do so if possible. We hope that he will follow in the footsteps of his predecessors, and soon take unto himself a wife to soothe his sorrows and drive dull care away.

'91. On May 2d Mr. E. W. Sikes, orator of the class of '91, delivered the literary address at the Commencement of Union Institute, where he was prepared for college. Many compliments were passed on his speech, and those who know as much of the high character of this gentleman's oratory as we happen to do, are sure

that he well deserved them all, and that those who were so fortunate as to hear him, enjoyed a treat listening to the burning words of eloquence from the lips of "our Enoch."

The Senior of '90-'91 had long looked forward with pleasurable anticipation to the day when he should take his diploma and walk unchallenged to the Alumni Banquet, where, though the time is passed when it is in order to

"Fill the sparkling bowl,"

every one still joins in the request,

"The rich repast prepare."

Nor were they disappointed in their expectations of a rich feast, when on Thursday evening of Commencement week they sat down in a body to the banquet spread in the College Reading-room. Prof. F. P. Hobgood was elected master of ceremonies for the evening. As, after the blessing was asked, his first request was to fall to, it was obeyed with alacrity. When the appetite had been satisfied, another treat even more enjoyable was given in the way of responses to toasts. The first was, "The Duties of Educated Men to the State," responded to by Hon. C. M. Cooke in his happiest manner, followed by short pointed speeches by Hon. J. C. Scarborough and E. C. Beddingfield, Esq., and Rev. H. W. Battle. These speeches were intended for the advantage of the younger members of the Association more especially. The

speakers said that though the great masses of the people were nearly always right in the ends which they desired, yet they were not often judges as to means; that now, more than ever before, men were needed whom nothing could swerve from an honest and abiding purpose of doing all they could for their country, to stand up and point the way out of the wilderness of troubles which now surround us; that it was unmanly and mean to appeal to prejudices and sordid motives for the purpose of carrying a point; that it was the duty of educated men to see that the daughters of our State have an education. To the toast, "Local Alumni Associations," Dr. Pritchard, though suffering from a severe headache, responded in a very happy strain, speaking of the past of the college, how divine blessings had rested upon it, our men of the past, and what we had failed to get and the loss to our State by the lack of a Baptist college at an earlier day than the founding of Wake Forest, and of what could be accomplished by organization. He was followed by N. Y. Gulley, Esq., who, in a very ornate speech, impressed the duty and importance of the Baptists making their college the best in the State; that this could be done only by organization of the Alumni, who are the best friends of the institution. To the toast by Dr. Pritchard, "The Faculty," Prof. J. F. Lannean responded in a short, neat

speech. Being the Professor of Physics and applied Mathematics, he had occasion to quote the passage from the book of Job where Arcturus and his son, the bands of Orion, and the Pleiades are spoken of, but we are sorry to say that a member of our class of '91, though he did not fail to appreciate the poetic beauty of the quotation, mistook it for a passage from Shakespeare. To the toast, "The Class of '91," Mr. E. W. Sikes responded in his usual agreeable manner. In his speech he said that he was the oldest of ten sons, and that he had resolved that for every son whom God should bless *his* home, he would give \$100 to the endowment of Wake Forest College.

Do likewise. The meeting was then adjourned. Those who have attended previous banquets say that this was the most pleasant they ever attended, and much of the enjoyment is due to the efforts of Dr. J. B. Powers, who left nothing undone that could add to the enjoyment of the occasion. We hope to attend other "banquets" in the coming years. It must indeed be pleasant to meet once a year around the festive board the comrades of our college days, and engage for an hour in pleasant reminiscence. Dr. J. B. Powers was elected permanent President of the Alumni Association, and Prof. W. L. Poteat permanent Secretary.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

R. B. WHITE, EDITOR.

Finis!

Commencement is past.

Waiting now for what?

For the coming of another.

When is that summer picnic coming off?

A good many of our "Hill" people have gone to Morehead.

Several changes have taken place in the Faculty, owing to the resignation of some of our old professors.

Prof. Lanneau has started on a trip to the Rocky Mountains.

The old College looks lonely now—every window down in the dormitory and nobody playing marbles.

The halls looked beautiful Thursday night. The Eu. was improved last year and the Phi. was thoroughly renewed last fall.

Prof. G. W. Greene has resigned his position as Professor of Latin, and will go to China as a mis-

sionary. Prof. J. B. Carlyle, late Assistant in Ancient Languages, takes his place, and every one applauded the selection.

The exercises of the past Commencement were unusually good. A few boys left before, and they will never know what they missed.

Mr. E. W. Sikes, '91, was chosen to take the place of Mr. E. S. Sprinkle, Director of the Gymnasium, who resigned to enter the insurance business.

The girls of the Hill say that they are going to take possession of the campus now, and will cry "Angels" (?) at any of us that enter their domain.

Mr. J. C. Maske, '90, who for the past year has been studying Greek and Latin at Johns Hopkins, was elected to fill the vacancy caused by Prof. Carlyle's advancement.

Next Commencement we hope to see a brilliant tennis tournament. This year was only a beginning. Next time it will be the proper thing to have a couple. Let everyone come back next year with the determination to make Wake Forest a power in athletic circles, and work to that end.

COMMENCEMENT.

It has been said that the darkest hour comes just before dawn. It seems that this is applicable to some other things in the world. At any

rate, the darkest hours in the session are those just before Commencement, when Fresh., Soph. and all the classes mingle their prayers, and great is the uncertainty whether one got through or not.

For two weeks examinations held us in a continual embrace, and after the last examination had been put up, when the blessed certainty of being through had impressed itself on us, each and everyone turned himself loose, determined, whether the Fates were willing or not, to have a glorious time.

It began Monday morning with the tennis tournament, which lasted through Tuesday. Mr. J. G. Mills came out victorious in all games, accordingly winning the championship.

MONDAY NIGHT.

The Memorial Hall was comfortably filled, beautiful faces thickly sprinkled about. A terrible noise in the vestibule, made by twenty lusty voices, finally assumed this shape:

"Wah, whoo won!
Wah, whoo won!
Rah, rah, hoopla!
Ninety-one!"

The class marched in to the inspiring strains of "Dan McGinty," and its popularity was attested by the cheers that met its appearance. When the class was seated on the rostrum, President S. M. Brinson made everyone welcome in a few well chosen words. Secretary W. Mitchell an-

nounced that Mr. E. W. Sikes, Class Orator, would first address us.

Mr. Sikes told us of the myths, of the ancient poetic days, when Jupiter sat on high Olympus with his godly train and ruled the world with thunderbolts. When men and demigods met in hand-to-hand conflict the strange and uncouth shapes that ravaged the fields in those olden times. And from these beautiful stories which were told in the palaces and cherished in the lowly homes of ancient Greece he derived many a useful lesson. To attempt any synopsis would be an injustice to the speaker; to appreciate it to its due extent, one ought to hear the speaker's glowing words and gather inspiration from the orator's magnetism.

Mr. R. L. Paschal, as Poet, gave us a rich treat. In rhythmic verse he sang the praise of the class, of the grand old College and its heroes. It is still harder to give any idea of the poem, but we hope that it will soon appear in the *STUDENT*.

Next, in humorous vein, Mr. J. L. Kesler told the history of the class, from the time when "Freshmen, green as grass," open-mouthed, with wonder and amazement trod the campus walks, to that later period when, with lordly strut, monarchs of all they surveyed, the Seniors showed their intellectual countenances to the assembled multitude.

Mr. R. L. Burns, as Prophet, told the results of deep diving into the Future, of laborious study of black-letter books. In closing he turned toward the class, and with sorrowful face, said: "I hope to meet you all sometime in the future, but when I remember that every county has a jail and every State a penitentiary, my heart fails me, and I fear that this will be an eternal farewell; but if at any time any of you should break jail, I will be vastly pleased to see you. My address will be, Sing Sing, Cell 406."

Lastly, Mr. S. M. Brinson, in an eloquent and graceful speech, advised us to be true to the constitution and laws of our country; to forever keep in mind the honor of our State and the examples left us by her illustrious sons; and further, to keep a tender place in our hearts for our *Alma Mater*—for the grand old College of Wake Forest.

After the exercises, a reception was given the class by Mrs. C. E. Taylor at her home. Each member of the class was asked to bring some young lady with him. Anyone who knows Dr. and Mrs. Taylor can realize what a reception there meant. One is met with true Southern hospitality and courtesy. And after all the excitement and gaiety of Commencement the class looks back upon that night as the most enjoyable of

all. But who could do otherwise with the kindest of hostesses and a charming face near by?

TUESDAY NIGHT.

Rev. H. A. Brown, of Winston, N. C., was introduced to the audience as the Alumni Orator. The high expectations which had been raised by the knowledge that he would speak were fully realized. His subject, "What May a Christian College Reasonably Expect of Her Sons?" was very appropriate, and, untrammelled by manuscript or notes, he kept the audience attentive and interested for the length of his speech. Everyone left the hall charmed with the Alumni address and the orator.

ADDRESS TO THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

[Reported by E. S. Reaves.]

Wednesday dawned bright and fair, and the crowds moving in the campus, together with the restless feeling pervading, all gave evidence that the day was to be no common occasion. About an hour before the time for the address of the day, it was known that Hon. C. M. Busbee, the speaker elect, could not meet his engagement because of serious illness. Luckily there was one on the grounds who was equal to the emergency. One of so much learning and true eloquence was found in the personage of Rev. H. W. Battle, of Wilson, N. C., a son of whom Alabama may well be proud, and one of whom his

adopted State is proud. Upon this one President Taylor, as he said, laid violent hands, and forced him to consent to undertake the arduous and trying task of taking the absent speaker's place on so short a notice. The exercises of the day were opened with prayer by Rev. W. L. Wright, of Reidsville, N. C. Dr. Taylor read a telegram from Mrs. Busbee, giving the cause of her husband's absence, after which he introduced the speaker of the day. He announced his subject, "Noble Restlessness." There is a species of restlessness displaying the highest faculties of endowment. It is not a myth, but a great verity, demanding analysis of the mind. God has put it in our natures and our surroundings demand it. The marvelous progress of the last quarter of a century finds explanation in the restlessness of the human mind and heart, dissatisfied with the present achievements, and reaching out for something better, great achievements have been made. Natural to be restless. To those who are satisfied there is no future before them. There is an intellectual restlessness of the mind. There is restlessness in theology, but not the slightest cause to fear. We should be thankful that the human mind does challenge propositions; upon this rests the truth of the ages. The demand of the age is true heroism. Relates an incident of a New York engineer, who, fearless of

death, bravely stood at his post and drove his engine through a wreck on the road without ever a wheel leaving the track. So will the truth of God move safely onward, despite fears, challenges and attempts to overthrow it. There is a restlessness of the heart. Should cultivate right religious instincts. The heart can be disciplined and elevated in the scale of being. There is a difference between restlessness and repining over the past. We have a promise of being satisfied. Like Plato, we must wait till the answer comes. Christ, the grandest specimen of humanity, the likeness of all good and noble—take as him your ideal, your exemplar; better be like him than Cæsar, or any hero time has afforded. Amid great applause the speaker closed his speech. In praise of the address too much cannot be said. The speaker showed himself to be master of the occasion, and his speech abounded in flights of true eloquence. The above is a very imperfect summary; to be rightly appreciated his speech must be heard. Dr. Carter said of the oration: "I have heard great orators since coming to North Carolina on this rostrum, but I feel that my friend and brother, Rev. H. W. Battle, rose above them all." Dr. Carter, in a few well-chosen words, spoke of the subject discussed. It is needless to say that they were highly appreciated.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

The Senior Class was unusually fortunate in getting such a man as Rev. John A. Broadus, of Louisville, to deliver the Baccalaureate Sermon. He has such a wide reputation that we were almost afraid, since in delivering this sermon a great many noted divines have thought it their duty to prepare a lengthy essay on some abstract theological point. But when we saw the kind, benignant countenance, overflowing with benevolence, we could almost realize what was coming. The anthem, "Glory to God in the highest," as sung by the choir was grand and inspiring. Rev. Baylus Cade led in prayer, and then the great preacher announced his text: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things." Thinking was his theme—our duty to think on things that are pure and noble. As the *Recorder* says, "It was a grand sermon; grand in its conception; grand for the great learning and research it disclosed; grand in its timely adaptability to the occasion; and grander still because it contained from first to last the plain, pure gospel of Him whose life on earth this great man has so long and so lovingly tried to imitate."

THURSDAY MORNING

brought an increase to the enormous crowd already in attendance. The following report taken from the *State Chronicle* cannot be improved upon:

In the gallery, for fifteen minutes preceding the exercises, the Richmond String Band made light the moments of waiting by its sweet renditions.

Eleven, the hands on the clock said, and while the buzzing crowd sat anxiously awaiting, and the girls fanning, chatting and smiling, the Senior Class entered quietly, and as they did so, the class yell was heard in quick, yet well-timed voices:

"Rah, whoo won!
Rah, whoo won!
Rah, rah hoopla!
Ninety-one!"

The entrance was made, and as the class of '91 mounted the rostrum the band played "Auld Lang Syne." Prayer was offered by Dr. John A. Broadus, and the band rendered "Nearer my God to Thee."

THE SALUTATORY ADDRESS.

It fell to the lot of J. L. Kesler, of Statesville, to make the bow of the class of '91. He did it in an admirable manner, in speaking of "Commence of What." Commencement of what? Of living. No, not simply living, but for a purpose. It is a strong man who has a strong purpose; it is a stronger man who accomplishes that purpose. The great man

who plans well is not the man of the day, but the man who executes well. We now enter the battle of life. In this large university of life degrees are not worth anything, but only talent, honor and energy. Here we begin another course, a course which we know not, but which may open for us nearer to eternity.

We will never cheat nature; she pays as she goes, and in a coin which never wears out. We get what we give in this world and in a better form; the gift is never lost to the giver. He that giveth shall have in abundance, is the philosophy of history.

"The future is a great land," it is wider than vision and has no end. This is the land where superstition hovers. This is the land we enter. The spring sings its glad song while the summer is waiting, and we go forth on a battle-field to hope, to wait and to conquer. The future, she holds fame and fortune for us, but waits for those who woo her. Men do not stumble upon crowns, but brows must dig and souls strive for them. I believe in the gospel of doing as well as being.

There seems to be a crisis; politics is upside down; some say that in religion heresy is right. What is all this? The world is in travail that light may be born while darkness leads on. The man that leads reforms must go under the cross to reach the crown. Is thought crim-

inal and is thinking a crime? We must think or be brutish and blind.

"LAUGH AND GROW FAT."

Mr. B. W. Spillman, of Weldon, a fleshy, bright-faced, smiling young man stepped to the front of the rostrum and announced his subject: "Laugh and Grow Fat; a Lively Specimen." The audience could not contain itself and enjoyed a hearty laugh themselves. I never saw a fat man or woman in the crowd.

This is an old adage. This is an old saying, but does it mean anything? It is highly probable that somebody struck the mark. What is laughter? Those who have thought of it most say the center is the spleen, and that those who have a large spleen and are generally laughing are stupid and foolish. (Great laughter).

He went on to talk of the different kinds of laughter, and said that nowhere else in the world did God create a more disgusting thing than a college girl's giggle.

His examples of incongruity were many and extremely enjoyable, and then, after the audience had laughed and grown fat, he concluded with the following good advice:

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you. Weep, and you weep alone," has something of truth mixed with something of error. The truth that it contains is that men do not like a gloomy disposition. If you would be happy and make others

happy, always wear a smile. Be cheerful and you will be happy. An honest laugh will never hurt you. In your journey through this world, sorrow enough will come of itself. Seek for pleasure, but not for foolishness, and if you see anything funny, laugh at it; it will help you. Laugh a hearty, frank, joyous, ringing laugh. Laugh and grow fat.

THE DAY OF WRATH.

Mr. R. B. White, of Apex, had for his subject "Dies Irae," and applied it to the opening of the French Revolution, the day when the hand snatched the white lily of liberty from the cankered urn of royalty and tyranny. The storming of the Bastille he dwelt upon in the most attractive manner, reviewing the stormy day, describing its bloodshed and its strife, and in a graceful manner portrayed the downfall of the kingdom.

"HAROLD, THE LAST OF THE SAXONS."

Hubert A. Royster, of Raleigh, N. C. This was a sketch of the history and traditions connected with the lives of Harold, of England, and William Duke of Normandy. It opened with the death of Edward the Confessor, and his words on his death-bed—his entrusting of his kingdom to Harold. Then came the burial of Edward and the coronation. Duke William, of Norway, hearing of Harold's good luck, is transported with rage. He declares that Edward had promised the throne to him, and

that Harold had sworn to this promise. William gathered together his army for the invasion of England. Then followed a description of the preparations of the two contestants for the English throne, the landing of William in England and the great battle of Hastings, in which the English forces were completely overthrown, and Norman blood became infused into the veins of the English people.

A BLINDED NATION

This was the subject of Mr. B. K. Mason, of Davie county, who said, in substance, the race problem has been thoroughly discussed, but a question is raised that is far greater than that. To see the need of restricted immigration we have but to glance at New Orleans where the cold-blooded murder of a peaceable man shows the time has come for it.

America has been the dumping-ground long enough for the scum of other countries; has allowed too many foreign paupers to be supported at her institutions, too many foreign criminals to board at the penitentiary tables, too many unfortunates, physically to come over here and take places in our charitable institutions that are filled too much to allow our unfortunates a place. The tide of immigration is increasing daily, and the time has come, the New Orleans tragedy says so, when it must be restricted.

HERO OF A FALLEN EMPIRE.

Mr. F. M. Royall, of Sampson County, had a well chosen subject, and it was none other than Stonewall Jackson, that noble type of the Anglo-Saxon. His early career as a student, as a leader in the Mexican and in the civil wars, and as a soldier and a man, were all reviewed in their place with most beautiful thoughts, clothed with elegant language.

This hero was Stonewall Jackson, and his well wrought sentences that portrayed the wonderful character of Jackson found their way to the hearts of the audience. The comparisons with Napoleon were well timed, the most appropriate being that of their trust, "Napoleon in his Star, and Jackson in his God."

THE FAREWELL.

Mr. C. B. Williams, of Camden county, won the honors of the day, his valedictory address possessing in a high degree the most appropriate sentiments and the best expressions. His was a bright, happy and graceful delivery, and when he reviewed the path of life as it lay before the class of '91, the audience could but respond to the splendid thoughts that were presented.

Mr. Williams' address was the finest effort of the evening, and elicited the greatest praise. We only wish we could do higher justice with more space.

At the conclusion of the speech several theses were announced, and Dr. Taylor, in a most elegant manner presented the diplomas.

M. A.—R. G. Kendrick, J. H. Pridgen, E. W. Sikes, R. B. White.

B. A.—J. C. Beckwith, S. M. Brinson, R. L. Burns, W. M. Gilmore, C. L. Haywood, W. O. Howard, J. I. Kendrick, J. L. Kesler, B. K. Mason, W. Mitchell, W. A. Osborne, R. L. Paschal, H. A. Royster, C. B. Williams.

B. S.—B. W. Spillman.

B. L.—F. M. Royall.

Rev. Dr. R. H. Marsh, President of the Board of Trustees, after reading a letter from Governor Holt, in which he stated his regrets that he could not be present, announced the following honorary degrees:

LL.D.—A. Marshal Elliott, Professor of Modern Languages of Johns Hopkins University; W. D. Pruden, of Edenton; Dr. G. W. Sanderlin, State Auditor.

Dr. Marsh then stated that, considering the faithful labors of Dr. Taylor in the raising of an endowment fund, the Board of Trustees of the college desired to show their appreciation, and tendered him a free trip to Europe. The Doctor in a most graceful and modest manner said that until Wake Forest College had an endowment of \$500,000, he would not consent to take the trip.

ALUMNI BANQUET.

It was held in the Reading-room, and had rich viands, both for the spiritual and physical man.

The first toast, "The Duty of Educated Men to the State," was responded to by Hon. C. M. Cooke, and also by Hon. J. C. Scarborough and E. C. Beddingfield. Dr. T. E. Pritchard delightfully responded to the toast, "Local Alumni Associations." Mr. N. Y. Gulley also spoke on this. That part which spoke to the inner man was also worthy of attention, being served in magnificent style.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

And now comes the pleasant duty of telling you about the beauties and enjoyments of the gathering in the Halls. Thursday night is always awaited as the time when joy runs riot. The other preceding exercises serve as a prologue to the grand culmination. The night's enjoyment was begun by the concert in the Memorial Hall, given by the band. Afterwards all take their way to the Society Hall, and there, seated in the brilliant light of the chandeliers, the ladies hold merry court. Sometimes you could see two sitting apart, and then there was a court sure enough. Tender, laughing eyes made many an impression. Many a smile was photographed on the heart to be

cherished forever after. Perhaps some *negatives* were taken, but there were not many, since almost everyone looked supremely happy.

The minutes swiftly flow into hours, and the hours as quickly are gone. Gradually, in the "wee sma' hours," they begin to leave the halls. The night grows darker and darker; the stars come out brighter on the dark background of the sky, and now paling before the coming day they disappear. A soft, mild radiance gently rises from behind the eastern pines, heralding in rosy light the rising sun. The few still lingering around the halls watch the beauteous breaking of the morn, and so went out the Commencement of 1891.

VALE!

Next day the trains are loaded with departing students, but still a few

linger around the old familiar place, reluctant to leave, though knowing well that parting is a sorrow that must be borne, and they, reviewing well the gladsome days of yore, catch again the halo of the happy hours that are past and gone. Now the last farewell is spoken; the cars take their burdens far away, and the old College stands desolate, patiently waiting for the new session, when the students will gather around it once again. Some will be new to the place and its surroundings; others will be old acquaintances. Some of those that were here during this Commencement will have gone to stay, but ever enshrined in their hearts will be a tender memory of this, their last, Commencement when youth and beauty crowded its halls and school-boy life and college days went out in a blaze of glory.

